The Hymnal

with

Tunes

Old and New

SCC
4170

Benson

TUNES, OLD AND NEW:

ADAPTED TO

The Hymnal

As set forth by the General Convention of 1871,

And Revised and Enlarged by that of 1874.

With the Service Book,

CONTAINING

Music adapted to all the Offices

OF THE

Book of Common Prayer.

New York:

F. J. HUNTINGTON AND CO., 88 WHITE STREET.

POTT, YOUNG AND CO., COOPER UNION.

1878.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by
THE TRUSTEES OF THE FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF DECEASED CLERGYMEN, AND OF AGED, INFIRM, AND DISABLED CLERGYMEN OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
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CANON XXIII. OF TITLE I. OF THE DIGEST.

Of Church Music.

§ 1. *The Selections of the Psalms in Metre, and Hymns, which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Psalms, Hymns, or Anthems as are to be sung.*

§ 2. *It shall be the duty of every minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church; and especially it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.*

Adopted in GENERAL CONVENTION, *Oct.*, 1874.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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NEW YORK, July 25, 1872.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by
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PREFACE.

Without much hesitation I accepted the proposal to edit the Hymnal with accompanying tunes, being glad of the opportunity thus presented of promoting "the service of song in the House of the Lord." But no sooner had I set myself in earnest to the work than I became conscious that, through lack of technical skill on my part, the aid of professional musicians must be sought. Applications were accordingly made to leading composers of Hymn-music in England and our own country; by whose co-operation I am now able to offer my brethren a Hymnal with suitable tunes. Did I not believe that this book had merits of its own, I should not venture to assume the responsibility of its publication. What those merits are, however, I must leave others to discover for themselves, merely intimating that my aim has been to provide tunes which are fitted rather to the purposes of Divine worship, than adapted to the secular and popular tastes of the day. In other words, I have considered the wants and wishes of the worshipper, rather than the fancies of the connoisseur; and by special care to accentuation in the tunes selected, I have faithfully tried to help those who use the Hymnal in the holy service of Praise, "to sing with the spirit and to sing with the understanding also."

I may add that as no pains have been spared to reach this end, I trust the result may prove that time and labour have not been misapplied; and that by my own best endeavours, I have contributed, with others, to promote the interests of *good* congregational music.

It is now my pleasant task to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy received from my clerical brethren and musical friends.

To the Rev. Dr. Dykes, the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, Sir George J. Elvey, Sir John Goss, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Mr. W. H. Monk, Mr. Henry Smart, Mr. R. Redhead, Dr. Cutler, Dr. Willcox, James Pearce, Mus. Bac., Mr. S. B. Saxton, Mr. George W. Warren, Mr. S. P. Warren and Mr. Henry Wilson, I return my sincere thanks for the prompt and careful manner in which they complied with my wish to compose tunes for special hymns.

To the Rev. Drs. Muhlenberg, Geer and Hodges, Dr. Lowell Mason, Mr. J. W. A. Cluett, Mr. H. K. Oliver, Mr. Chas. Jerome Hopkins, Mr. I. F. Tuckerman, M. D., N. B. Warren, Mus. Doc., and Mr. L. H. Weis, I am much indebted for the permission to use tunes, several of which are now published for the first time. I would gratefully express my obligations to the Rev. James Davies, and other kind friends, who have added to the materials from which to make a selection of proper tunes.

To Mr. William W. Rousseau, the Organist of the church of the Holy Cross, who has taken such a lively interest in my work, and has not only helped me by many timely suggestions, but relieved me of much care and drudgery, with my hearty thanks I most cordially refer a large share of whatever success may attend our closely joined labours in the choice and adaptation of tunes.

I am pleased thus publicly to recognize the faithful and efficient services of W. H. Walter, Mus. Doc., to whom I committed, with entire confidence in his judgment and skill, the musical supervision of the whole work, which has been much enriched by his own excellent compositions.

And last in order, but not least according to my appreciation of sympathy and work, to Messrs. F. J. Huntington and Company, the publishers, I acknowledge my obligations for their generous endeavour to furnish every facility which I needed to accomplish an object, which no less fondly than devoutly, is associated in my heart with the worship and glory of God.

Parsonage of the Holy Cross,
Troy, New York, *July* 13*th*, 1872.

J. IRELAND TUCKER.

Laus Deo.

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THE HYMNAL.

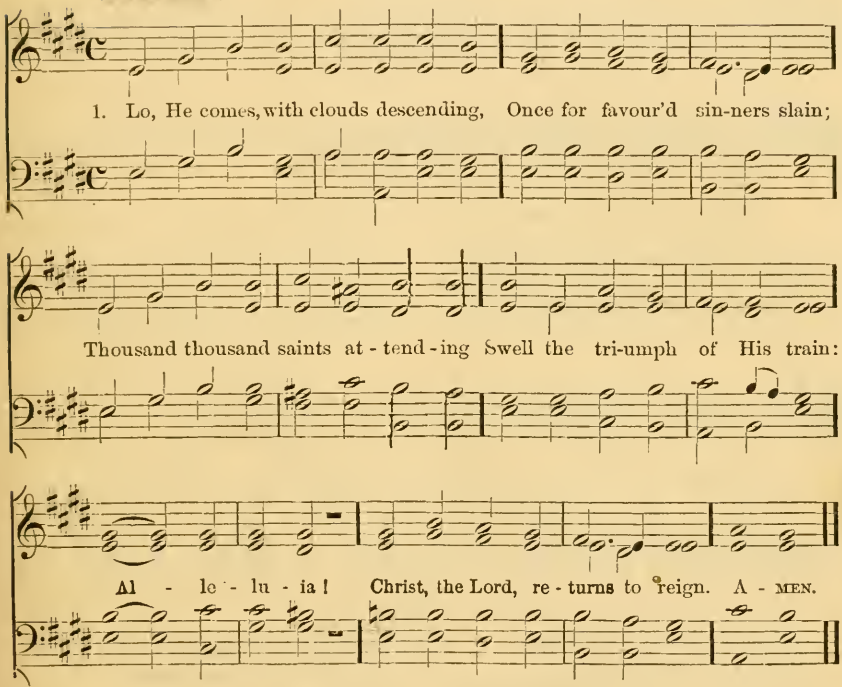
I.—THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Advent.

I. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." 8s. 7s. 4.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

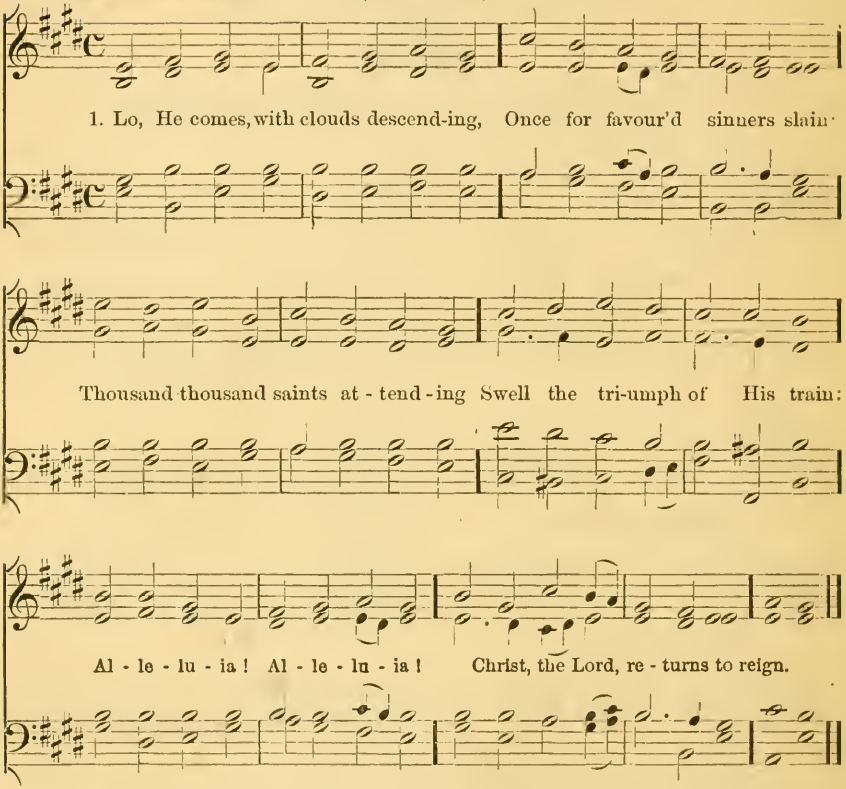
4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly,
Alleluia! Come, Lord, come. AMEN.

I. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." 8s. 7s. 4.

(Second Tune.)



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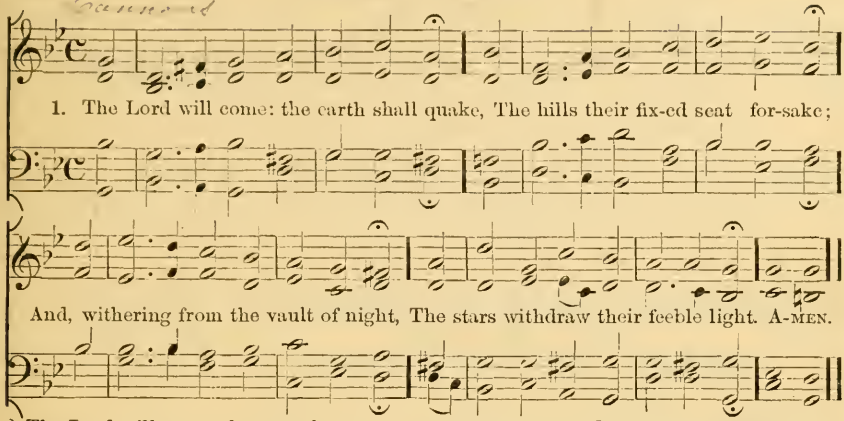
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly,
Alleluia! Come, Lord, come. Amen.

The Lord will come: the earth shall quake.

2.

"He cometh to judge the earth." L. M.



2 The Lord will come: but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come: a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

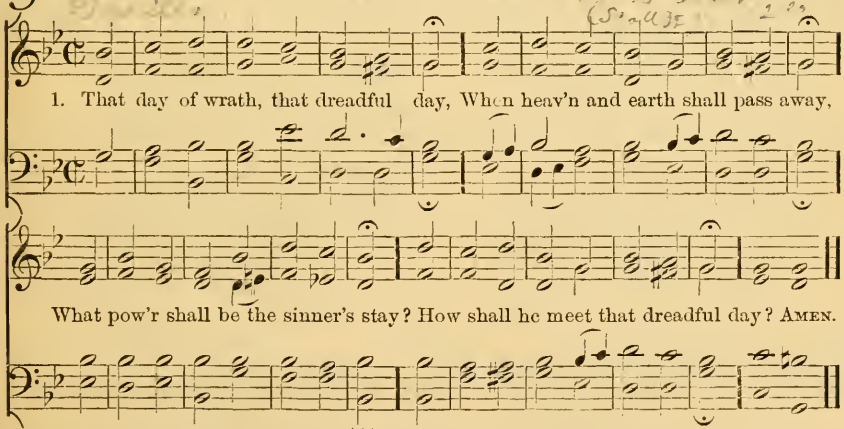
4 Can this be He Who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride,
O God! is this the Crucified.

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.
AMEN.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day.

3.

"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure." L. M.



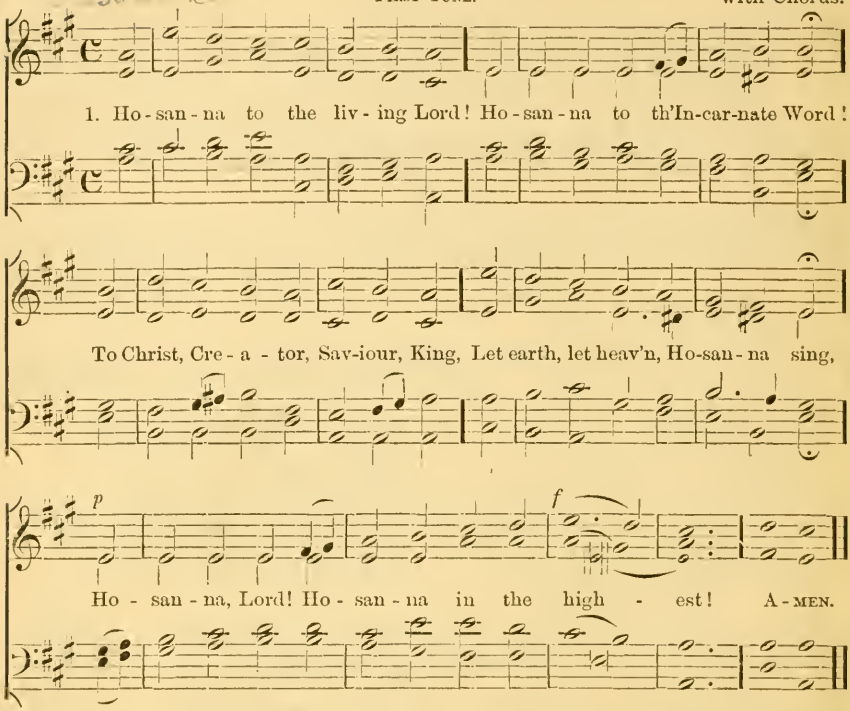
2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
AMEN.

Hosanna to the living Lord!

4. *"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."* L. M.

FIRST TUNE. with Chorus.



2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around;
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

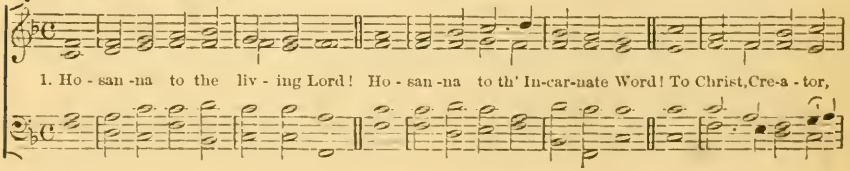
3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

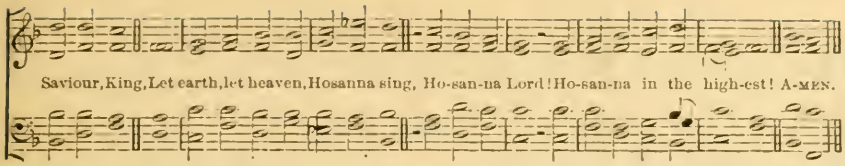
4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest.
AMEN.

4. L. M.

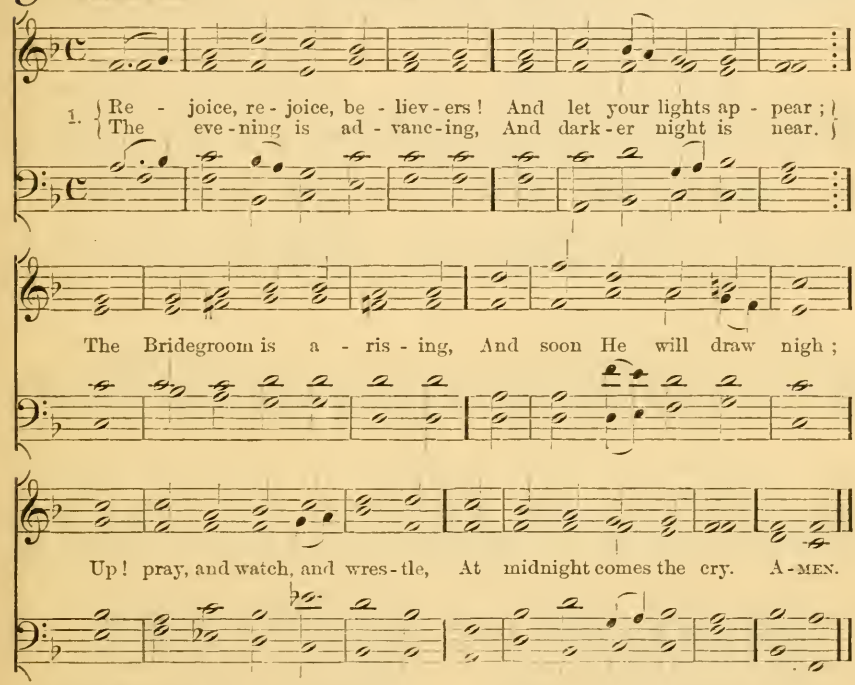
SECOND TUNE. with Chorus.





5. Rejoice, rejoice, believers!

"Behold the Bridegroom cometh." 7s. 6s. D.



2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

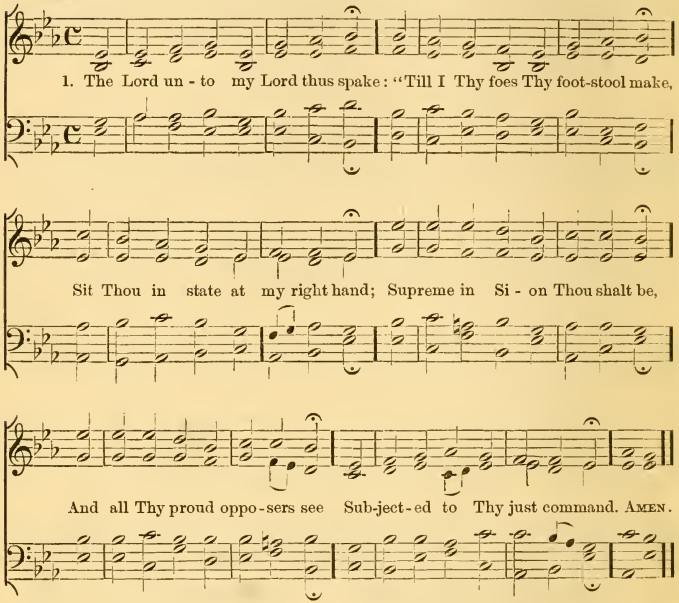
GLORIA PATRI.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. AMEN

6. The Lord unto my Lord thus spake.

"The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou on my right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool."

Six 8s.



2 "Thee, in Thy power's triumphant day,
The willing people shall obey;
And, when Thy rising beams they view,
Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
Appear more numerous and bright
Than crystal drops of morning dew."

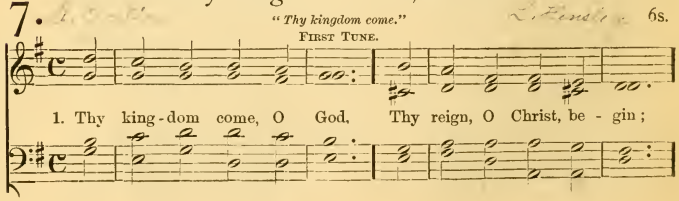
3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchizedek's, Thy reign
And priesthood shall no period see:
Anointed Prince! Thou, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow.
Then raise Thy head in victory! AMEN.

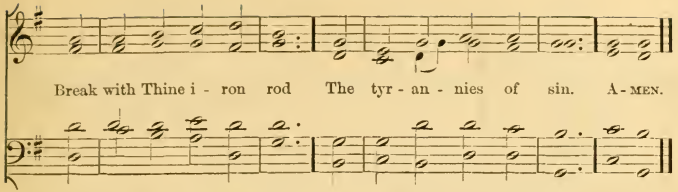
7. Thy kingdom come, O God.

"Thy kingdom come."

FIRST TUNE.

6s.





2 Where is Thy rule of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

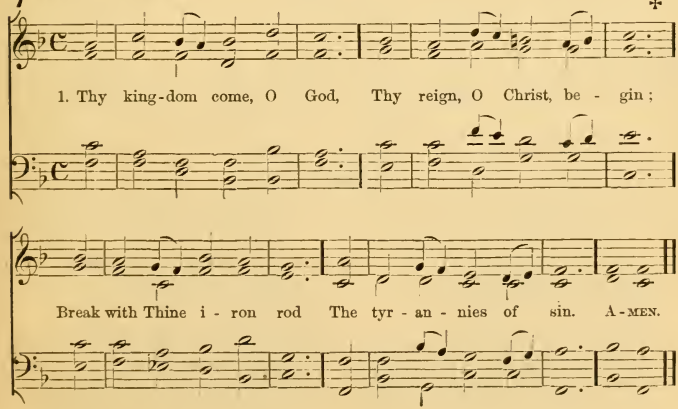
6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee
Eternal Three in One
Eternal glory be. AMEN.

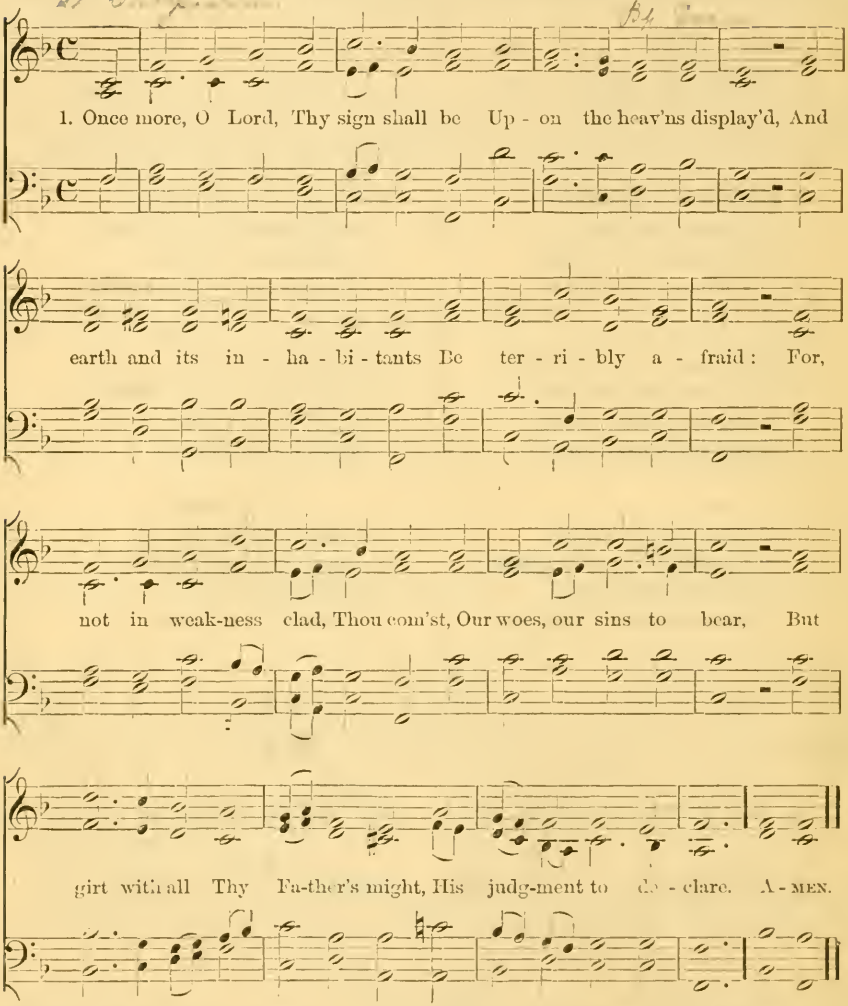
7.

SECOND TUNE. 6s.



8. Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be.

"Take ye heed; watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is." C. M. D.



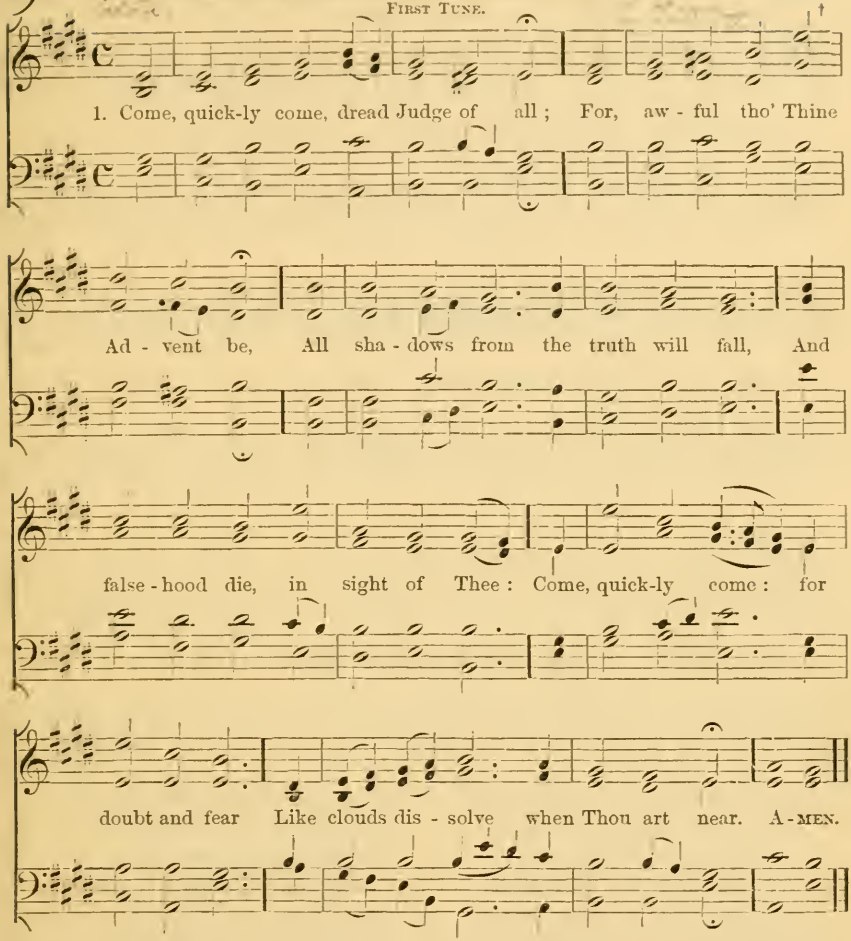
2 The terrors of that awful day,
O who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shalt lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter with Thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies. AMEN.

Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all.

9. *"He saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."* Six 8s.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Come, quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
The curse of death is on the ground;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Come, quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

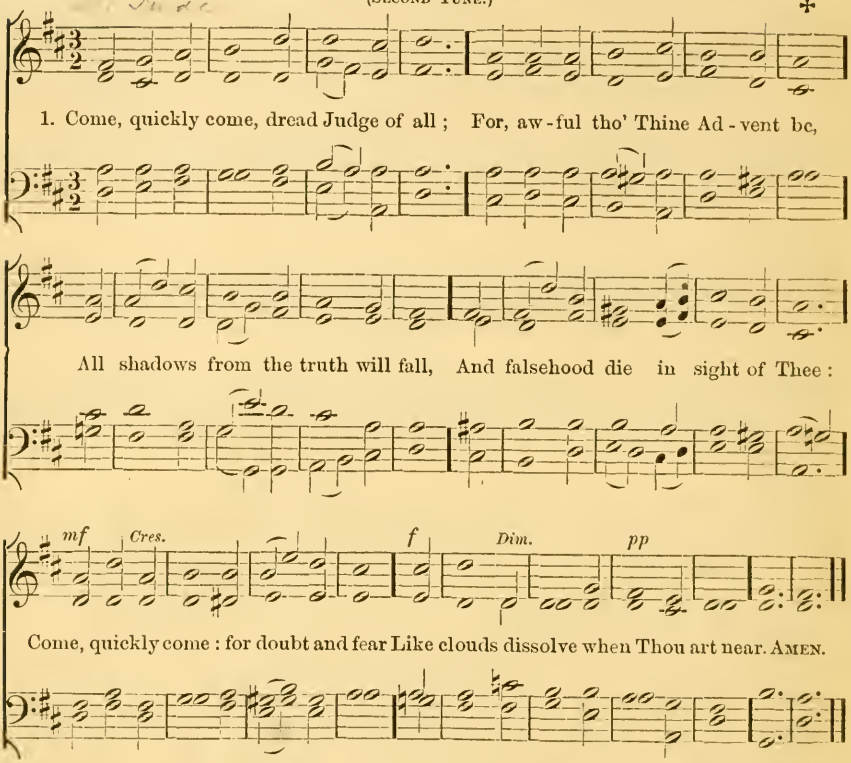
GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now and shall be evermore. AMEN

Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all.

9. *"He saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."* Six 8s.

(Second Tune.)



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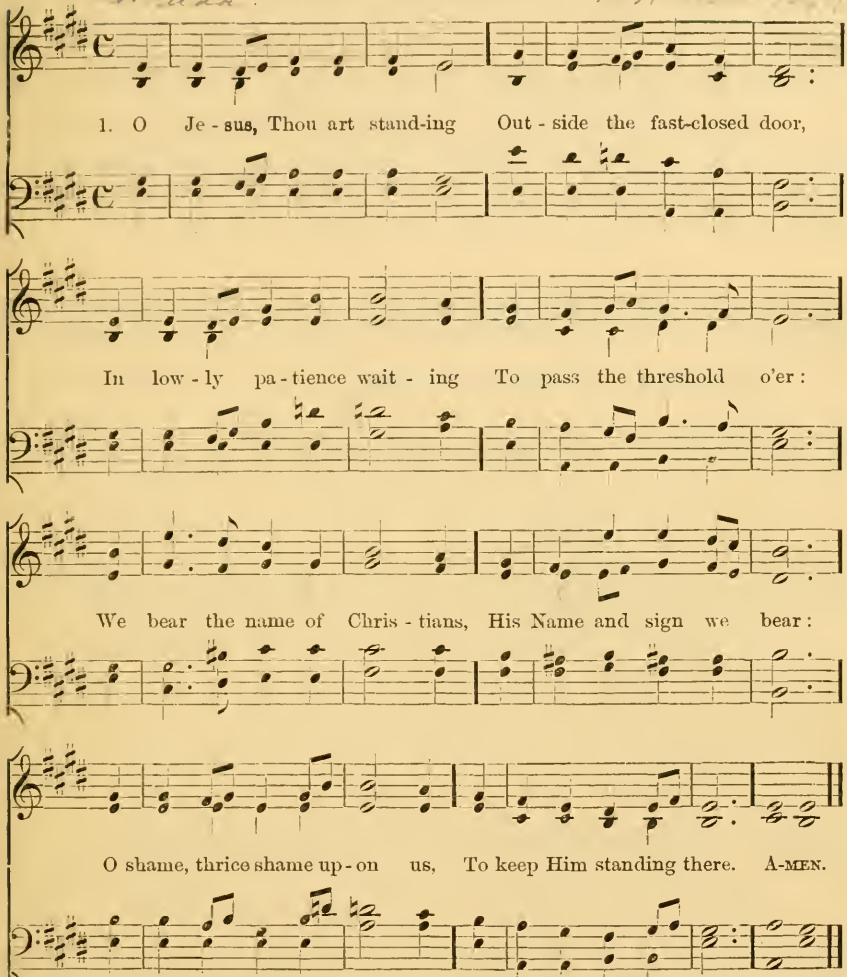
No eye is blind, no night is known.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen

O Jesus, Thou art standing.

10. *"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."* 7s. 6s. D.

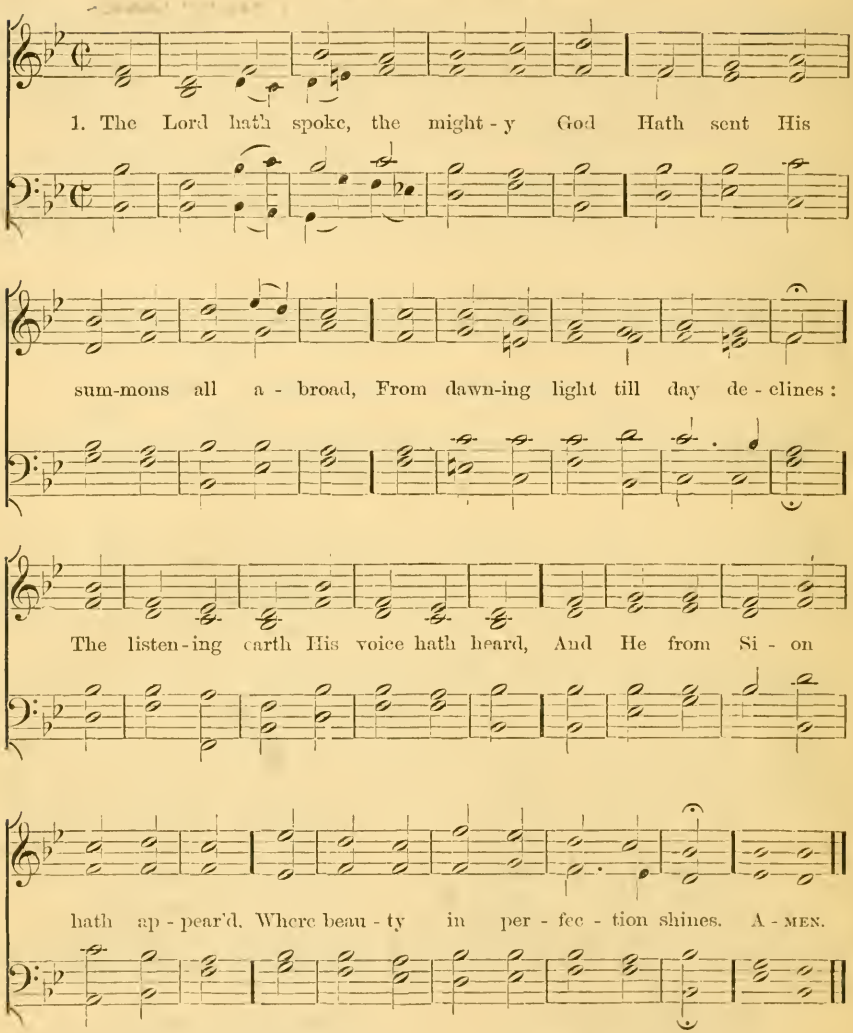


2 O **Jesus,** Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal.
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O **Jesus,** Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. AMEN.

The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God.

II. *"Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence."* Six 8s.



2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before Him send;
Around shall tempest fiercely rage,
Whilst He does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

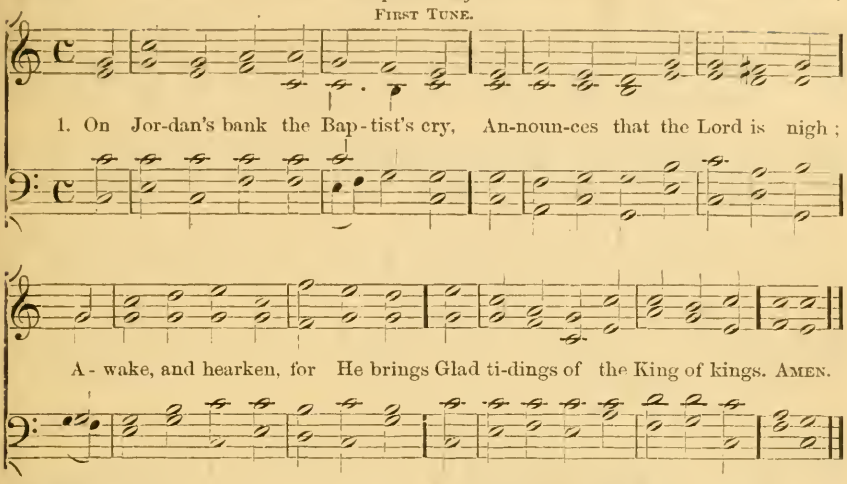
GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry.

12. *"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."* L. M.

FIRST TUNE.



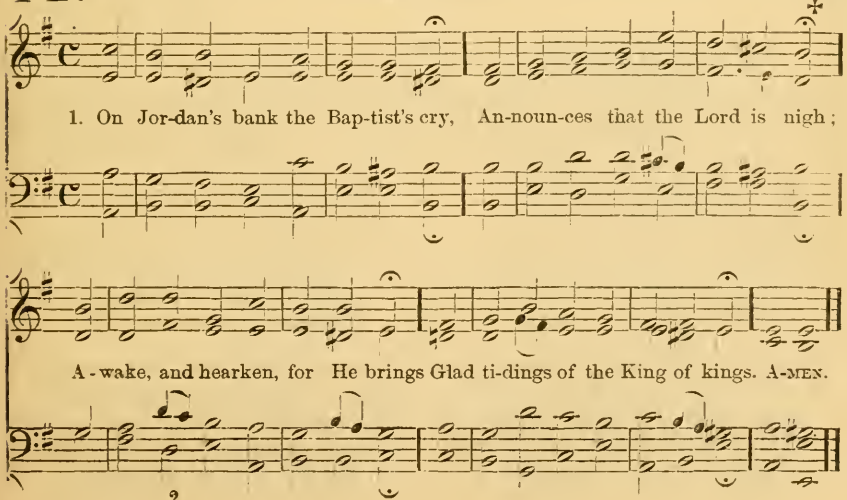
2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

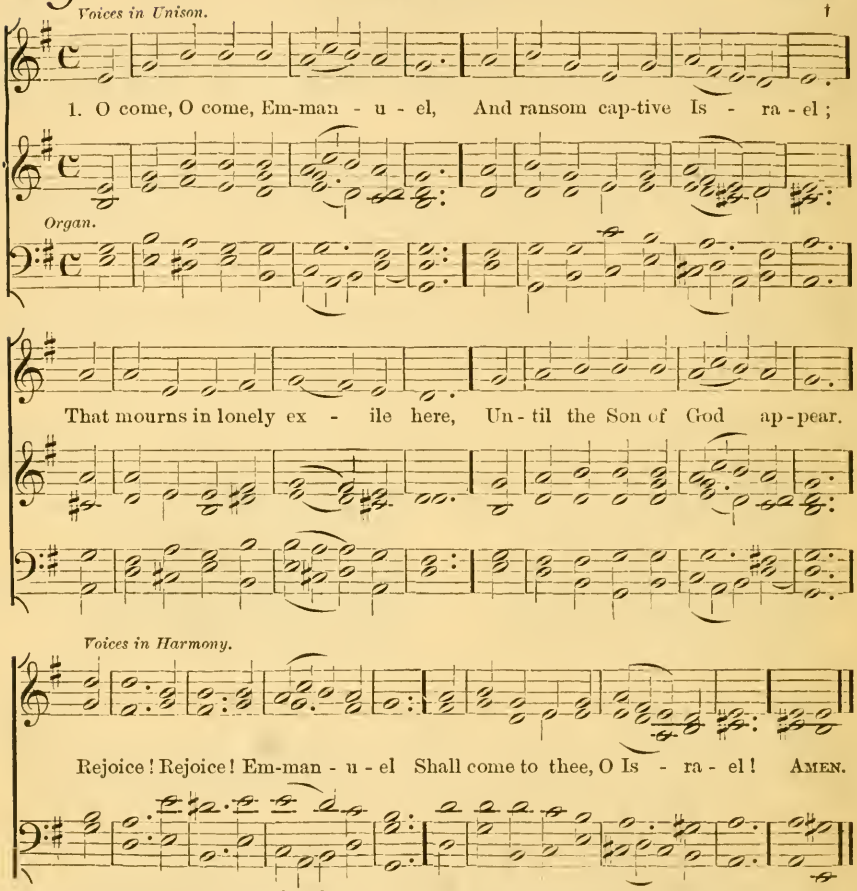
5 All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. AMEN.

12. SECOND TUNE. L. M.



O come, O come, Emmanuel.

13. *"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."* Six 8s.



2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

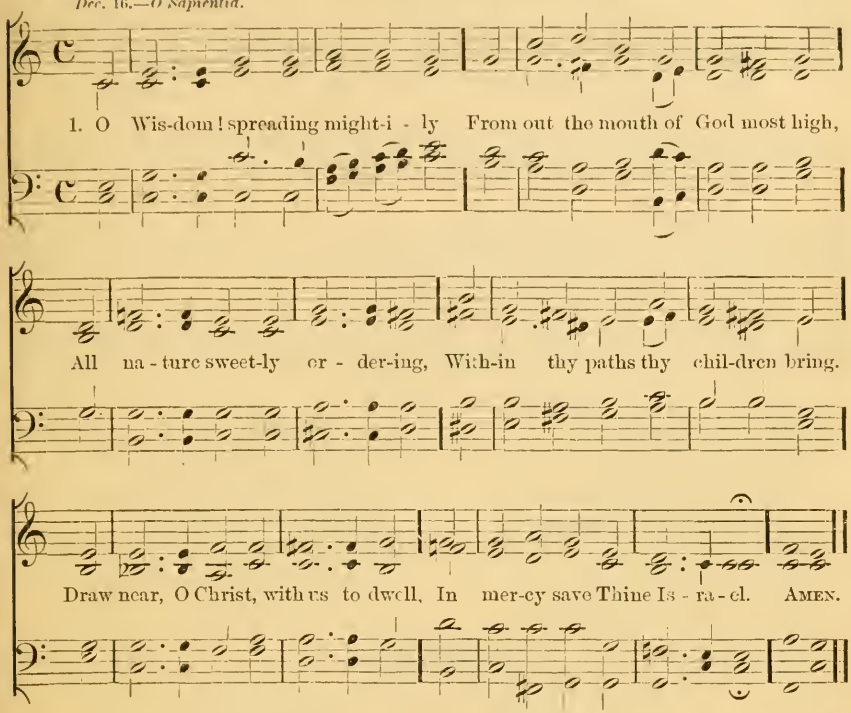
4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might;
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.

O Wisdom! spreading mightily.

14. *"The Desire of all nations shall come."* Six 8s.

Dec. 16.—*O Sapientia.*



Dec. 17.—*O Adonai.*

Ruler of Israel, Lord of Might,
Who gavest the law from Sinai's height;
Once in the fiery bush revealed,
With outstretched arm Thy chosen shield;
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 18. *O Radix Jesse.*

O Root of Jesse! Ensign Thou!
To Whom all Gentile kings shall bow,
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Draw near, O Christ with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 19. *O Clavis David.*

O Israel's Sceptre! David's Key!
Come Thou, and set death's captives free,
Unlock the gate that bars their road,
And lead them to the throne of God.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 20.—*O Oriens.*

O Day-Spring and Eternal Light!
Pierce through the gloom of error's night,
Predestined Sun of Righteousness!
Haste with Thy rising beams to bless.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 22.—*O Rex Gentium.*

O King! Desire of Nations! come,
Lead sons of earth to heaven's high home;
Thou Chief and precious Corner-stone,
Binding the sever'd into one.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

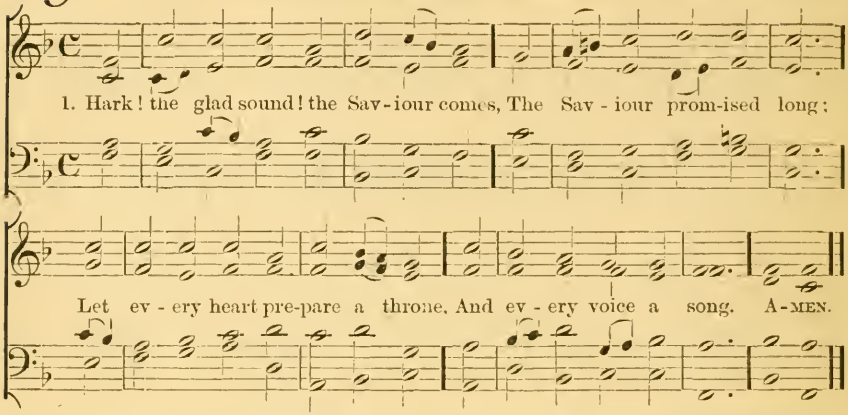
Dec. 23.—*O Emmanuel.*

O Lawgiver! Emmanuel! King!
Thy praises we would ever sing;
The Gentiles' hope, the Saviour blest,
Take us to Thine eternal rest.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel. AMEN.

Advent.

Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes.

15. *"He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."* C. M.



2 On Him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3. He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

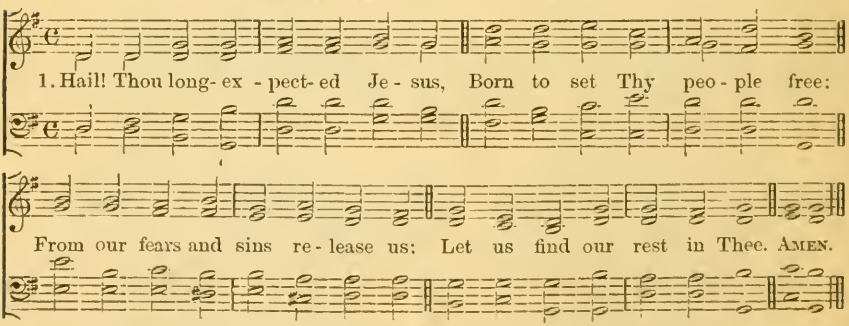
5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name. AMEN.

Christmas.

Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus.

16. *"The Desire of all nations shall come."* 8s. 7s.



2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

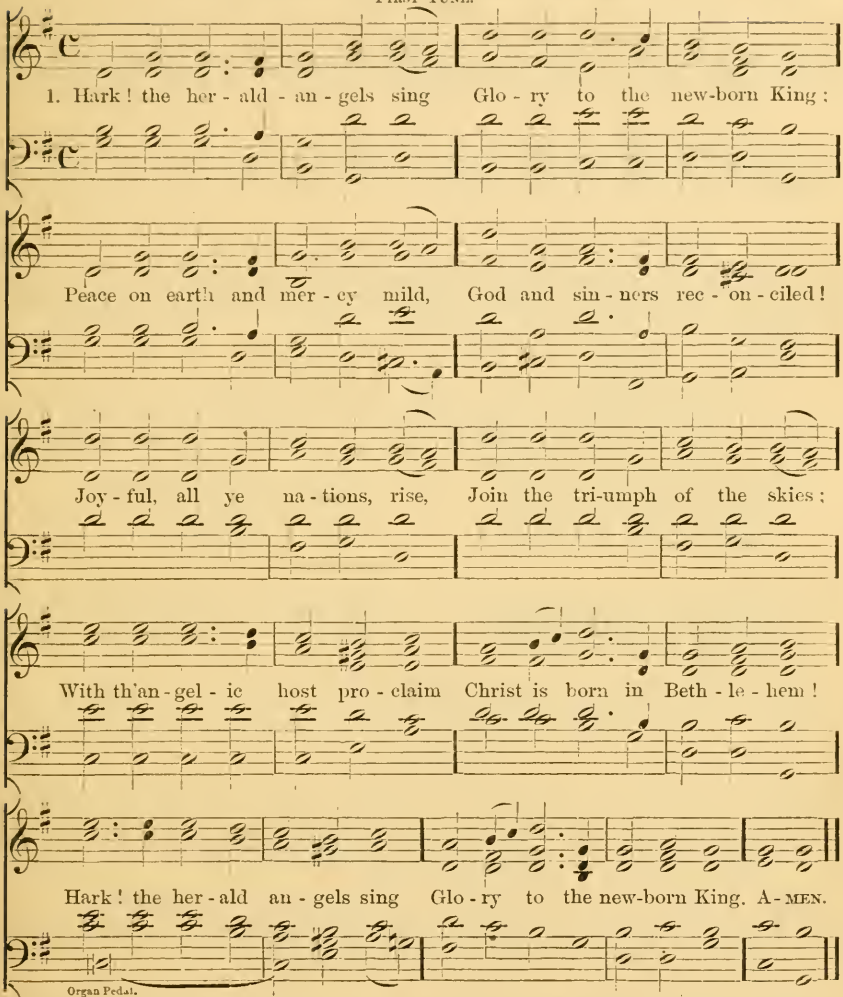
3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. AMEN.

Hark! the herald-angels sing.

17. *"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."* 7s.

FIRST TUNE.



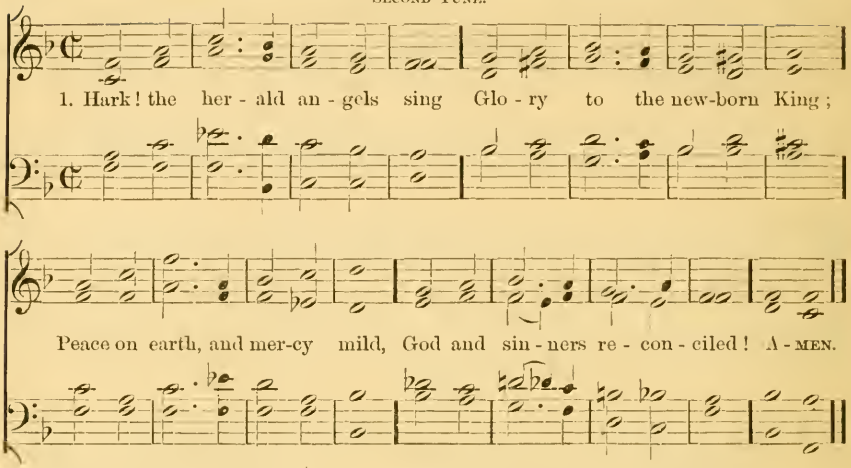
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell:
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. AMEN.

17. Hark! the herald-angels sing.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." 7s.

SECOND TUNE.



2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:

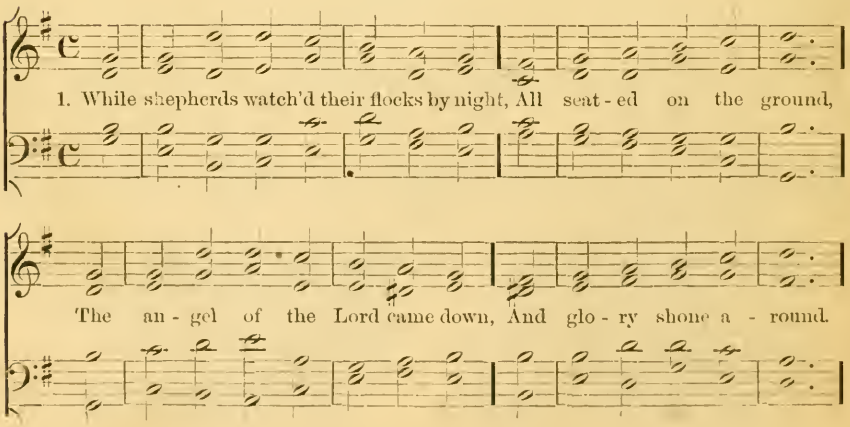
4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

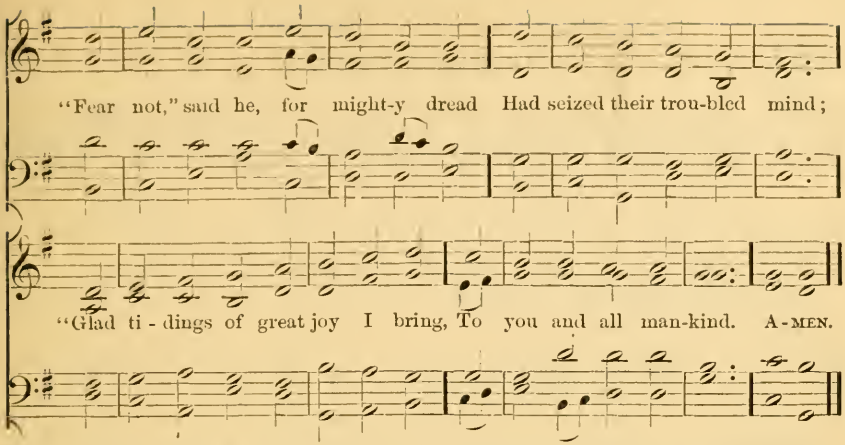
5 Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
AMEN.

18. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night.

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord." C. M. D.

FIRST TUNE.



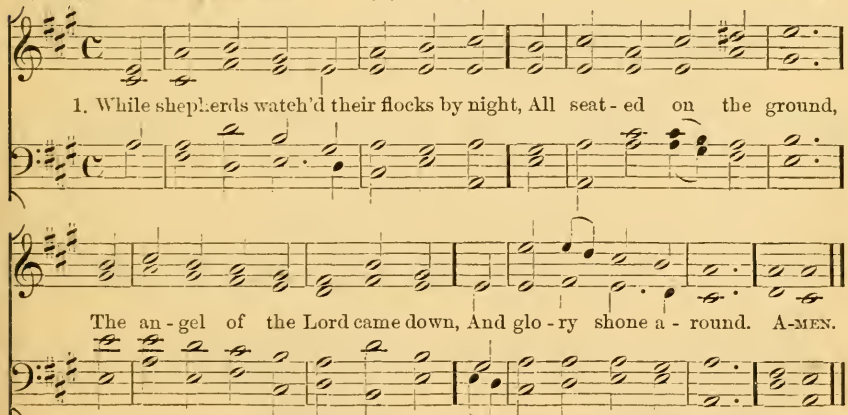


2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.
"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease." AMEN.

18.

SECOND TUNE. C. M.



2 "Fear not" said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind:
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

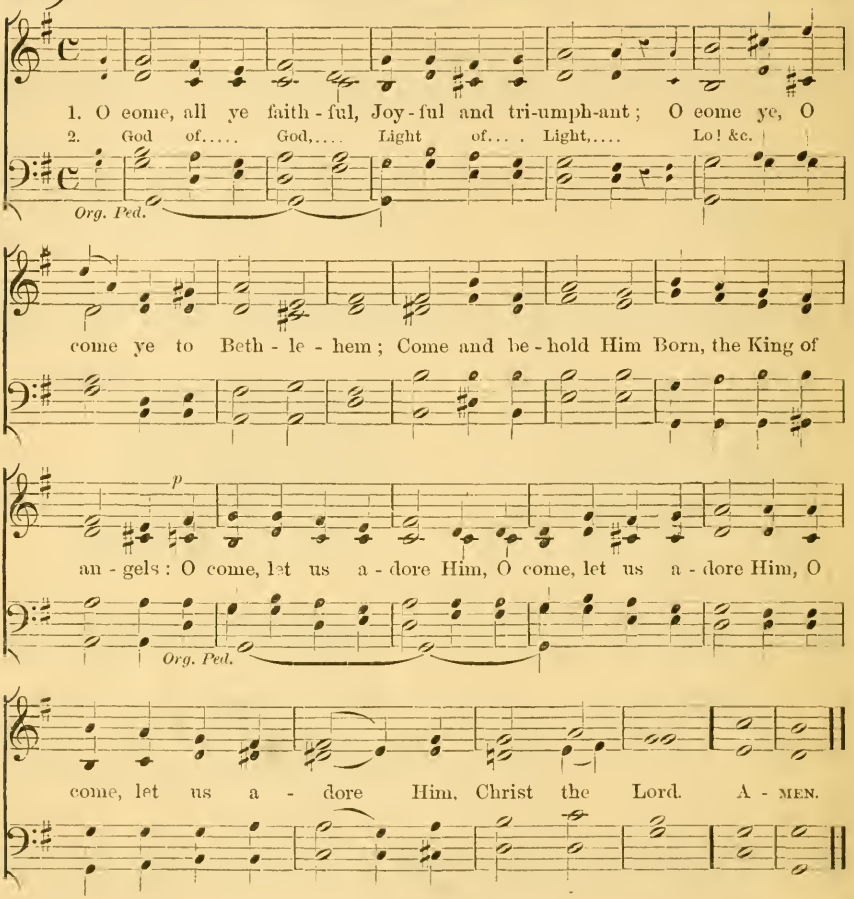
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease." AMEN.

O come, all ye faithful.

19.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

P. M.



2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come let us adore Him, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

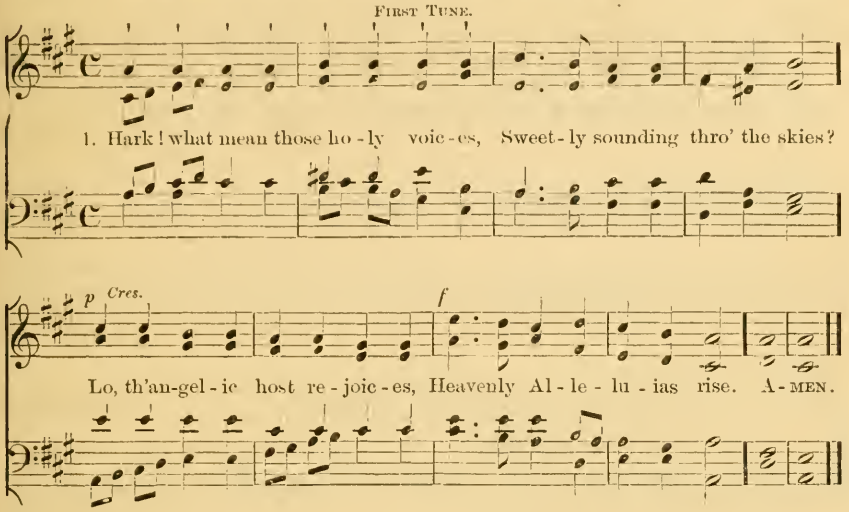
4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord. AMEN.

Christmas.

Hark! what mean those holy voices.

20. *"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God."* 8s. 7s.

FIRST TUNE.


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies?

Lo, th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heavenly Al - le - lu - ias rise. A - MEN.

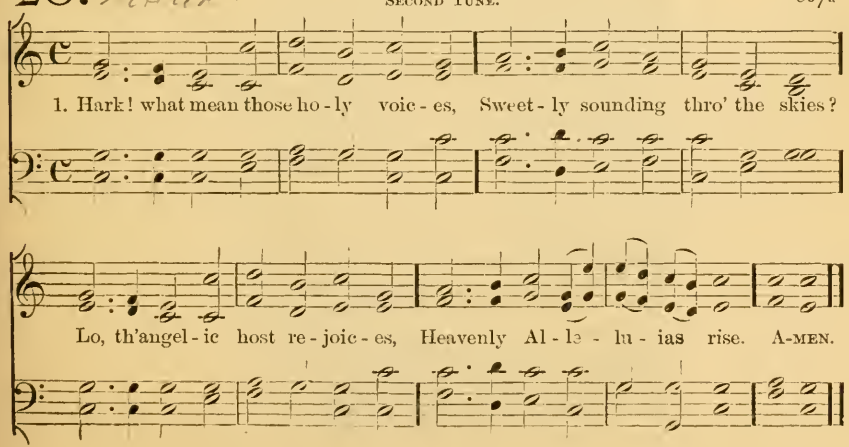
2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

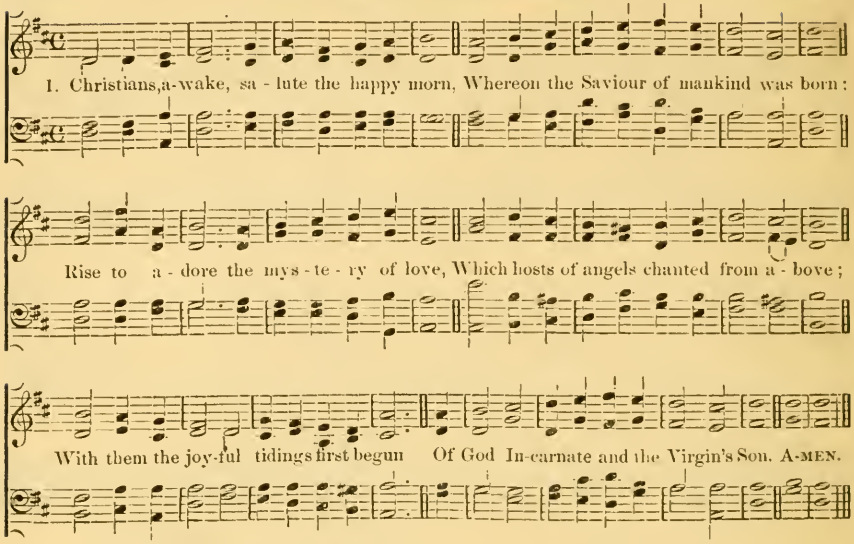
5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!" AMEN.

20. SECOND TUNE. 8s7s.


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies?
Lo, th'angel - ic host re - joic - es, Heavenly Al - le - lu - ias rise. A-MEN.

21. Christians, awake, salute the happy morn.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy." P. M.



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

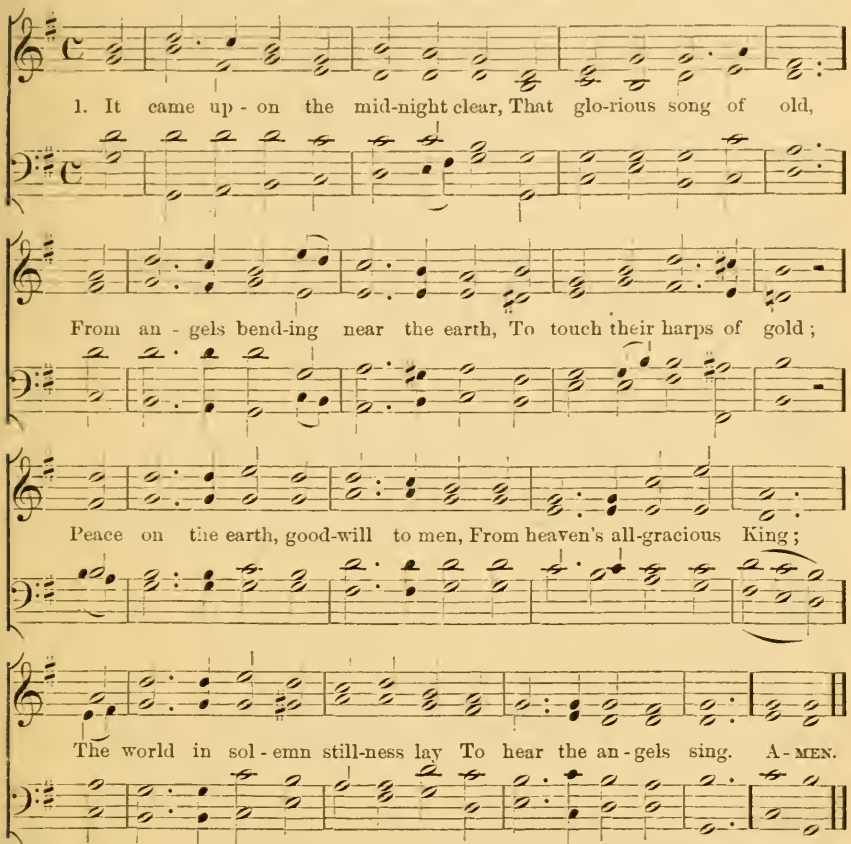
4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's Name.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. AMEN.

It came upon the midnight clear.

22. *"Behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."* C. M. D.



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. AMEN.

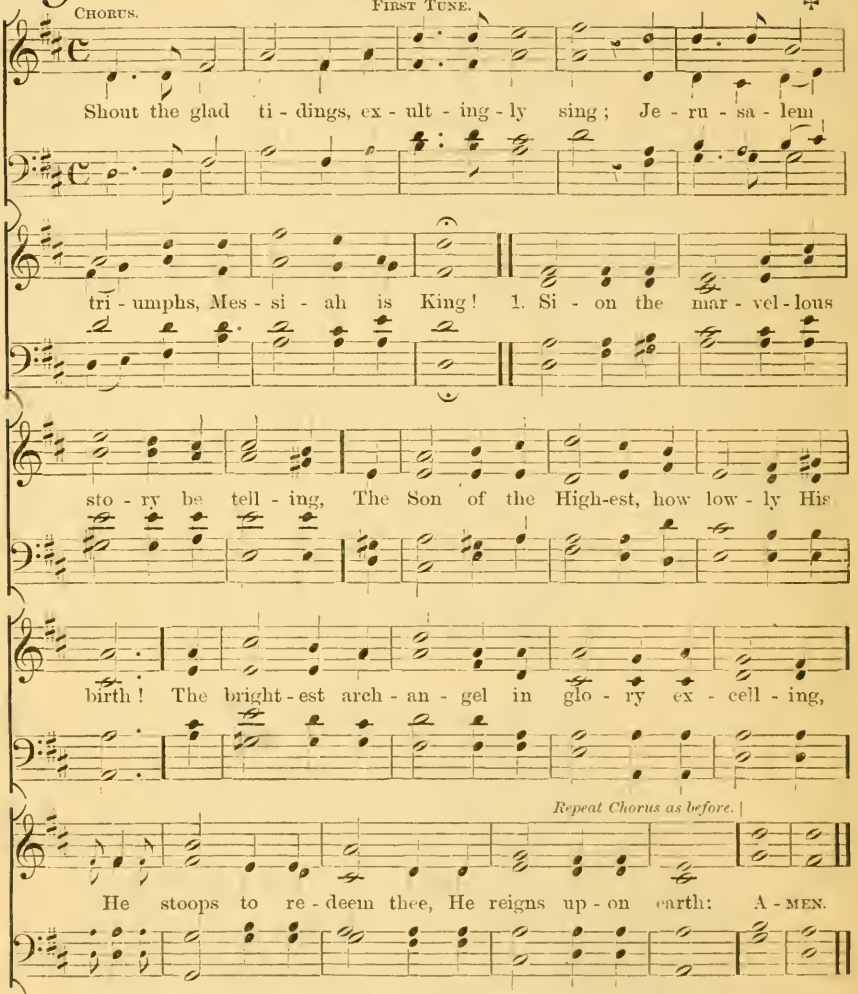
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing.

23.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

P. M.

CHORUS. FIRST TUNE.



2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crown'd:

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:

Chorus.

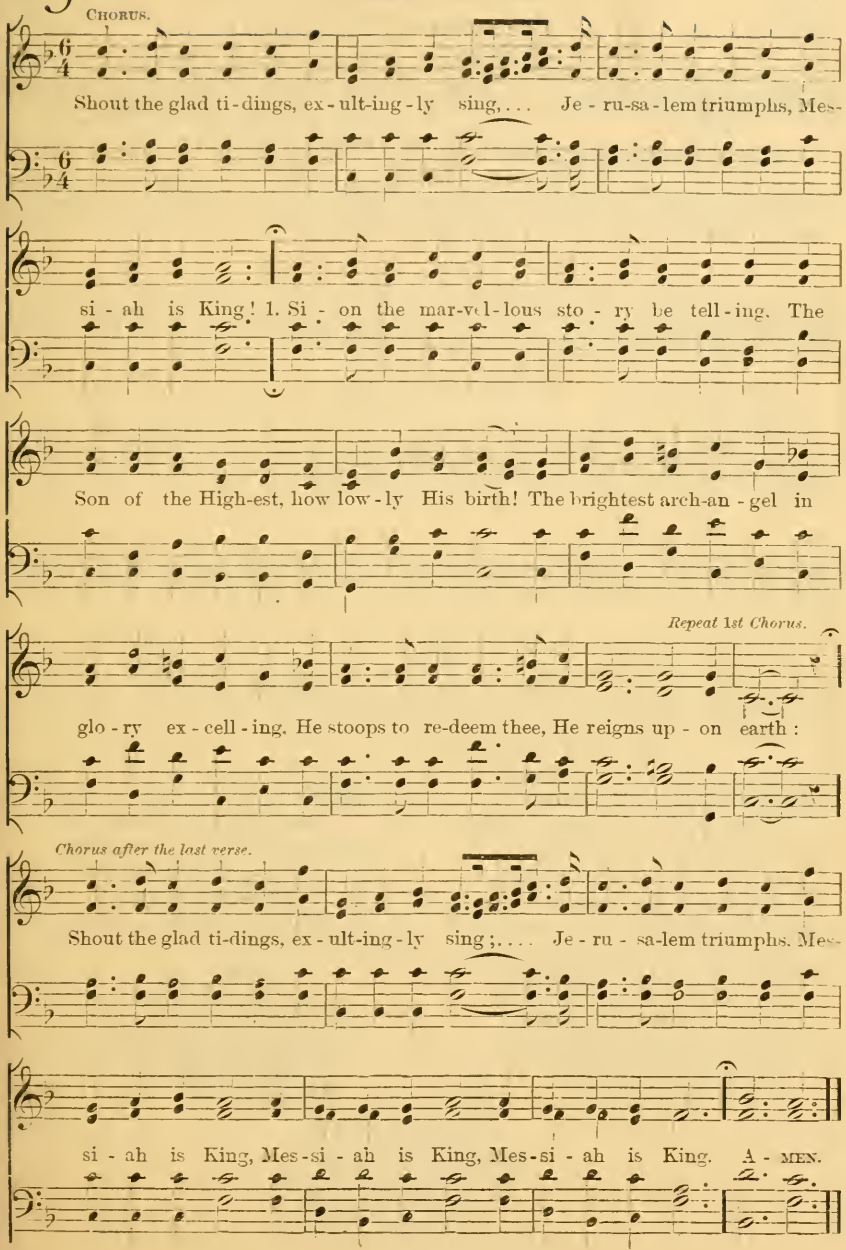
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

AMEN.

23.

SECOND TUNE. P. M.

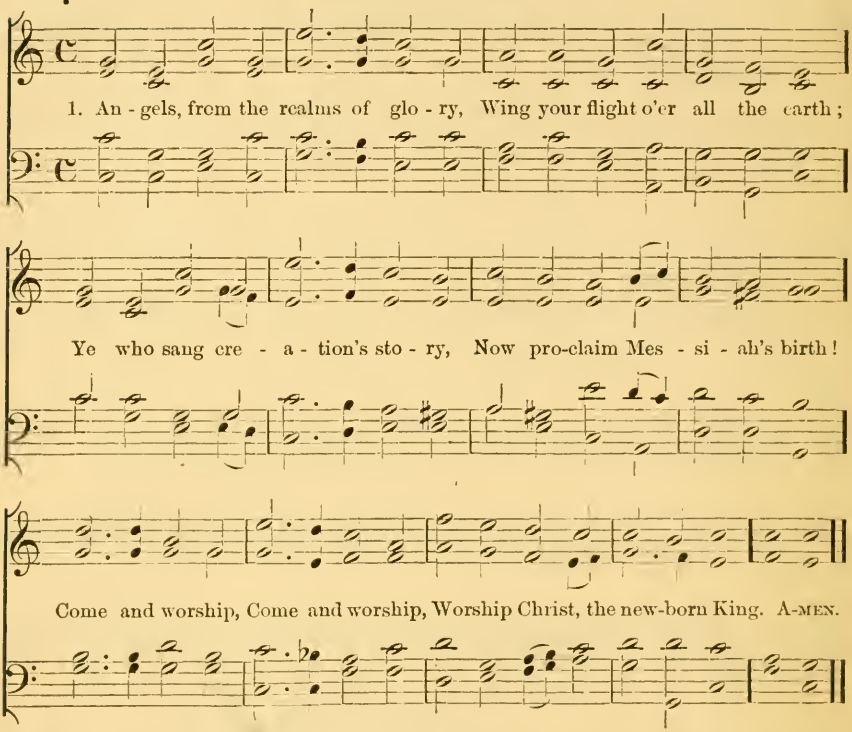
CHORUS.



Angels from the realms of glory.

24.

"We are come to worship Him." 8s. 7s. 4.



2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

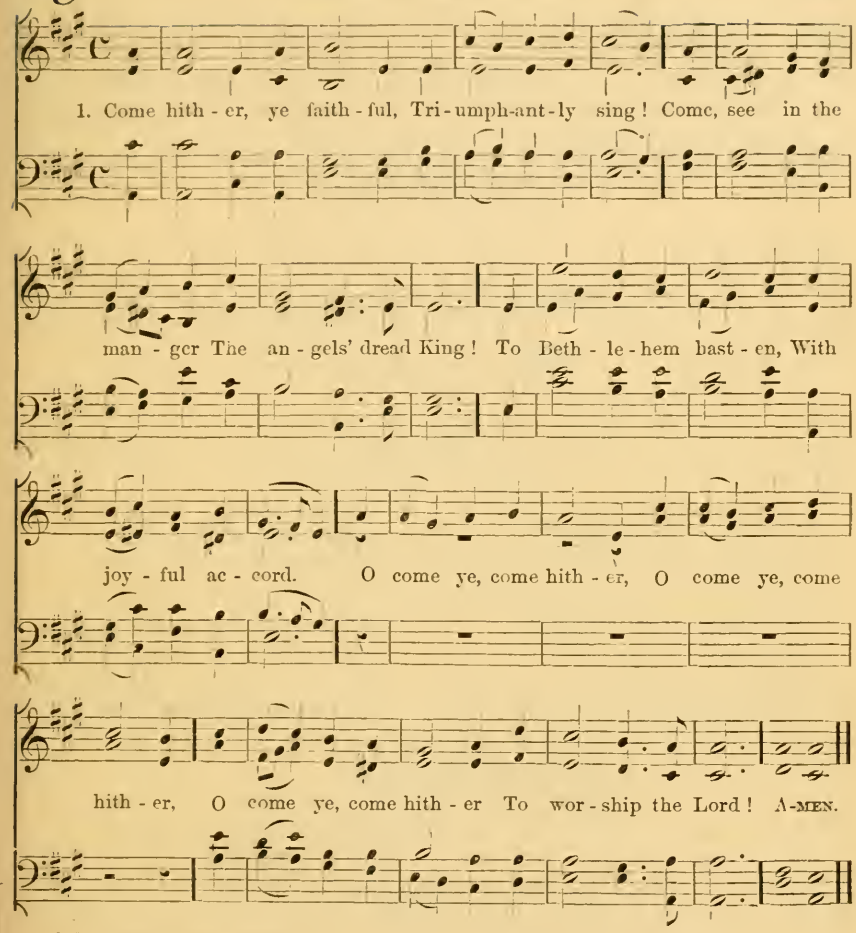
GLORIA PATRI.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

Come hither, ye faithful.

25.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem." P. M.



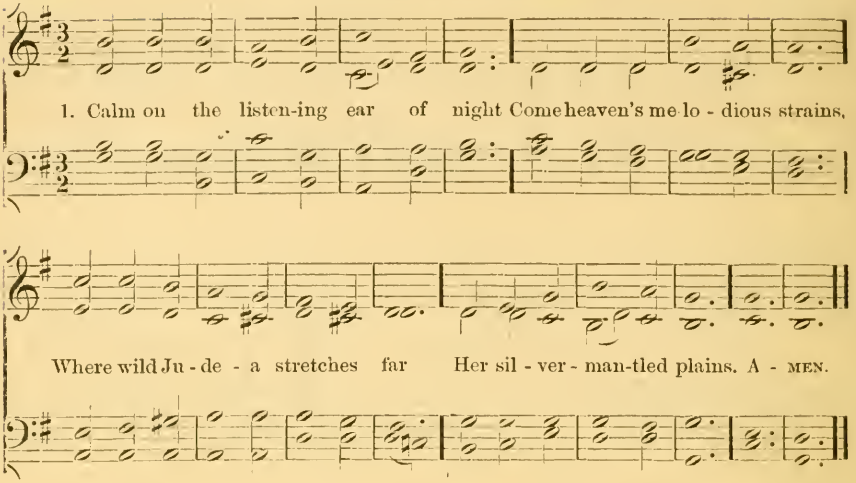
2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

3 Hark, hark, to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heavèn and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord! AMEN.

26. Calm on the listening ear of night.

"The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." C. M.



2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

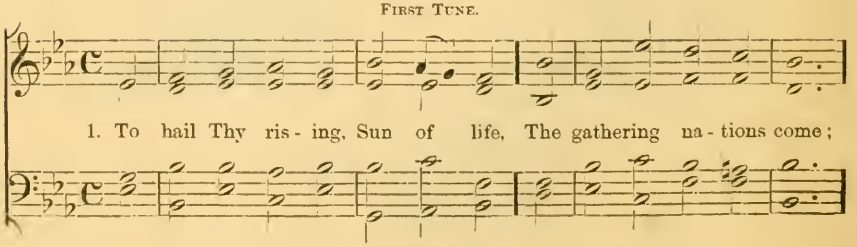
5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

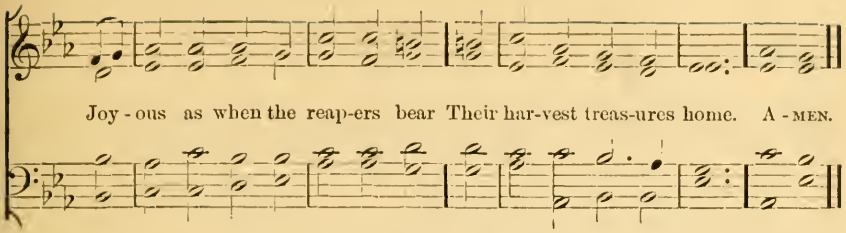
6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn. AMEN.

27. To hail Thy rising, Sun of life.

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." C. M.

FIRST TUNE.





2 For Thou our burden hast removed;
The oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

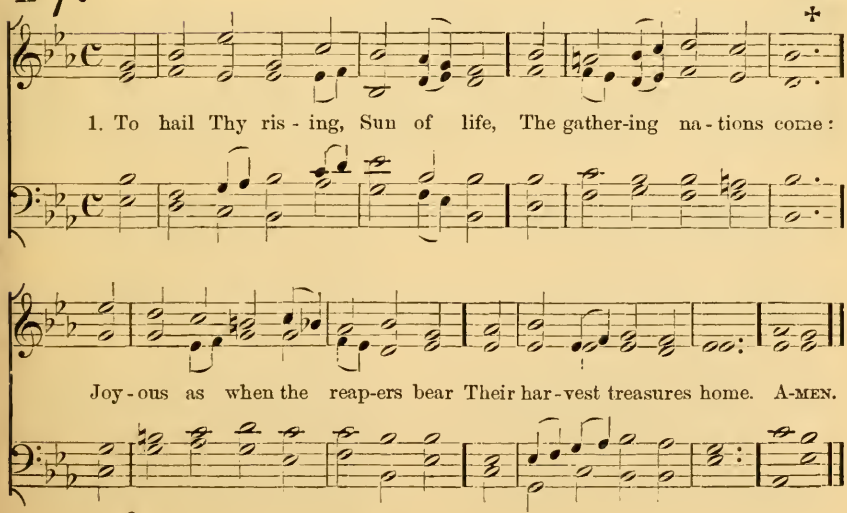
3 To us the promised Child is born;
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below. AMEN.

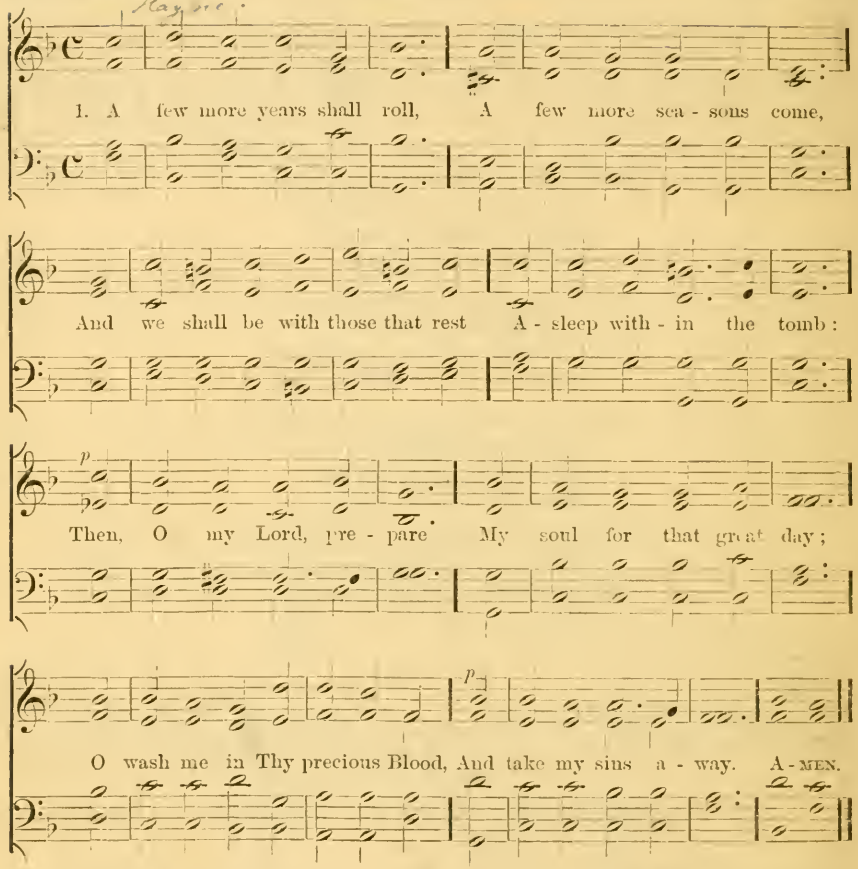
27.

SECOND TUNE. C. M.



28. A few more years shall roll.

"The time is short." S. M. D.



2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time.
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

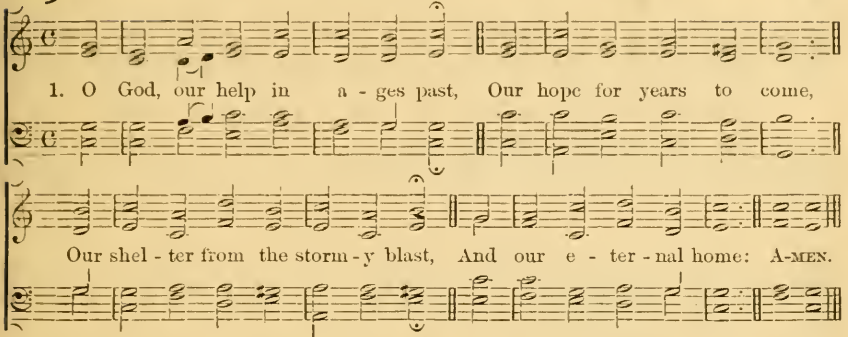
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. AMEN.

End of the Year.

29. O God, our help in ages past.

"Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge from one generation to another." C. M.



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

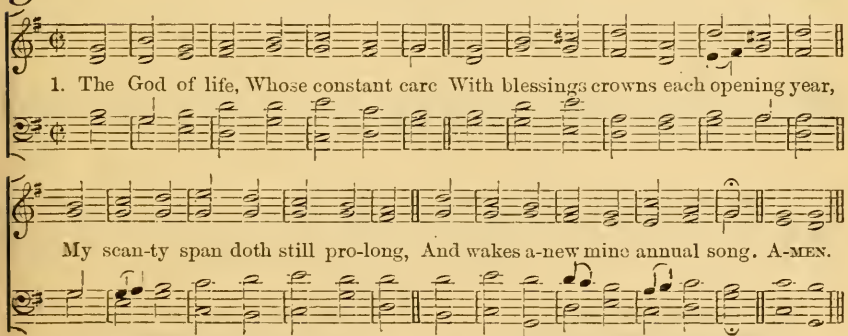
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home. AMEN.

New Year.

30. The God of life, Whose constant care.

"My times are in Thy hand." L. M.



2 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore
Where years and death are known no more.

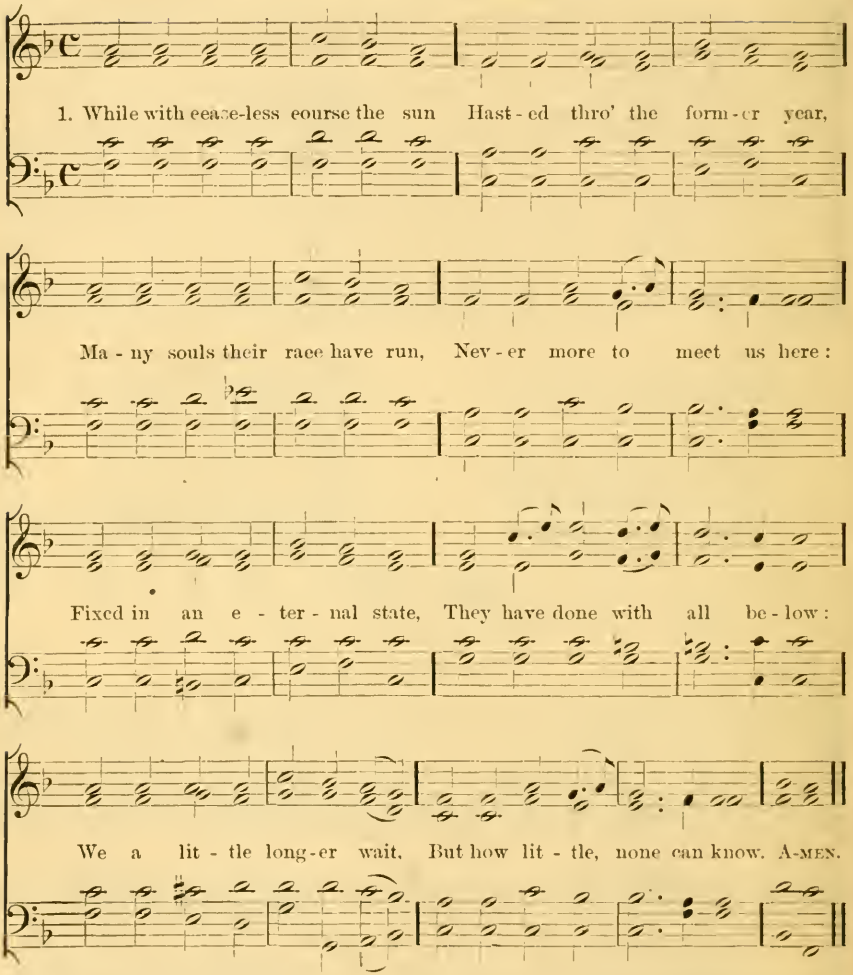
3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:

4 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected year! begin:
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God. AMEN.

While with ceaseless course the sun.

31. *"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."* 7s. D.

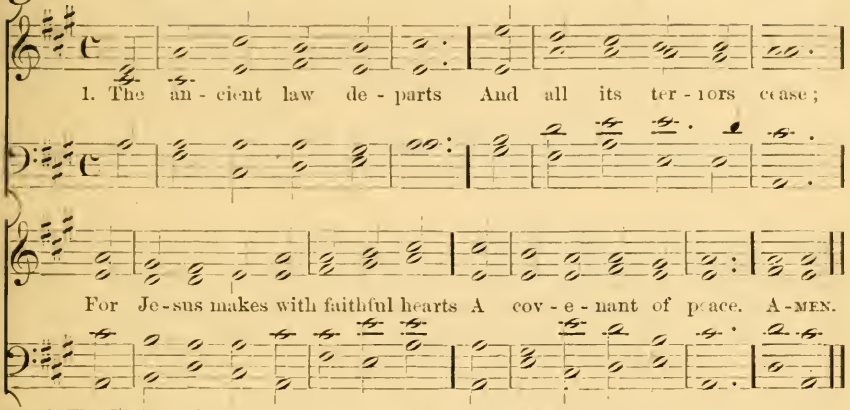


2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above. AMEN.

The ancient law departs.

32. *"And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus."* S. M.

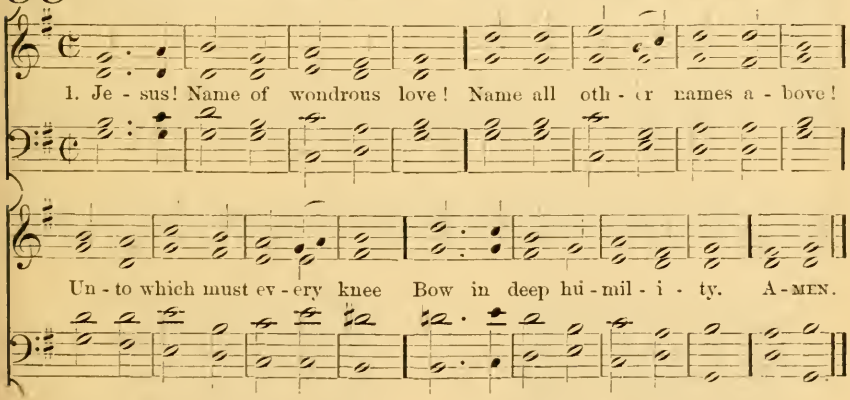


2 The Light of light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be. AMEN.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!

33. *"None other Name is given under heaven whereby we must be saved."* 7s.



2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall His people save."

4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

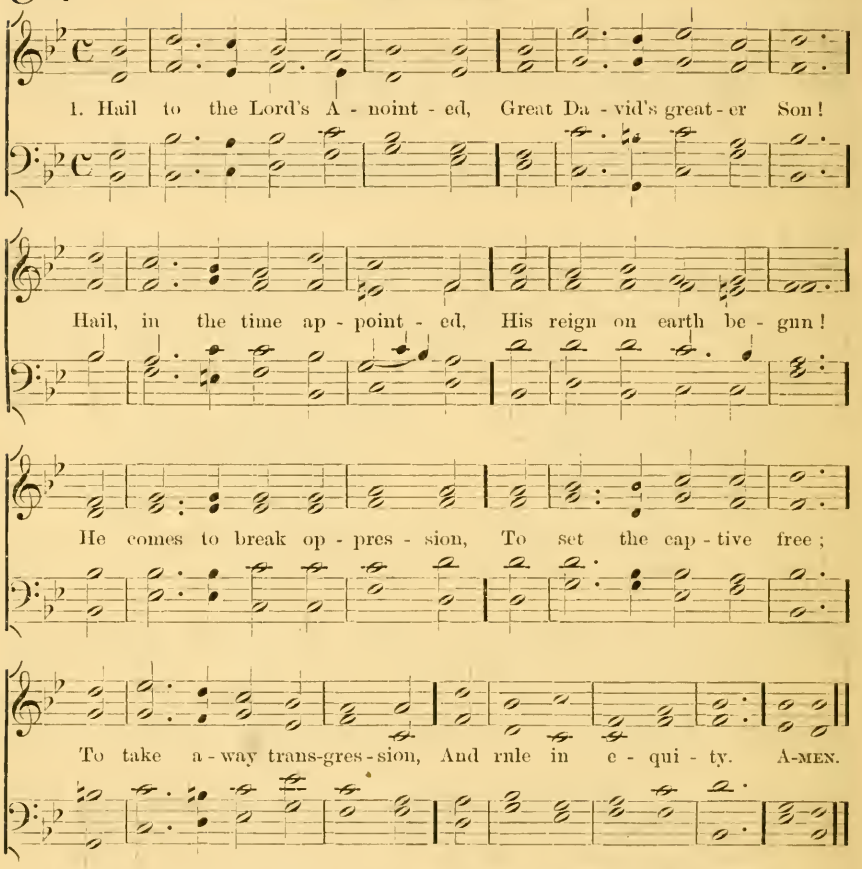
6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee.
Helple s, O our God, to Thee. AMEN.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

34.

"All the earth shall be filled with His majesty."

7s. 6s. D.



2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

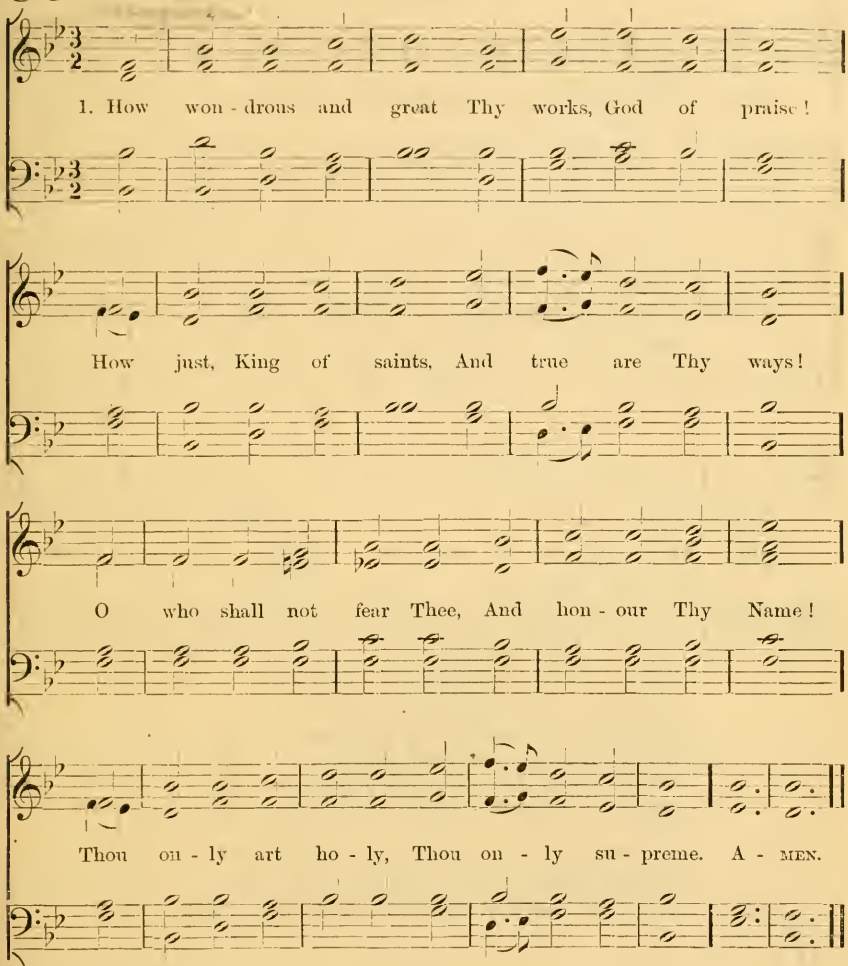
4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever:
That Name to us is Love. AMEN.

GLORIA PATRI.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our Salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. AMEN.

How wondrous and great.

35. *"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints."* 5s.6s.5s.



2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess Thee their God.

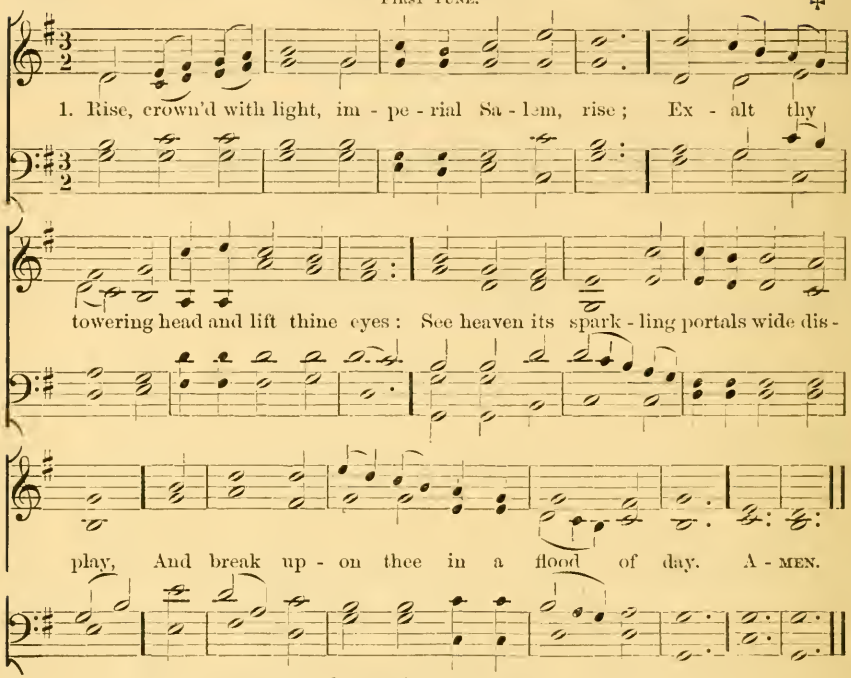
GLORIA PATRI.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. AMEN.

36. Rise, crown'd with light.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." 10s.

First Tune. ✢



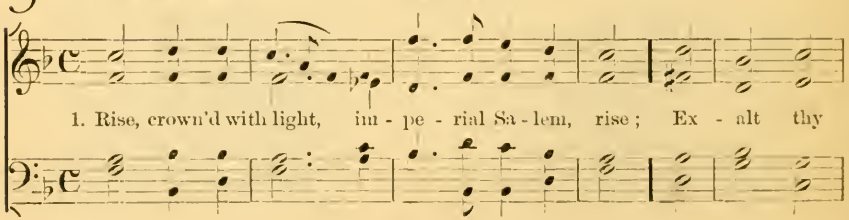
2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

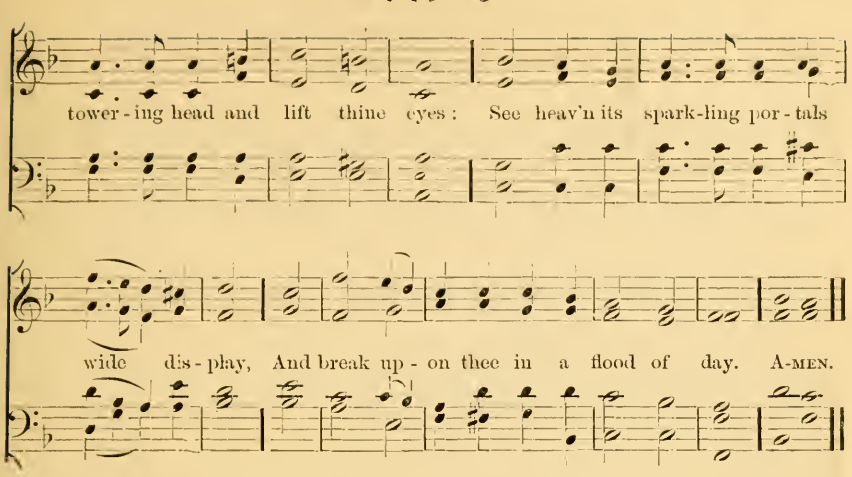
3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The sea shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Amen.

36.

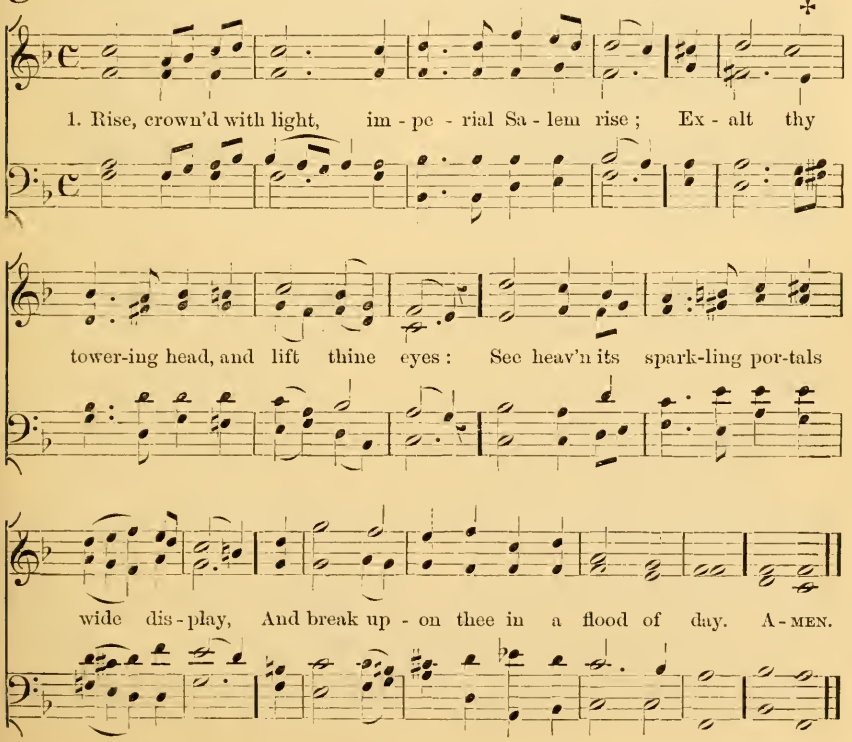
Second Tune. 10s.





36.

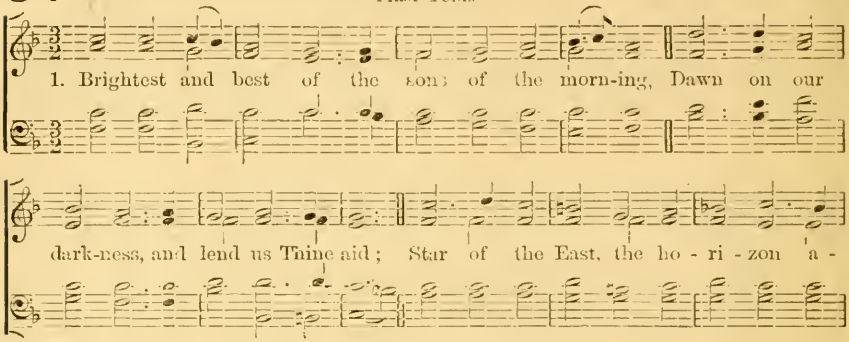
THIRD TUNE. 10s.



37. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

"We have seen His star in the East." P. M.

First Tune.



2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

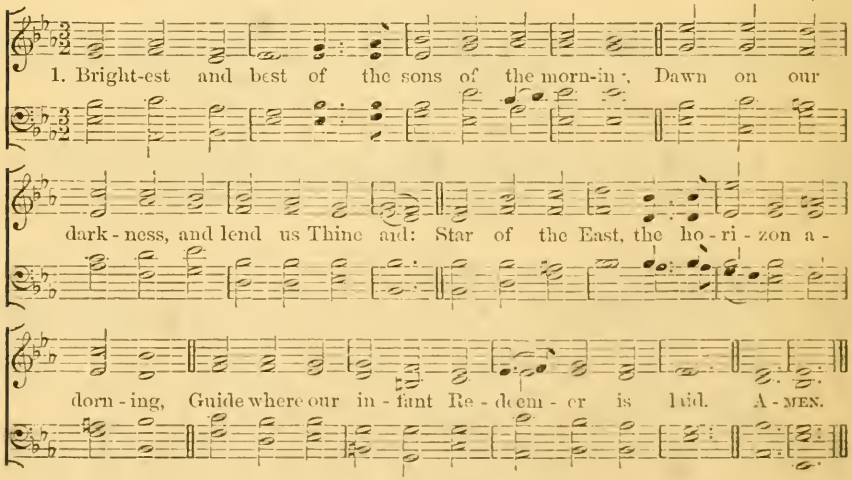
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

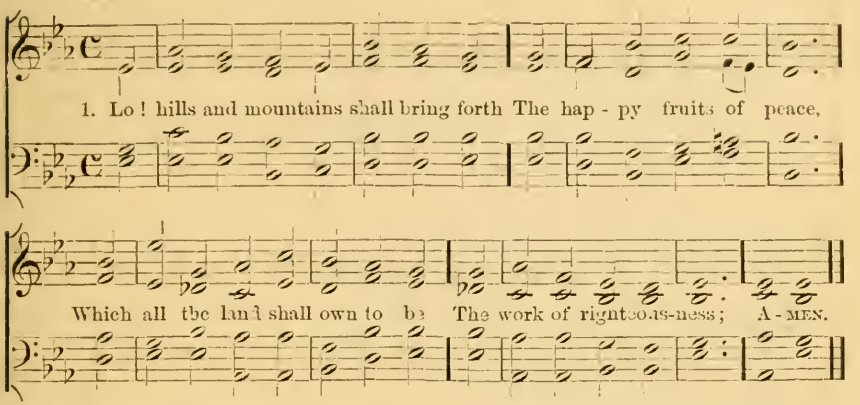
37.

Second Tune. P. M.



38. Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth.

"The mountains also shall bring peace, and the little hills righteousness unto the people." C. M.



2 While David's Son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

3 In every heart Thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth;
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

5 In His blest days the just and good
Shall spring up all around:
The happy land shall everywhere
With endless peace abound.

6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.

7 To Him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads:
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where He His conquest spreads.

8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

9 To Him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay;
And differing nations gladly join
To own His righteous sway.

10 For He shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor
And all their wants supply.

11 For Him shall constant prayer be made,
Through all His prosperous days:
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

12 The memory of His glorious Name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

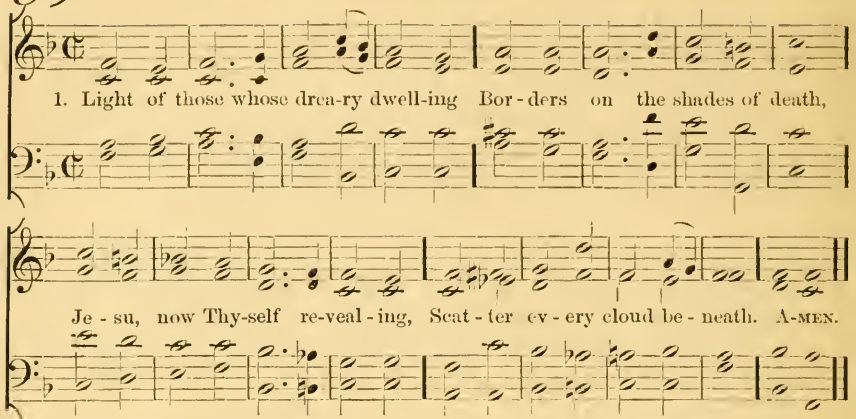
13 In Him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And His unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.

14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God Whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in His works,
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with His glory fill'd
For ever bless His Name;
Whilst to His praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim. AMEN.

39. Light of those whose dreary dwelling.

"A Light to lighten the Gentiles." 8s. 7s.



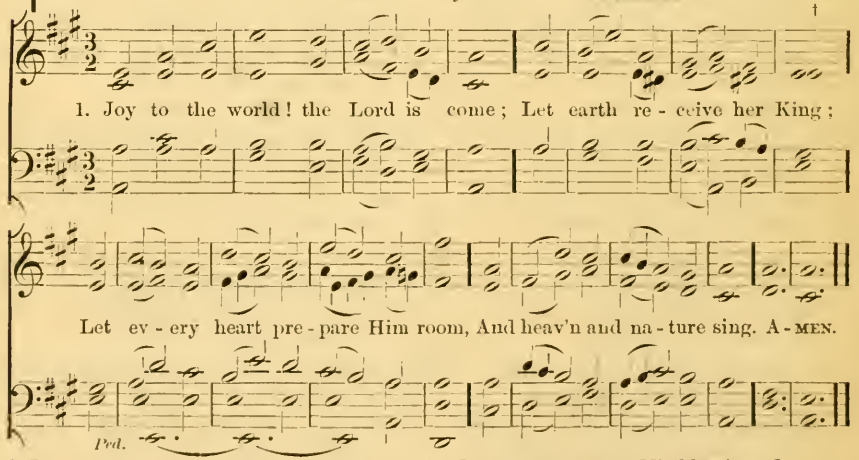
2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release:
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace. AMEN.

40. Joy to the world! the Lord is come.

"The Lord reigneth." C. M.



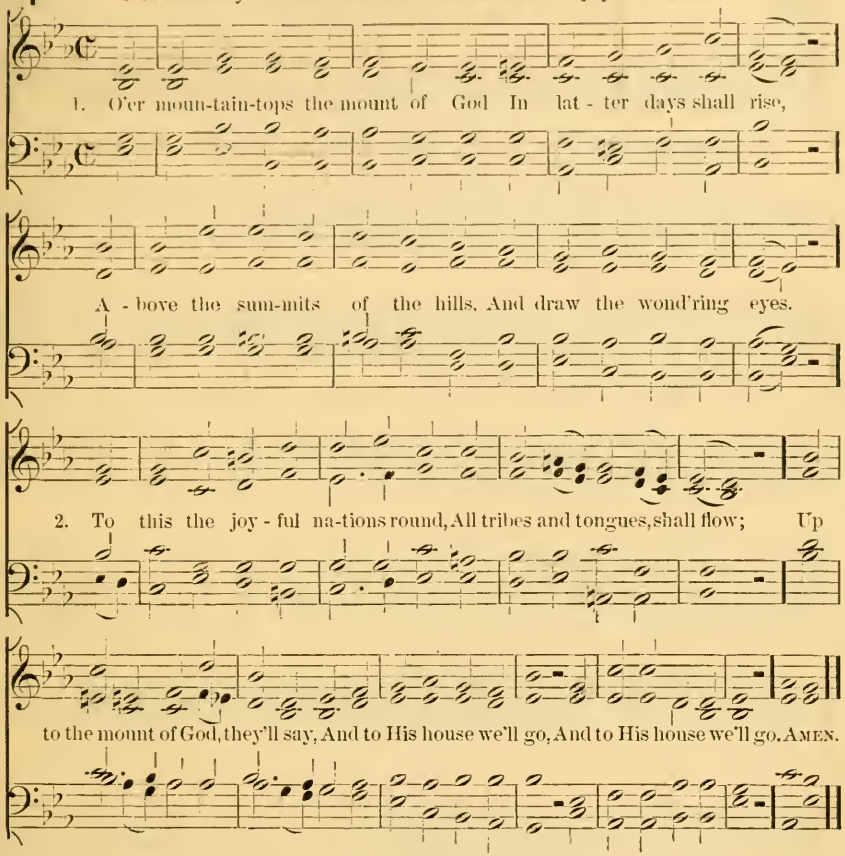
2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. AMEN.

41. O'er mountain-tops the mount of God.

"The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains." C. M. D.



3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King Who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide:
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

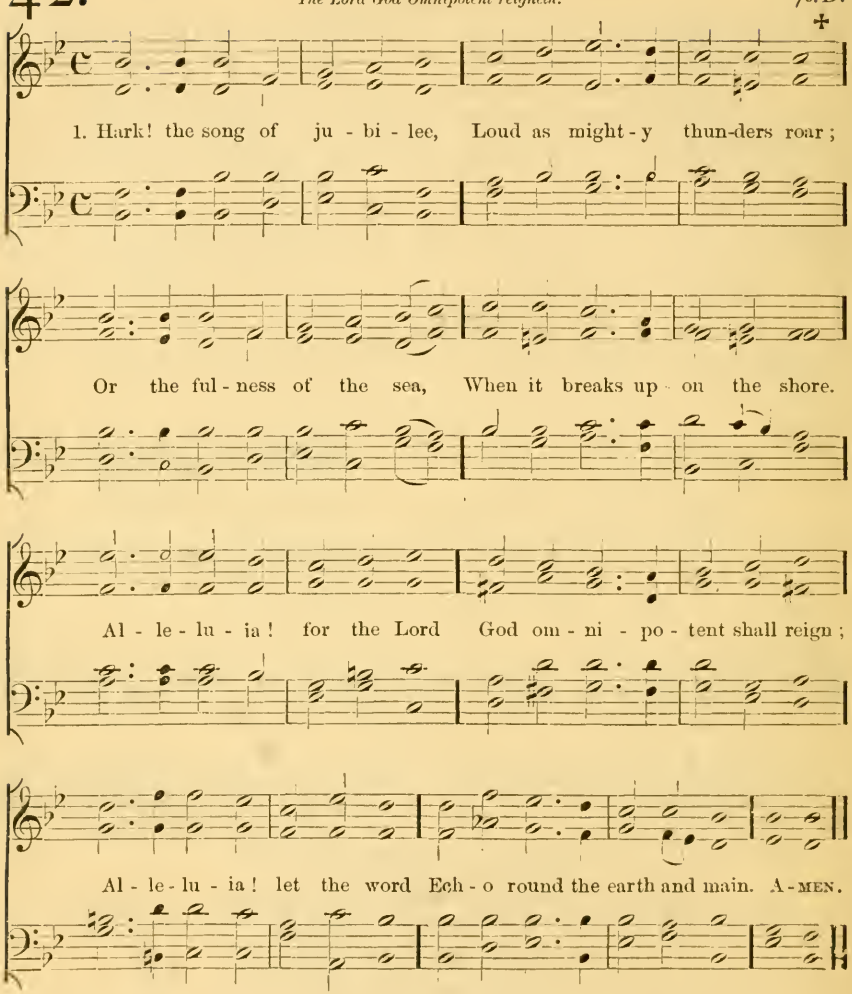
6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
To worship at His shrine:
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine. AMEN.

Hark! the song of jubilee.

42.

"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

7s. D.

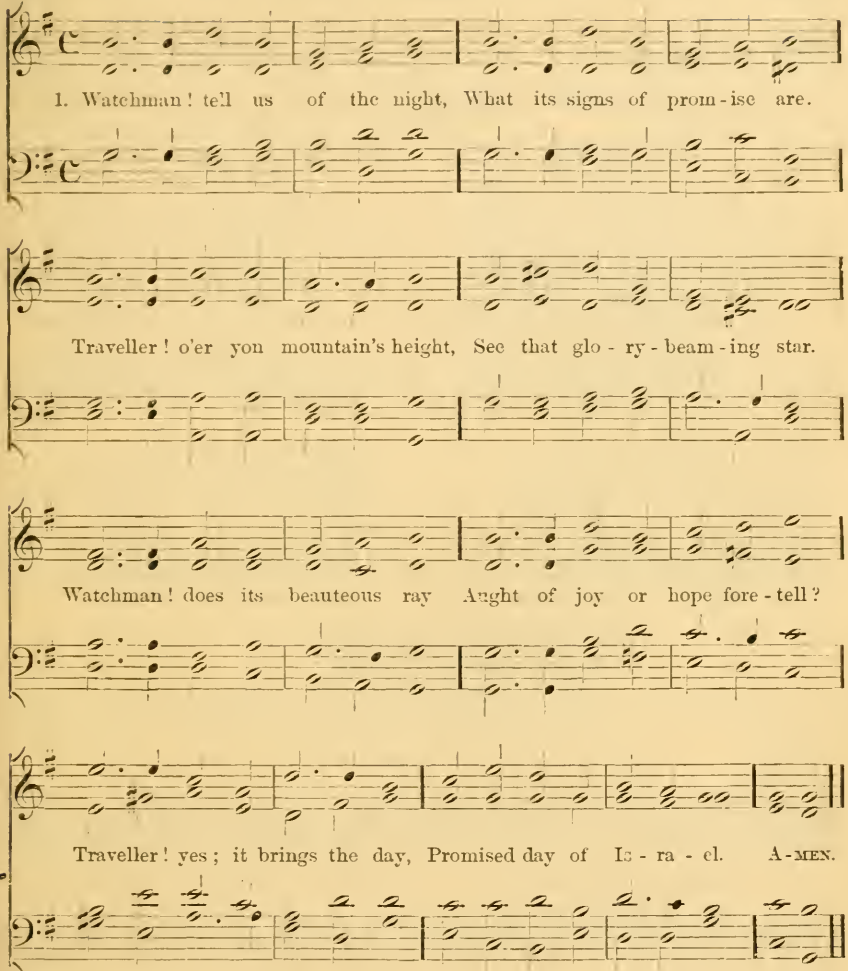


2 Alleluia! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled:
Sheathed His sword; He speaks,—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away;
Then the end; beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all. AMEN

Watchman! tell us of the night.

43. *"Watchman! what of the night?"* 7s. D.

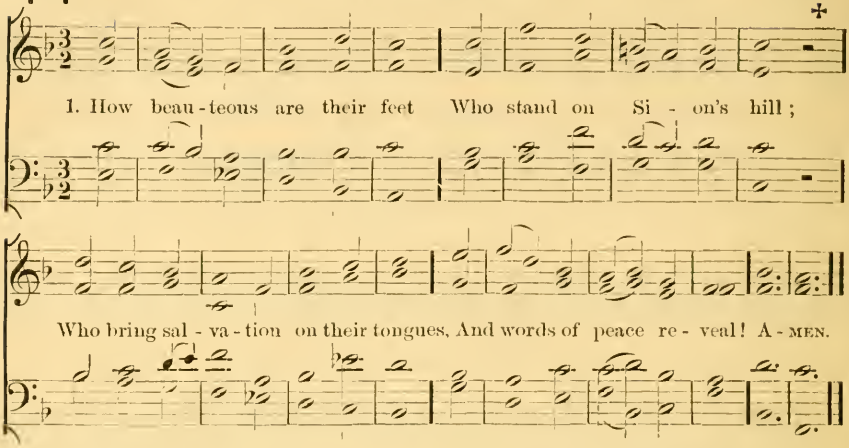


2 Watchman! tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come. AMEN.

How beauteous are their feet.

44. *"How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."* S. M.



2 How charming is their voice:
How sweet their tidings are!—
"Sion, behold Thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

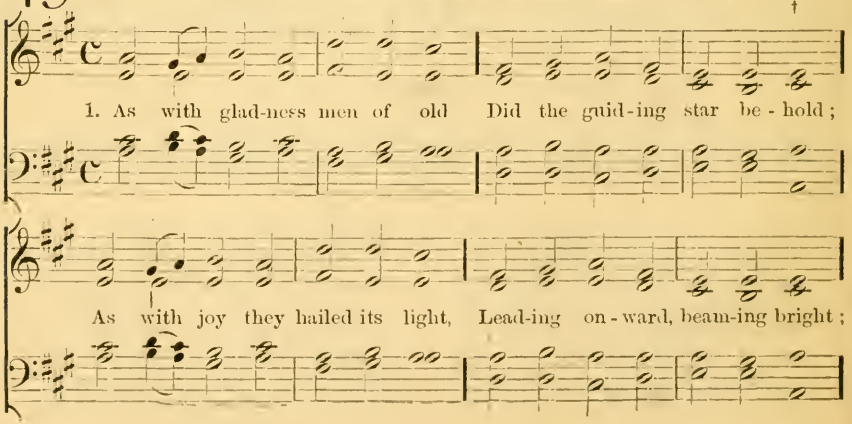
4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

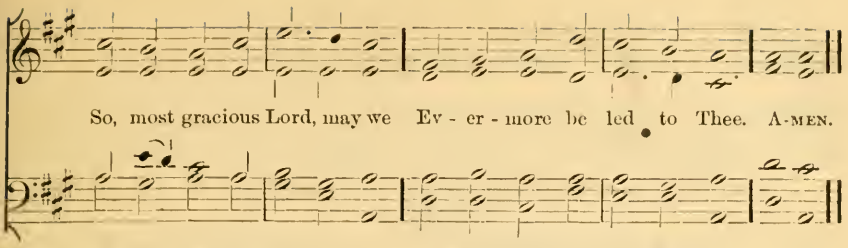
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. AMEN.

As with gladness men of old.

45. *"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."* Six 7s.





2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

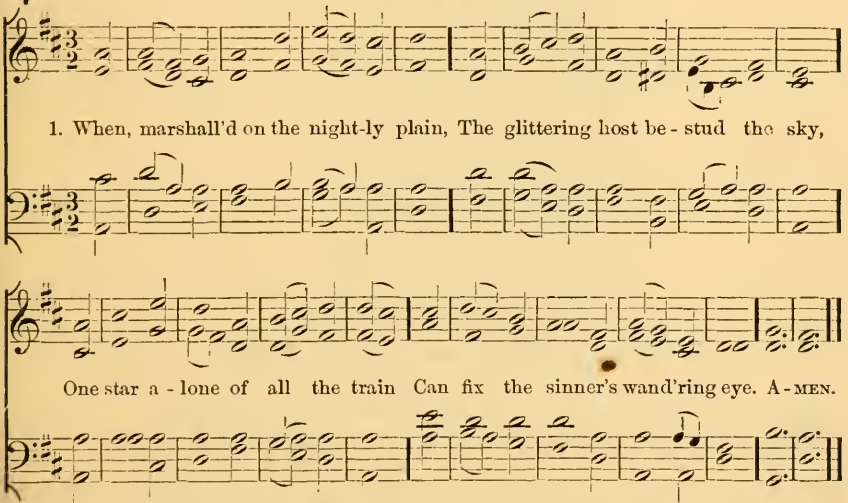
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way:
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. AMEN.

46. When, marshall'd on the nightly plain.

"I am the bright and morning Star." L. M.



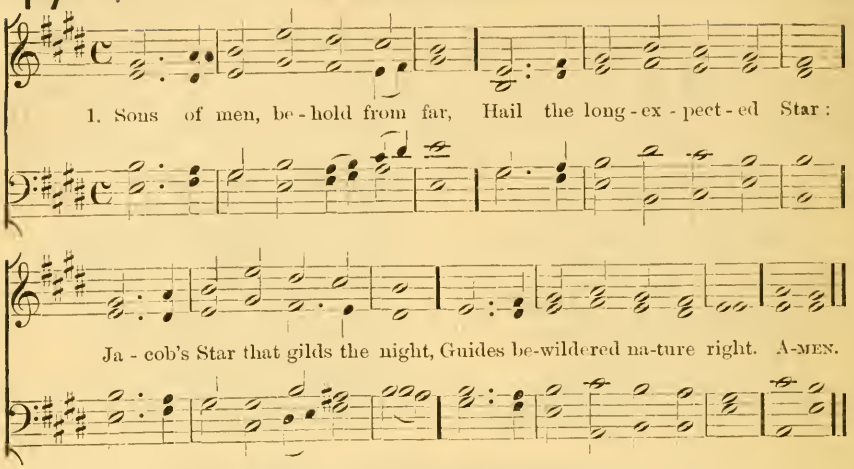
2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It is my guide, my light, my all,
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Then, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem! AMEN.

47. Sons of men, behold from far.

"We have seen His Star in the East." 7s.



2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear:
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

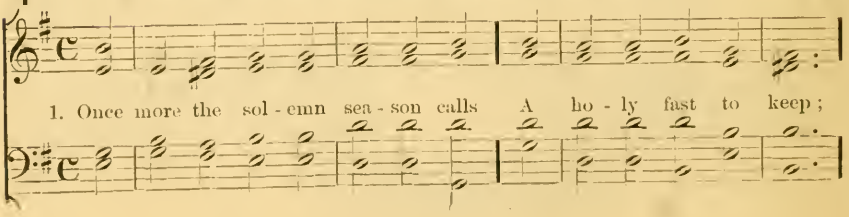
4 There behold the Day-Spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes:
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

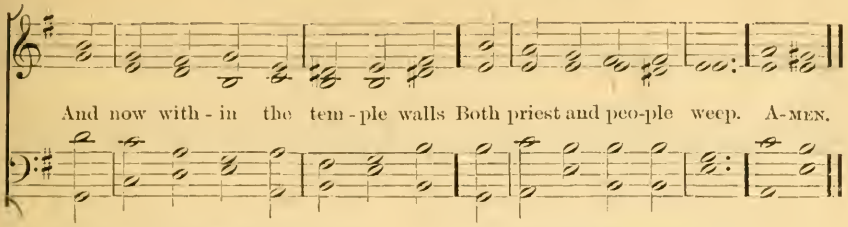
5 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man His life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy! AMEN.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

48. Once more the solemn season calls.

"Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God" C. M.





2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.

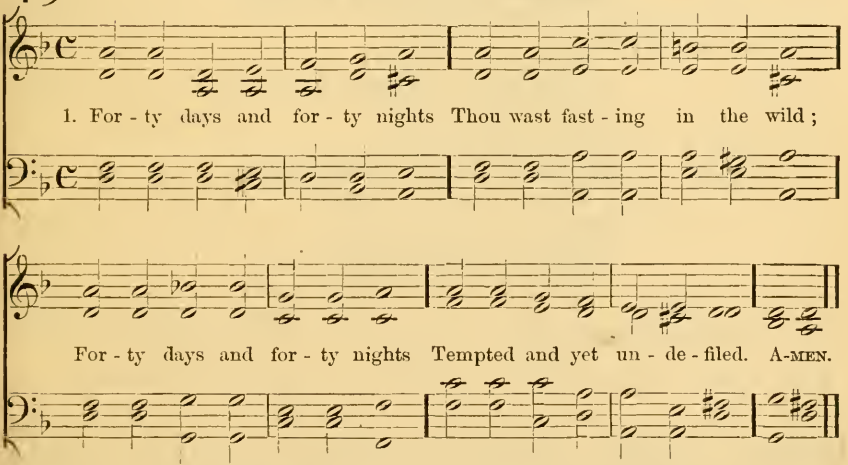
4 In sorrow true now let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay the uplifted rod.

5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To spare the bruisèd reed;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Three in One to Thee we bow;
Vouchsafe us in Thy Love
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. AMEN.

Forty days and forty nights.

49. *"And Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days He did eat nothing."* 7s.



2 Shall not we Thy sorrows share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

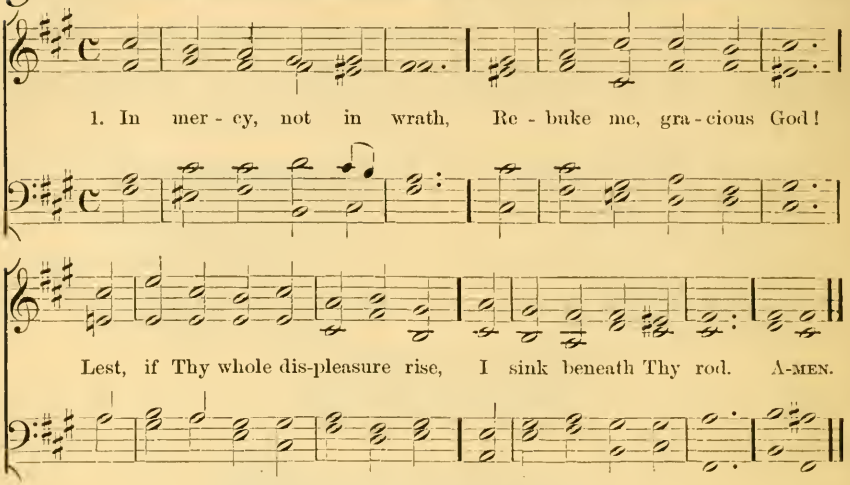
3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as minister'd to Thee.

5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side:
That with Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide. AMEN.

In mercy, not in wrath.

50. *"O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine indignation, neither chasten me in Thy displeasure."* S. M.



2 Touch'd by Thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds Thy Spirit hath unclosed
O let that Spirit heal.

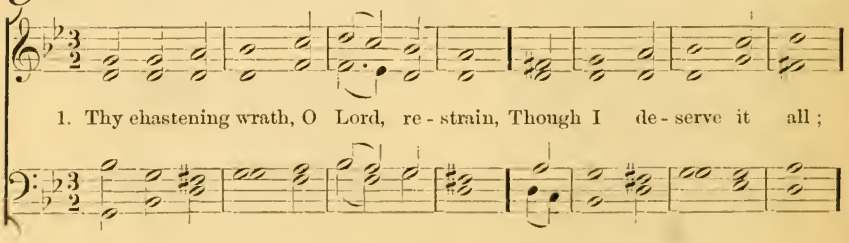
3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt Thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

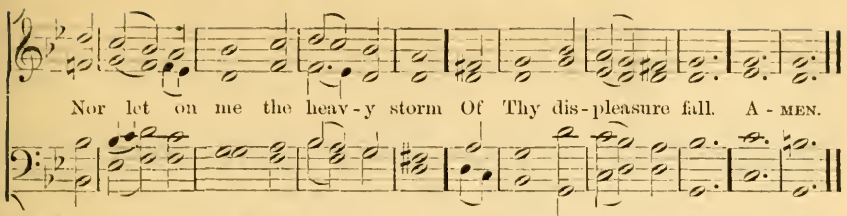
4 O come; ere life expire,
Send down Thy power to save;
For who shall sing Thy Name in death,
Or praise Thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt Thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil Thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer. AMEN.

Thy chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain.

51. *"Put me not to rebuke, O Lord, in Thine anger; neither chasten me in Thy heavy displeasure."* C. M.





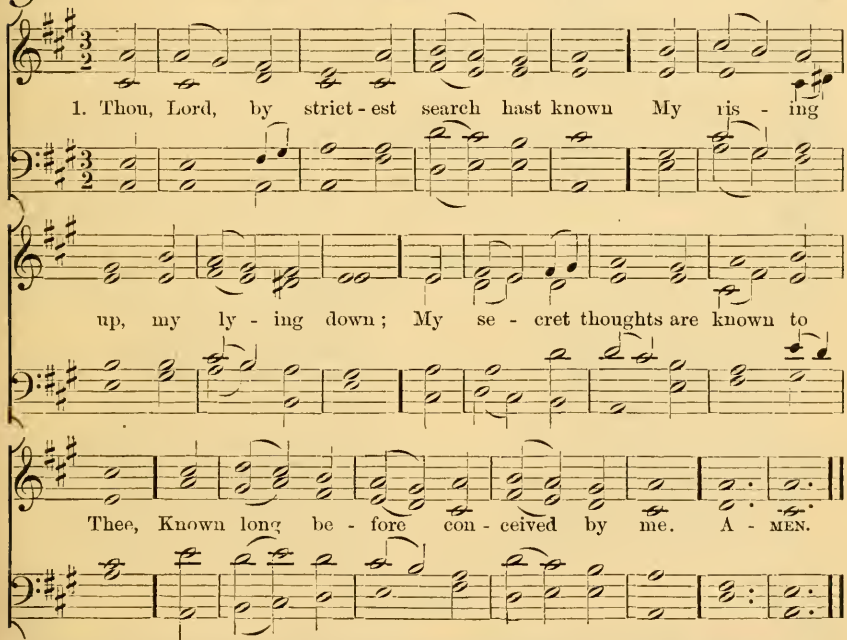
2 My sins which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, Lord, before Thy searching eyes
All my desires appear:
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd Thine open ear.

4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart:
Make haste to my relief, O Thou
Who my salvation art. AMEN.

Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known.

52. *"O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me."* L. M.



2 From Thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding place does earth afford?
Or where can I Thy influence shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run?

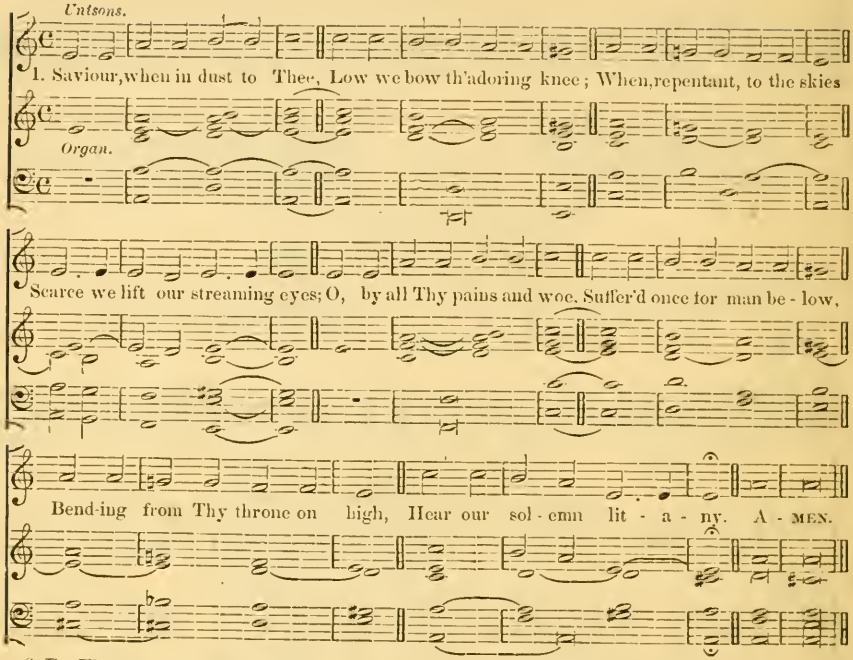
3 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades Thou find'st
As in the blazing noon of day. [Thy way,

4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way. AMEN.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee.

53. *"In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."* 7s. D.

First Tune.

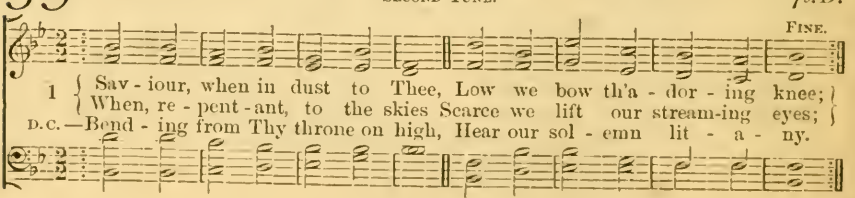


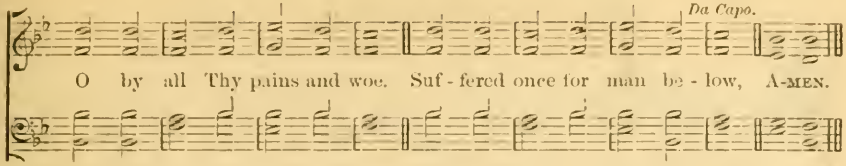
2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

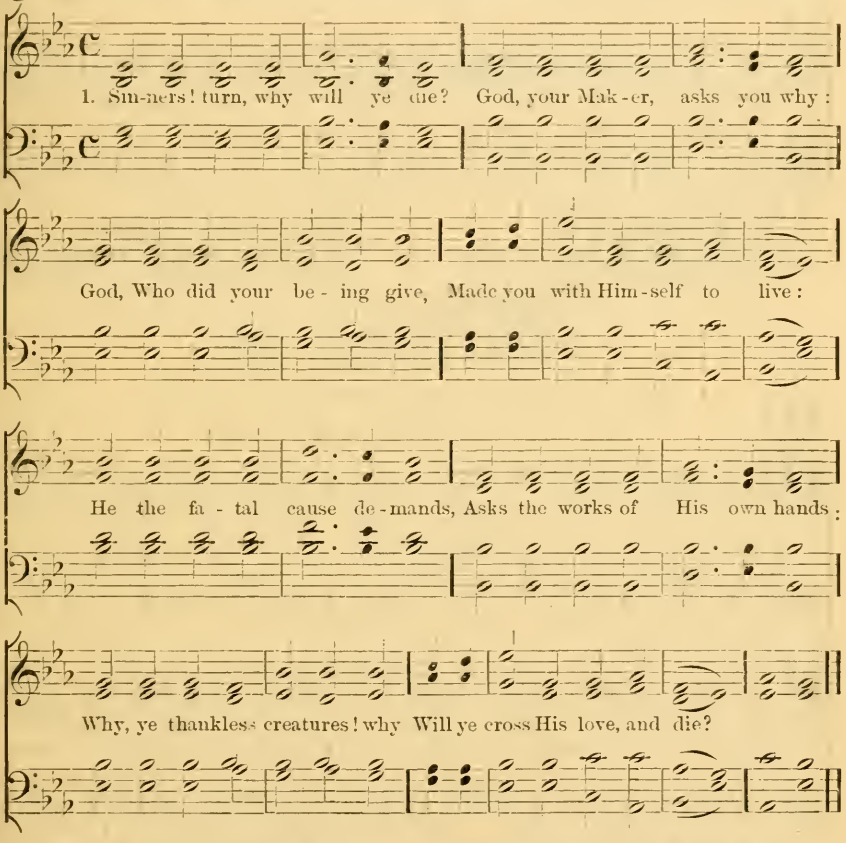
53. Second Tune. 7s. D.





54. Sinners! turn, why will ye die?

"Turn ye! turn ye! for why will ye die." 7s. D.

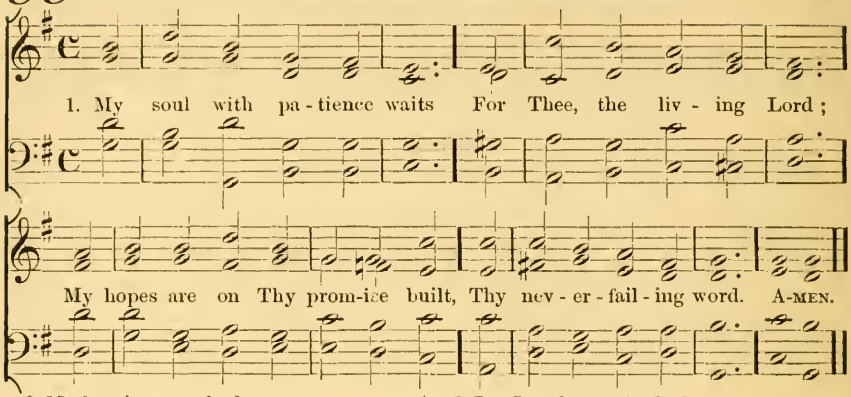


2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God Who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He Who all your lives hath strove—
Woo'd you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

My soul with patience waits.

55. *"I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for Him; in His word is my trust."* S. M.



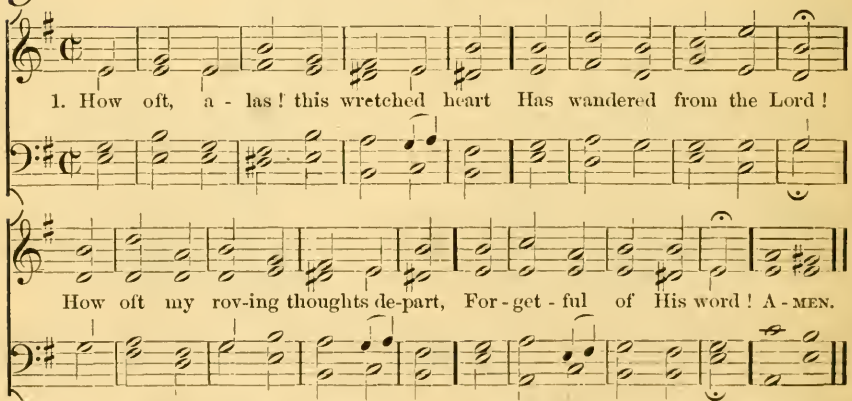
2 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning wateh
To spy the dawning day.

3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His merey knows;
The plenteous source and spring from
Eternal succour flows; [whence

4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to eleanse
And wash our guilt away. AMEN.

How oft, alas! this wretched heart.

56. *"There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."* C. M.



2 Yet sovereign merey calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I eome?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And eanst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That ean to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

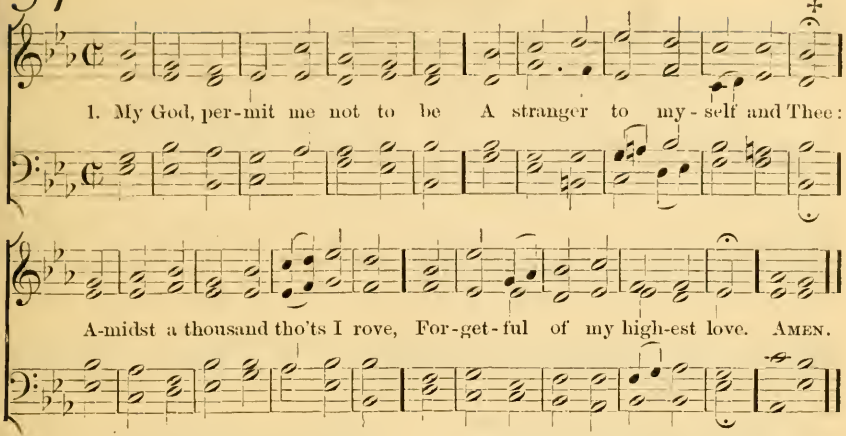
5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
O keep me at Thy saered feet,
And let me rove no more. AMEN.

My God, permit me not to be.

57.

"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

L. M.



2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

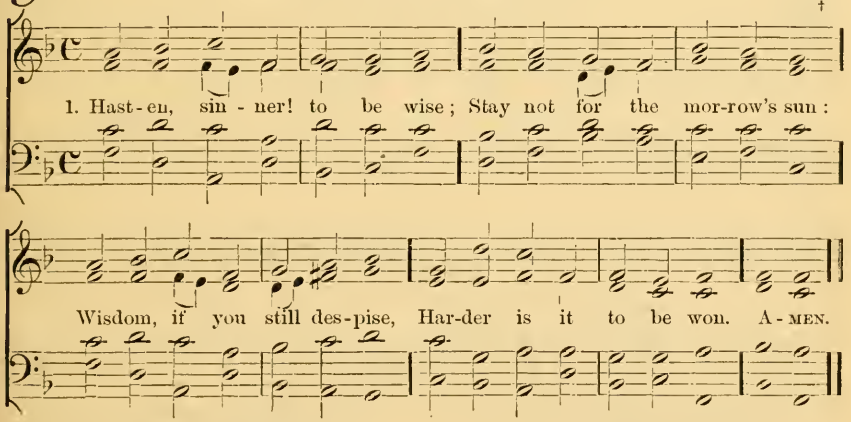
3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign. AMEN.

Hasten, sinner! to be wise.

58.

"Awake to righteousness, and sin not."

7s.



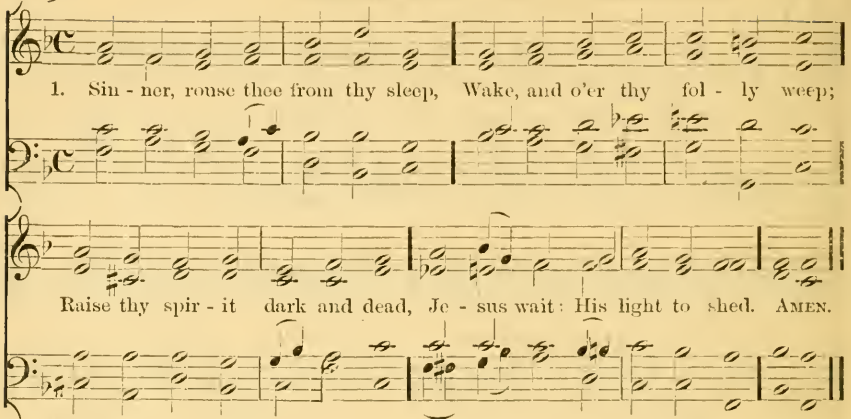
2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun. AMEN.

59. Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep.

"See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time." 7s.



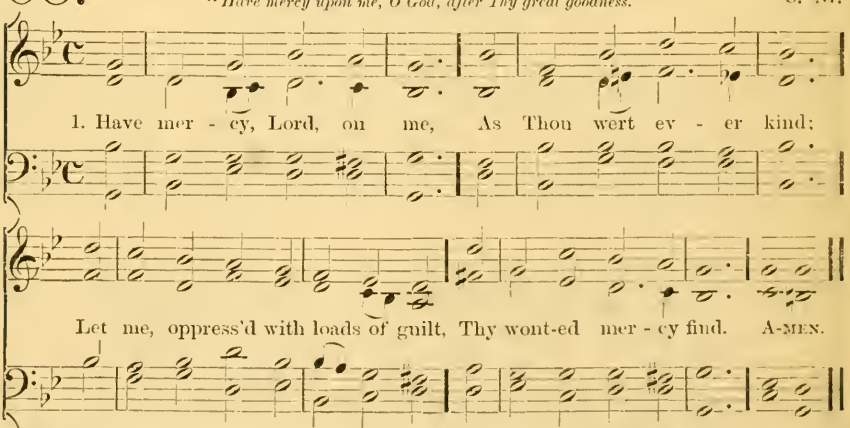
2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Call'd of Jesus, learn His will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed His light. AMEN.

60. Have mercy, Lord, on me.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness." S. M.



2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though con-demn'd,
Must own Thy judgment right.

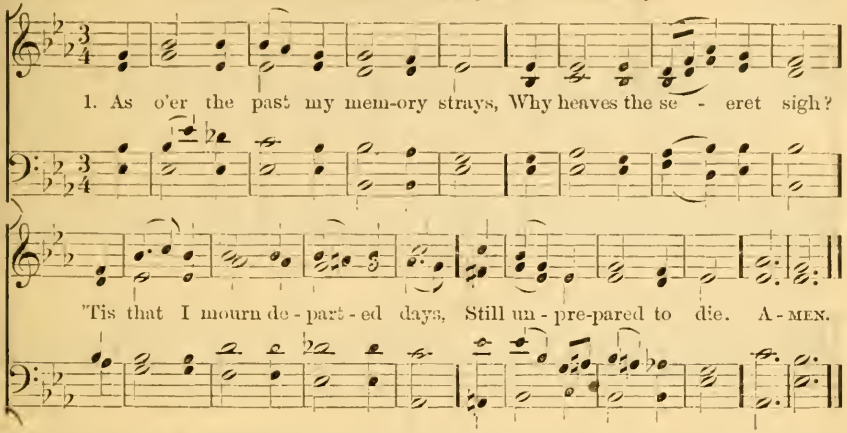
4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me, O Lord, regain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain. AMEN.

61. As o'er the past my memory strays.

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life." C. M.



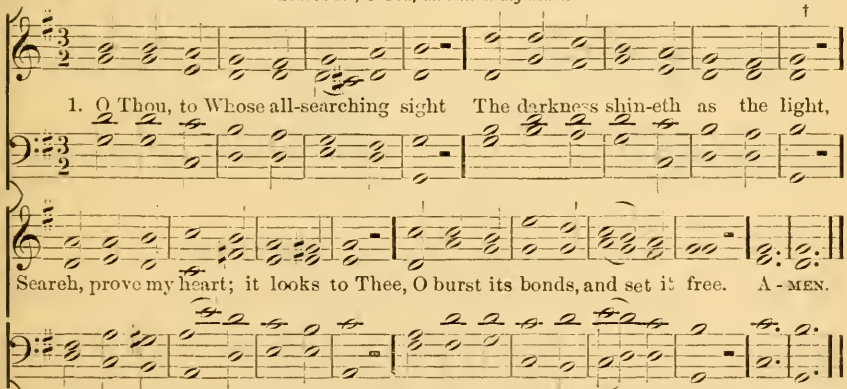
2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be Thine;
And when Thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee. AMEN.

62. O Thou to Whose all-searching sight.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart." L. M.



2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

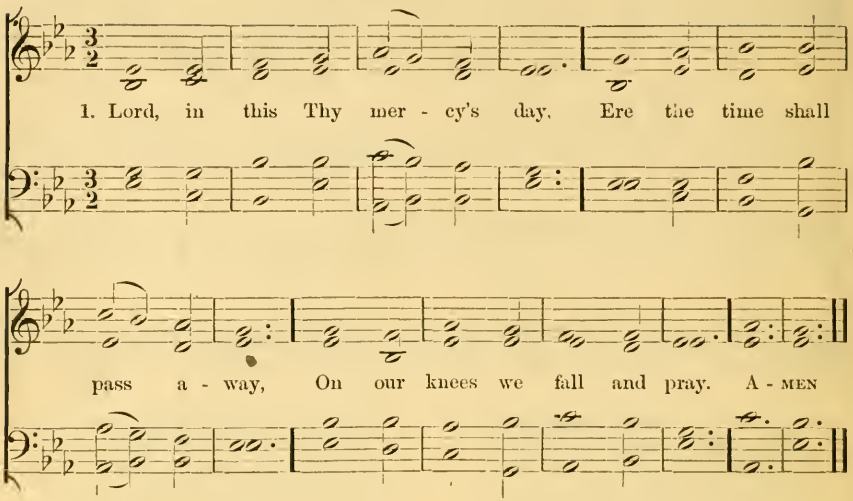
3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill. AMEN.

63. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.

"My soul fleeth unto the Lord." P. M.



2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

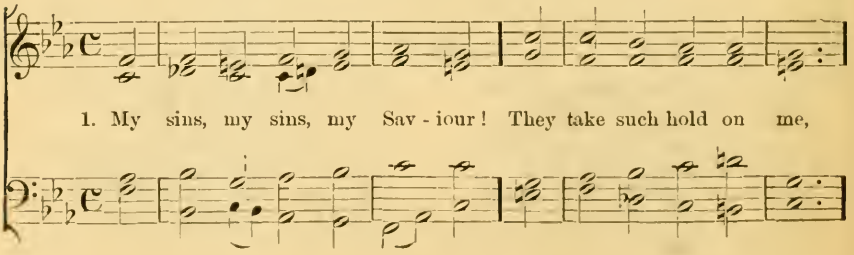
5 By Thy tears of bitter woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

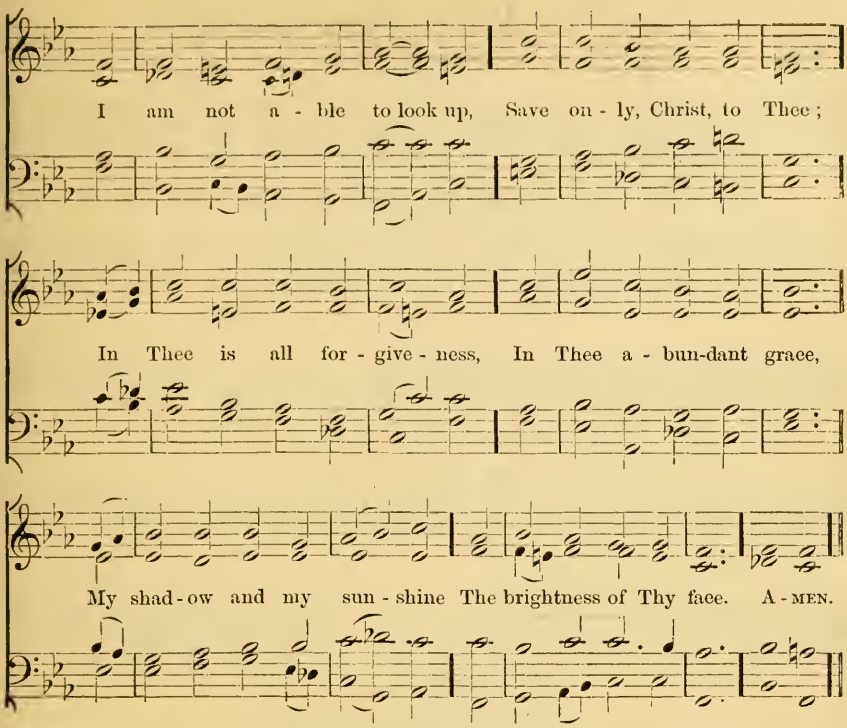
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.
AMEN.

64. My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." 7s. 6s. D.





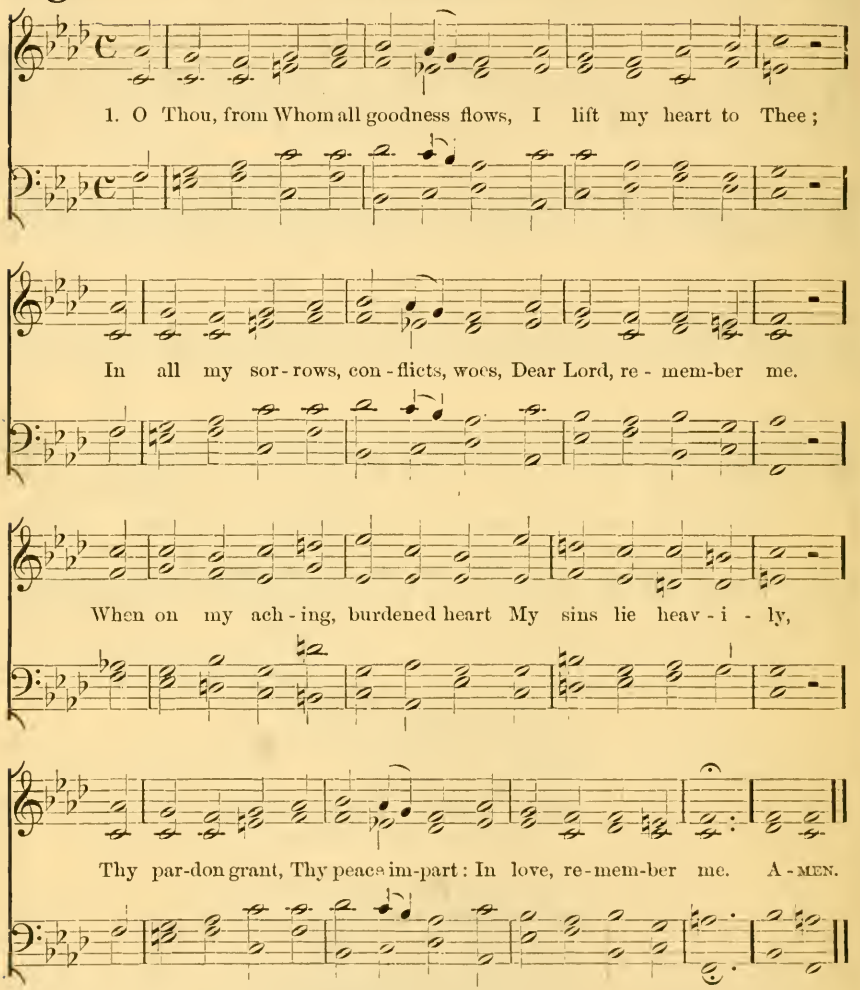
2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy Passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below.
Thy goodness and Thy favour,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love. AMEN.

65. O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows.

"Lord, remember me." C. M. D.



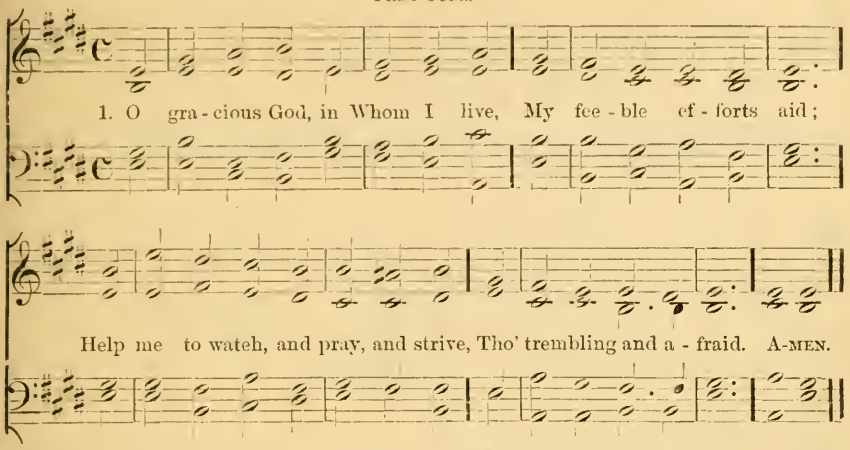
2 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
For good, remember me.
If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

3 And O, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

66. O gracious God, in Whom I live.

"Be not Thou far from me, O Lord; Thou art my succour, haste Thee to help me." C. M.

First Tune.



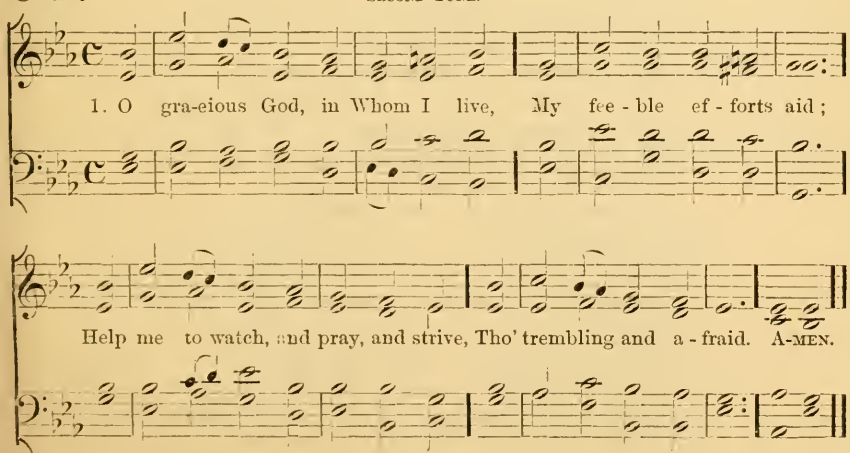
2 Increase my faith, inerease my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, Thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

4 O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never, stray
From happiness and Thee. Amen.

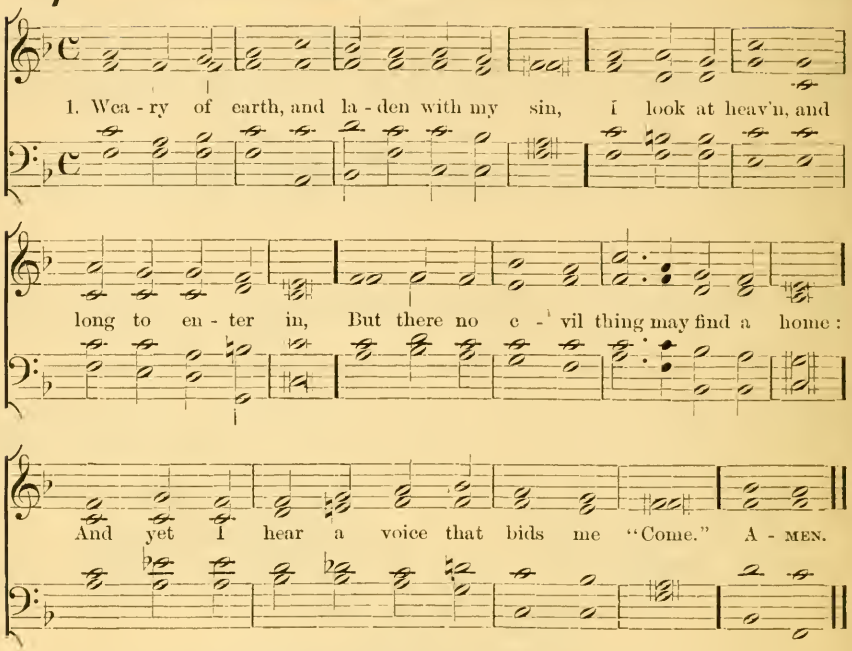
66.

Second Tune. C. M.



67. Weary of earth, and laden with my sin.

"In Whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." 10s.



2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me, day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

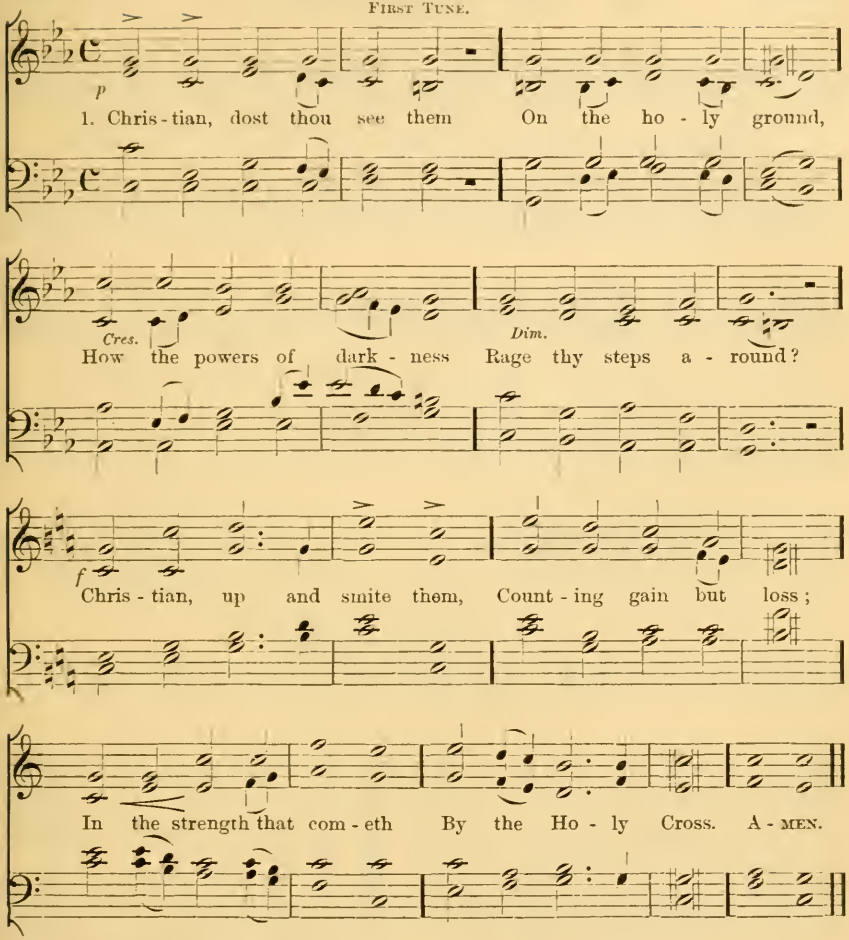
5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down. AMEN

68. Christian! dost thou see them.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith." 6s. 5s. D.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne." AMEN.

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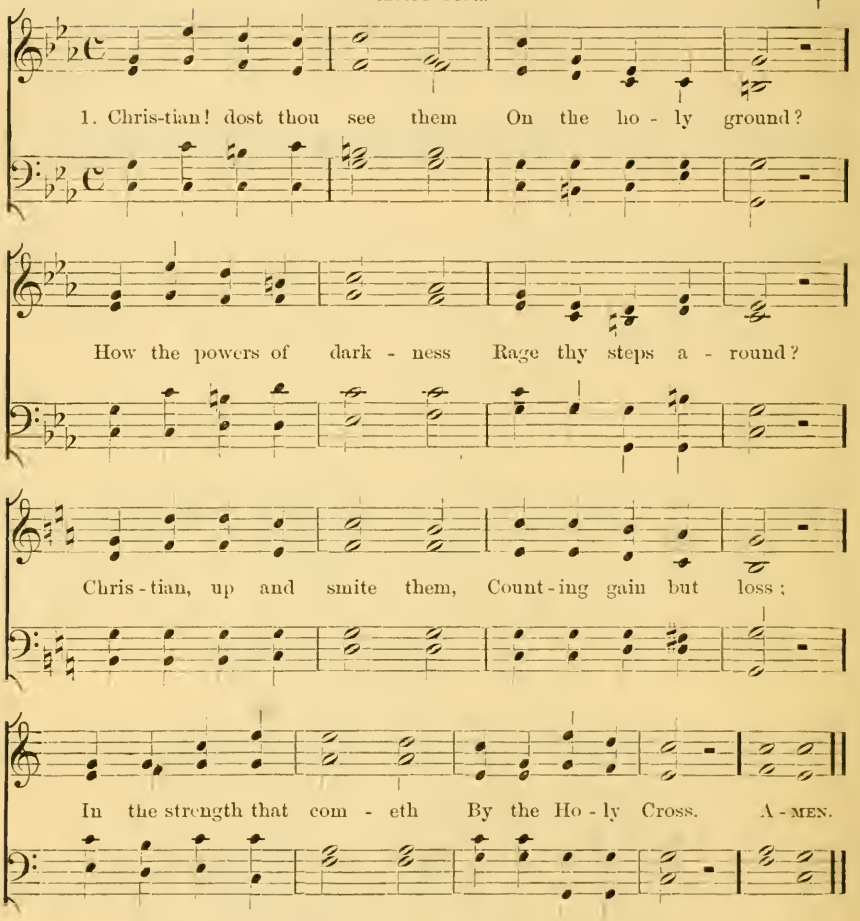
"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

6s. 5s. D.

SECOND TUNE.



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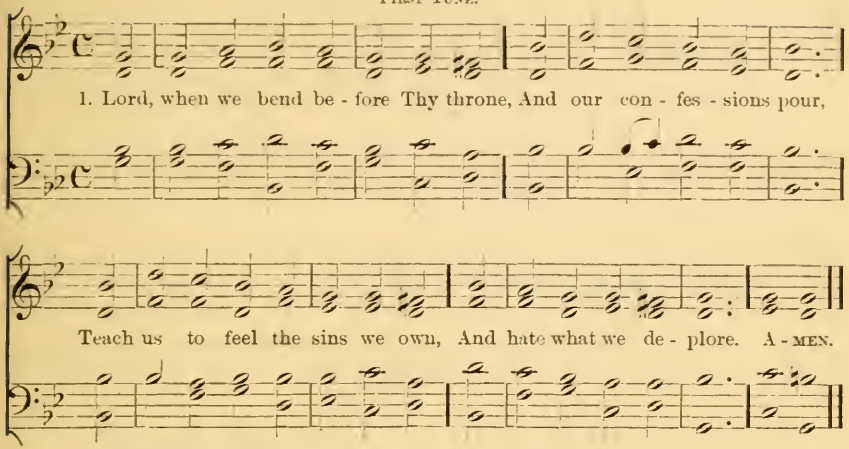
4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne." AMEN.

69. Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." C. M.

FIRST TUNE.



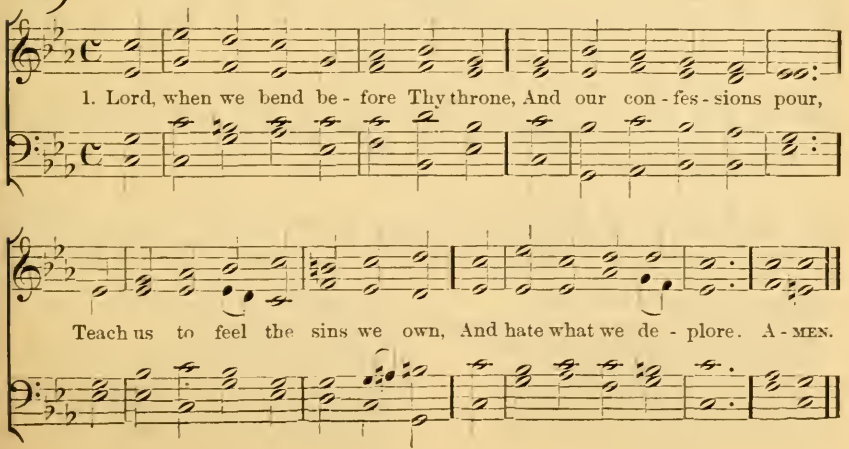
2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. AMEN.

69.

SECOND TUNE. C. M.

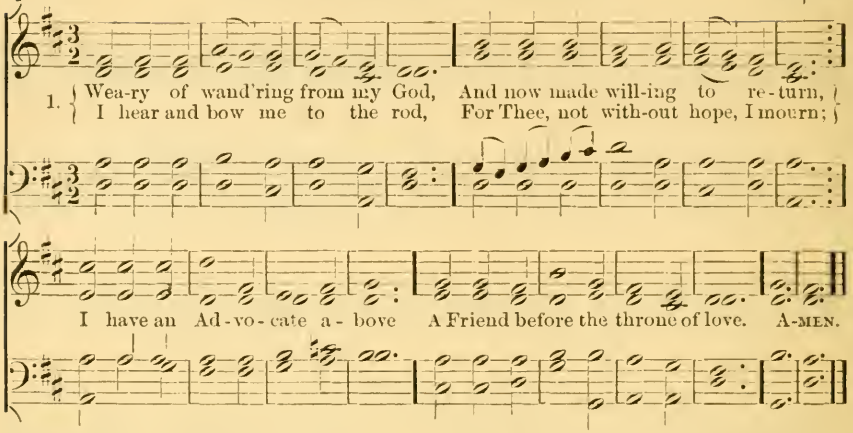


Weary of wandering from my God.

70.

"Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Six 8s.



2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

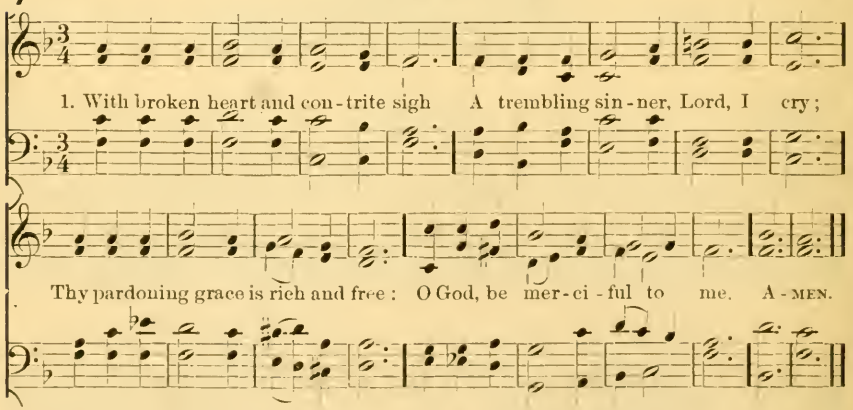
3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair, [AMEN.
And make my heart a house of prayer.

With broken heart and contrite sigh.

71.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner."

L. M.



2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God be merciful to me.

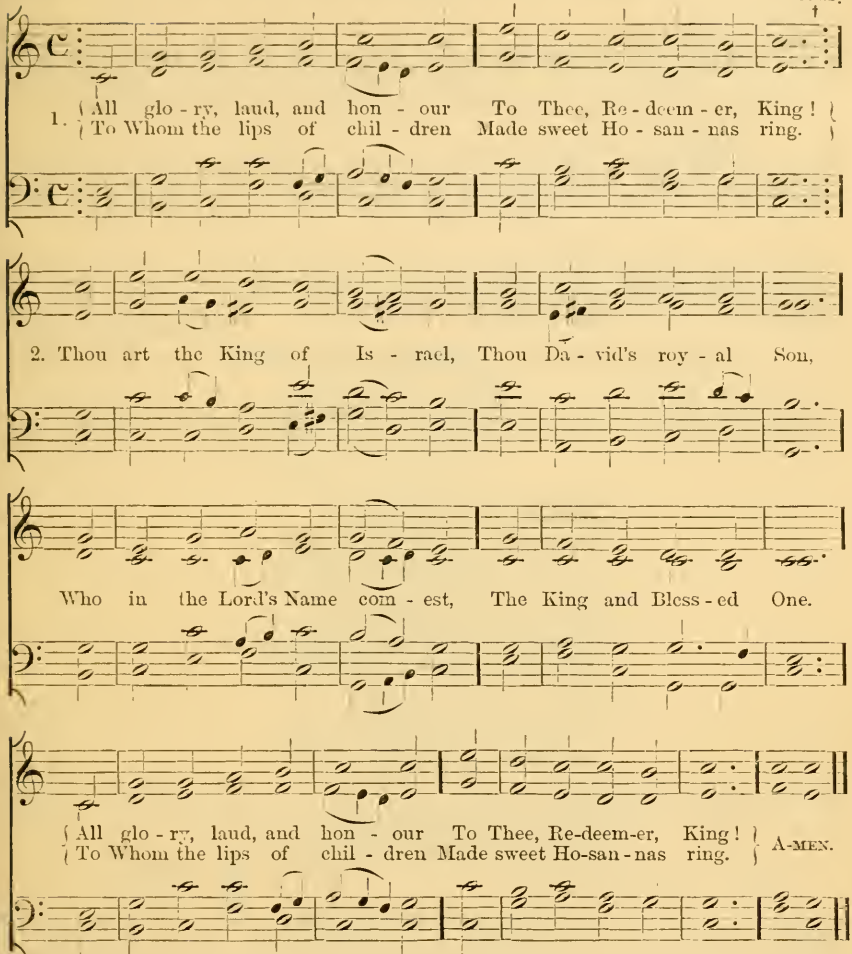
4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be.
God has been merciful to me. AMEN.

72. All glory, laud, and honour.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

7s. 6s. with Chorus.



3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

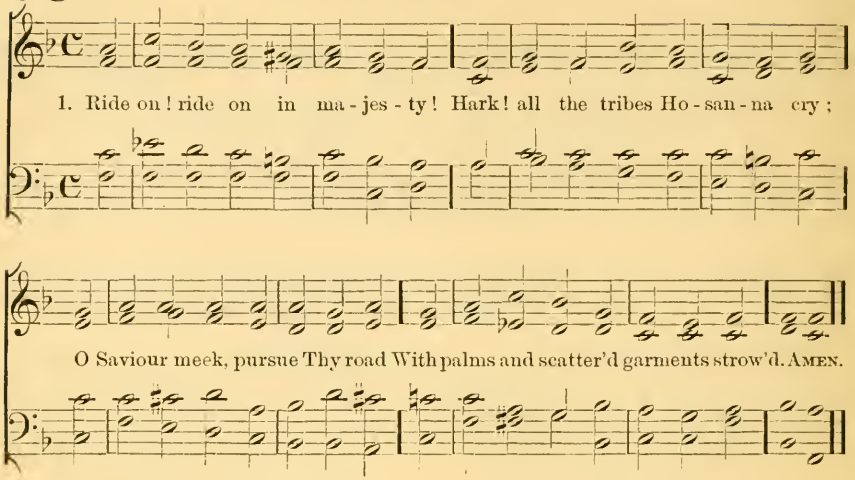
4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc. AMEN.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!

73. *"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David!"* L. M.



2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

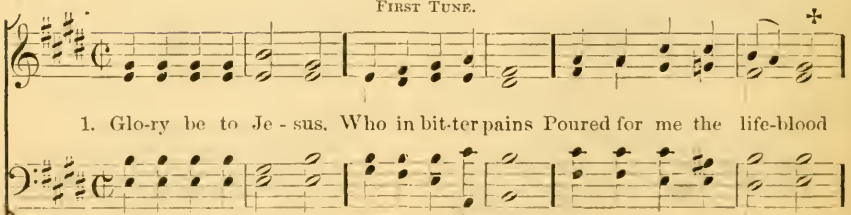
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

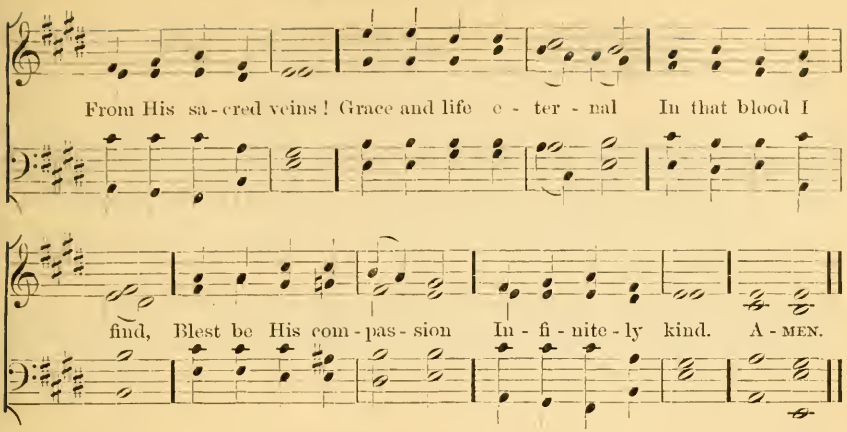
5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. AMEN.

Glory be to Jesus.

74. *"The precious blood of Christ."* 6s. 5s. D.

FIRST TUNE.



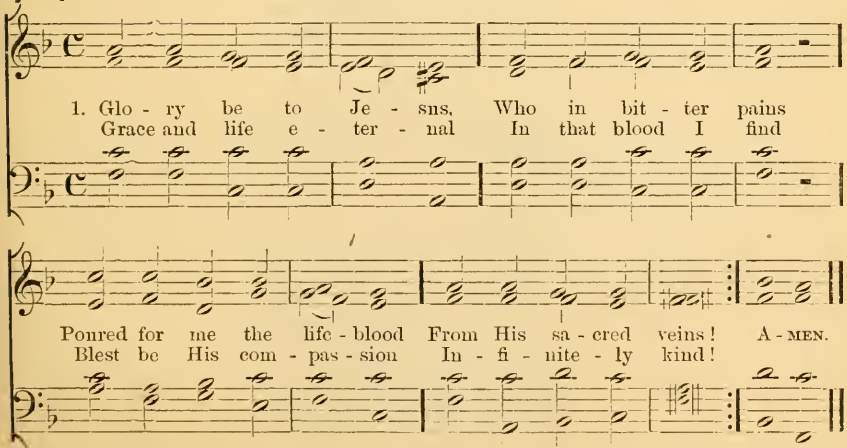


2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood. AMEN.

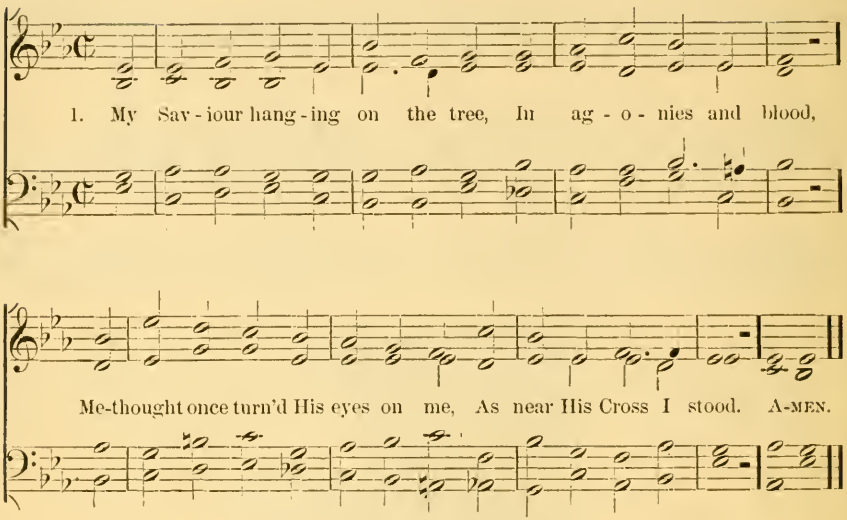
74.

SECOND TUNE. 6s. 5s.



My Saviour hanging on the tree.

75. *"He was wounded for our transgressions."* C. M.



2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.

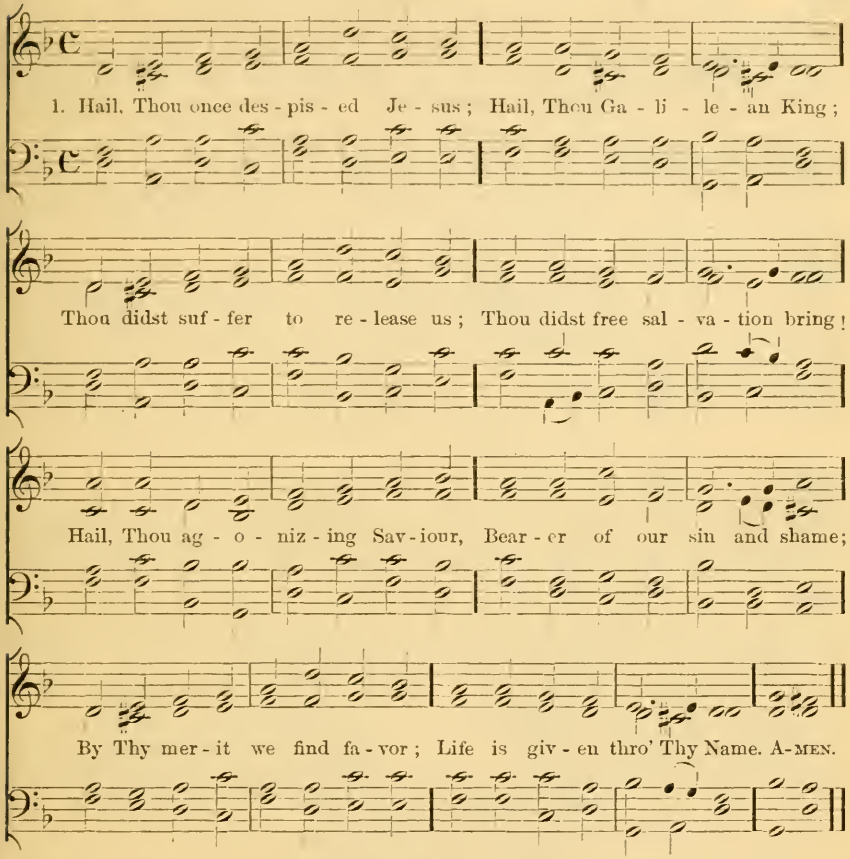
4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue—
Such is the mystery of grace—
It seals my pardon too. AMEN.

76. Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.

"Who, when He had purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." 8s. 7s. D.



2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

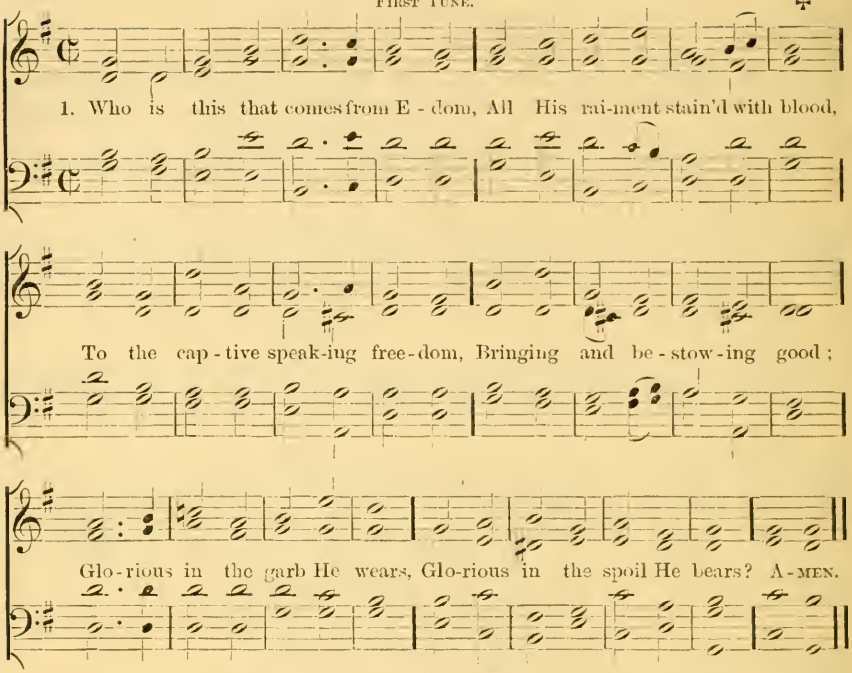
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise AMEN.

Who is this that comes from Edom?

77. "*Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?*" 8s. 7s. 7s.

FIRST TUNE.

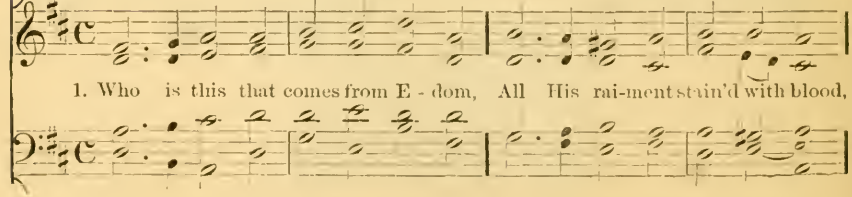


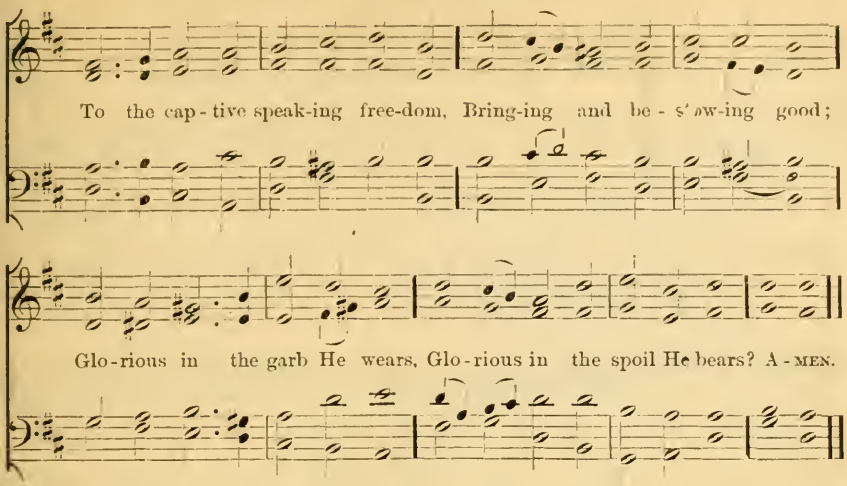
2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious,
To His people, is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes. AMEN.

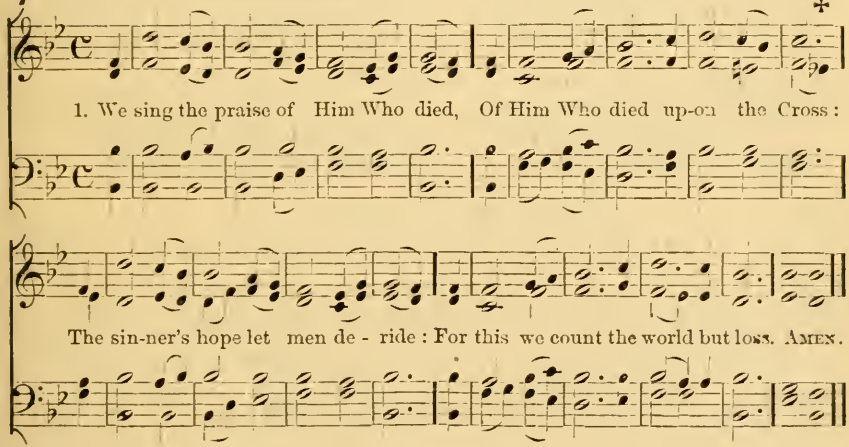
77. SECOND TUNE. 8s. 7s. 7s.





78. We sing the praise of Him Who died.

"The preaching of the Cross is unto us who are saved the power of God." L. M.



2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, God is Love:
He bears our sins upon the tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

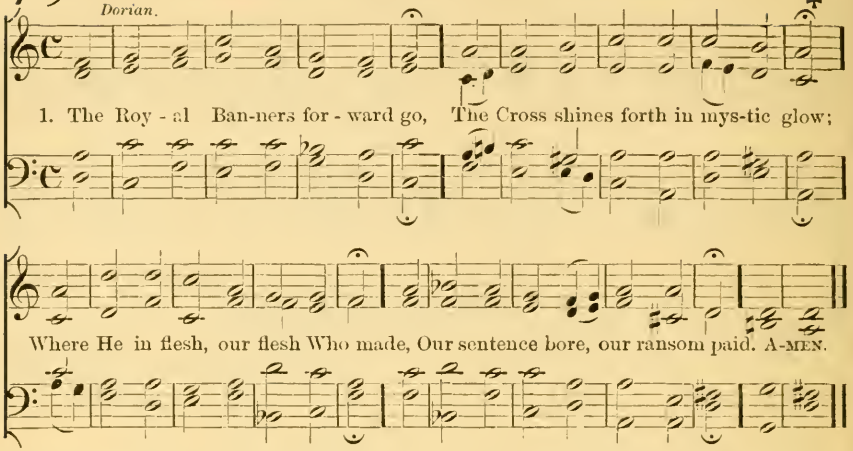
5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

AMEN.

The Royal Banners forward go.

79. *"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."* L. M.

Dorian.



2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

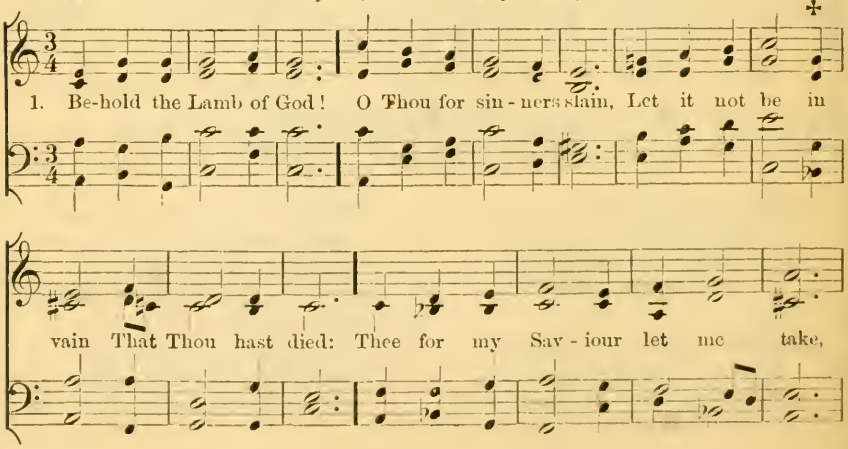
3 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

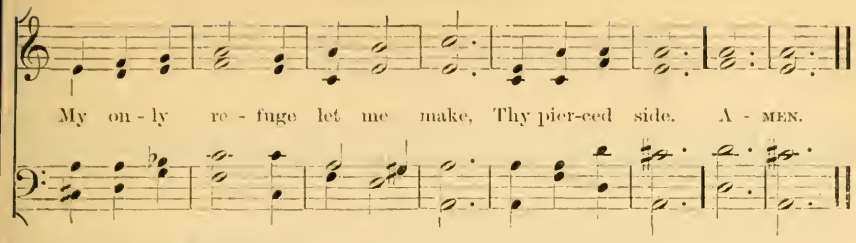
4 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of His prey.

5 To Thee Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Behold the Lamb of God!

80. *"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."* P. M.





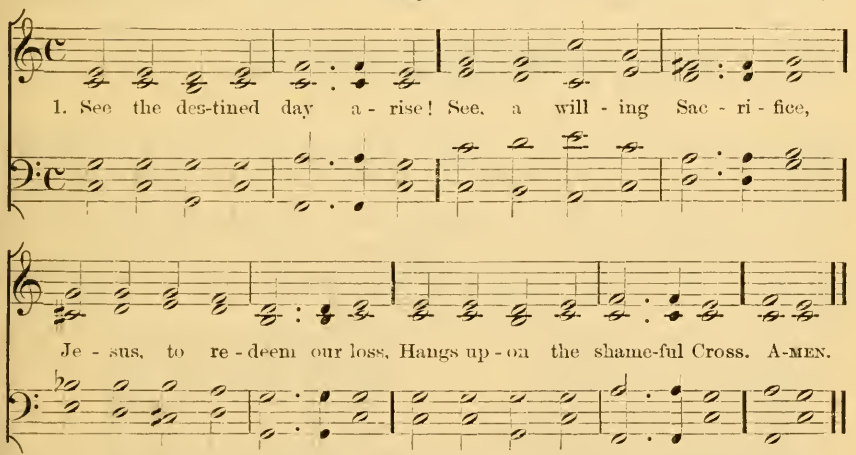
2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessed saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold, the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love. AMEN.

See the destined day arise.

81. *"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."* 7s.



2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

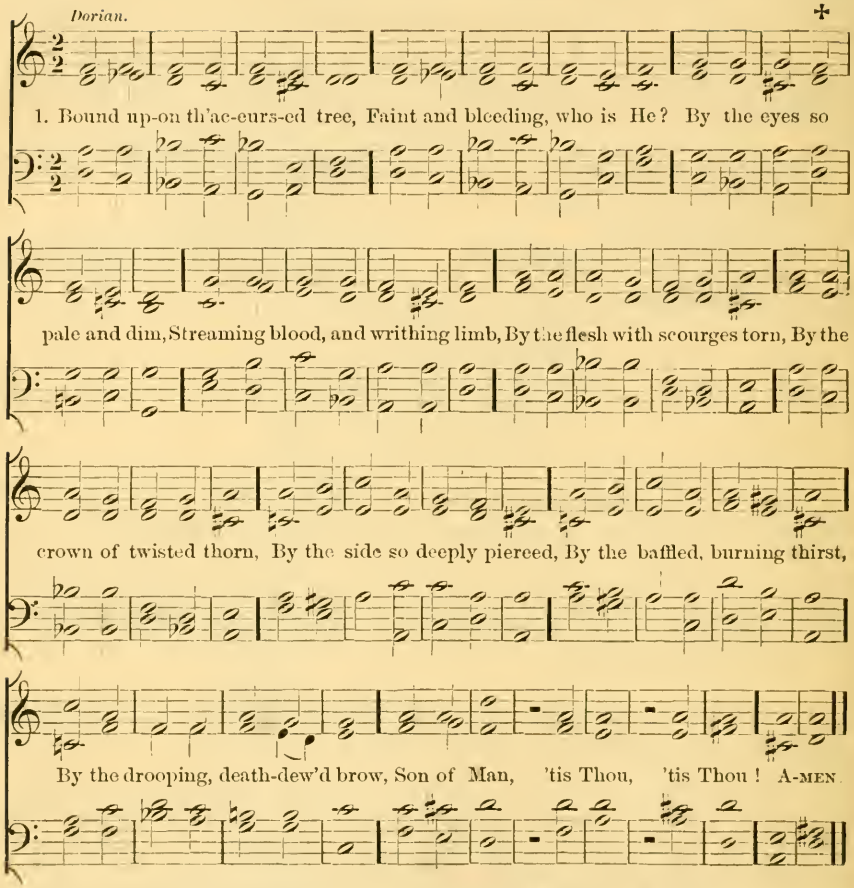
3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing Water flowed,
Mingled from Thy Side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good. AMEN.

82. Bound upon the accursed tree.

"Truly this was the Son of God." Ten 7s.



2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By the earth enwrapt in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side;
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

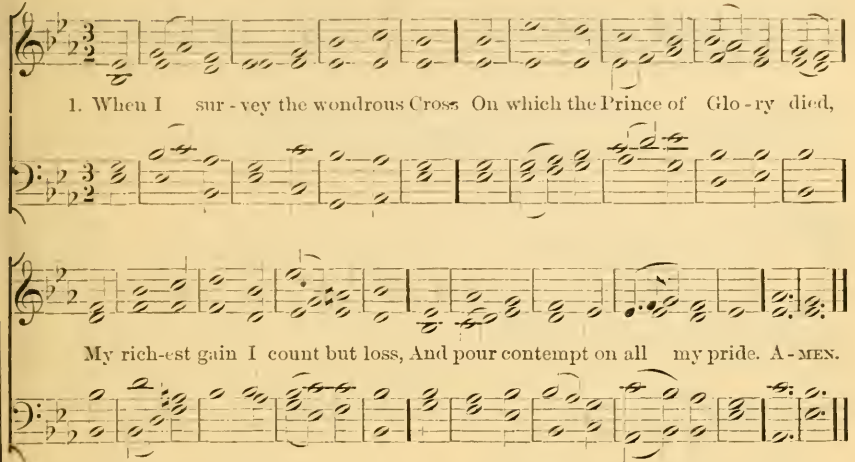
3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry
Of the dying agony,
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chambers of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know Thee now:
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou! AMEN.

83. When I survey the wondrous Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." L. M.

First Tune.



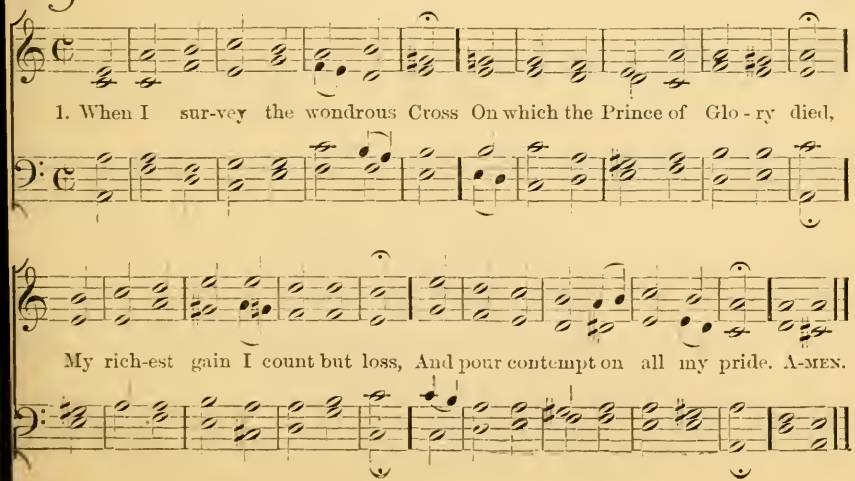
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to Thy Blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all. Amen.

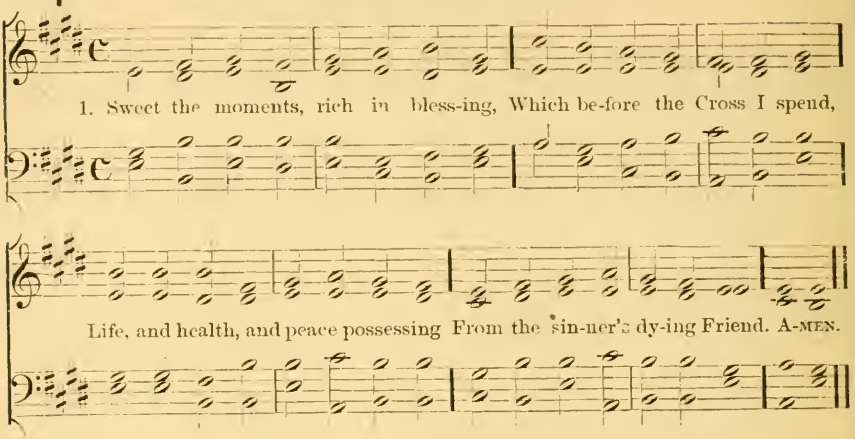
83.

Second Tune. L. M.



84. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." 8s. 7s.



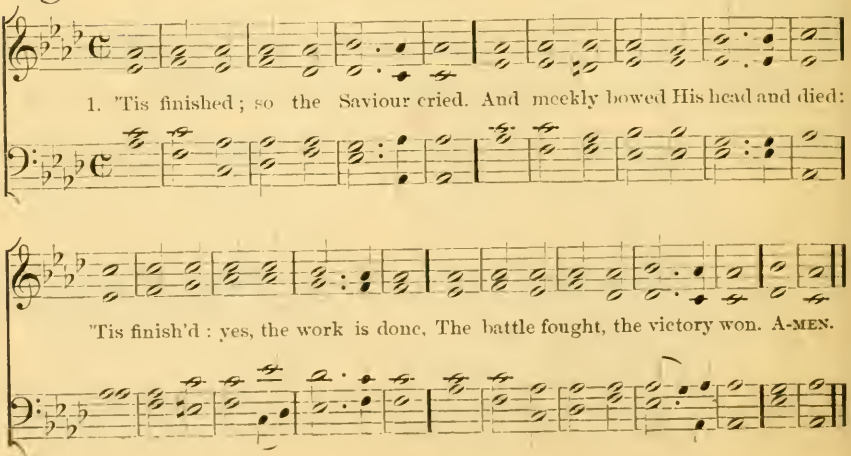
2 Here I rest, forever viewing,
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee.
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveil'd glory see. AMEN.

85. 'Tis finish'd; so the Saviour cried.

"He said, It is finished: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." L. M.



2 'Tis finished: all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

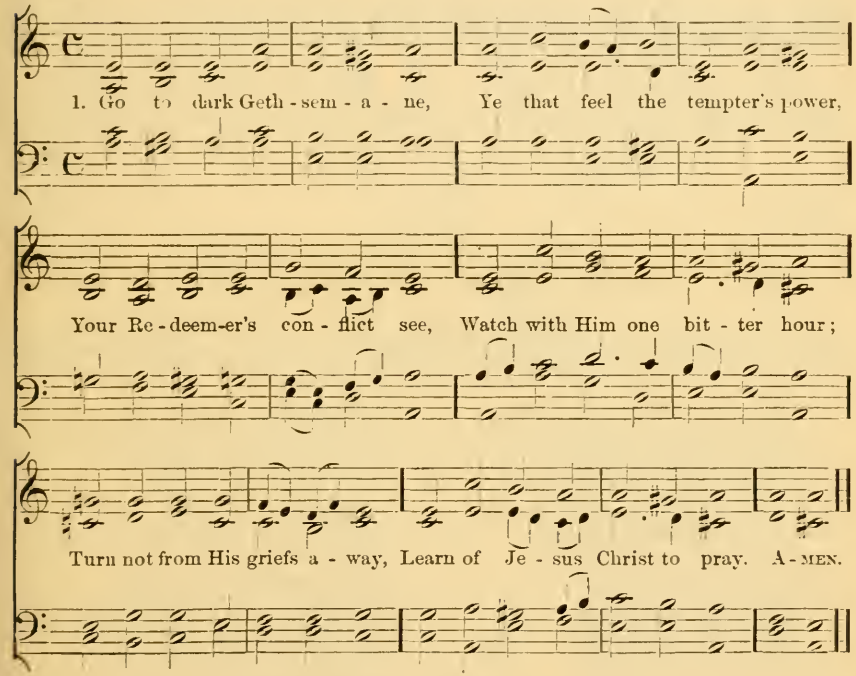
4 'Tis finished: this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, My last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finished: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 Tis finished: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky. AMEN.

86. Go to dark Gethsemane.

"Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall." Six 7s.



2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

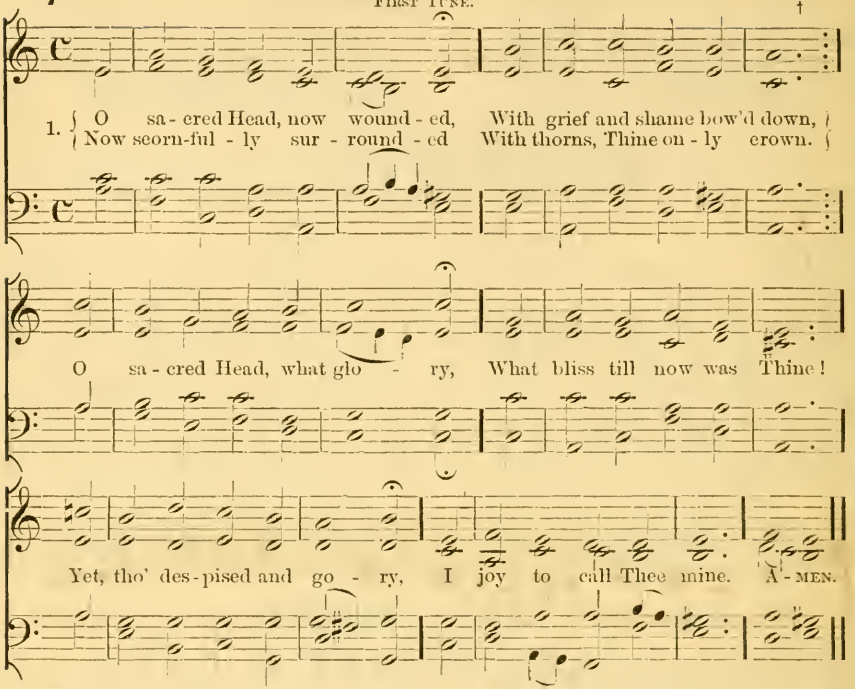
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finish'd!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die. AMEN.

87. O Sacred Head, now wounded.

"Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

7s. 6s. D.

First Tune.



2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy Body broken
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy Cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

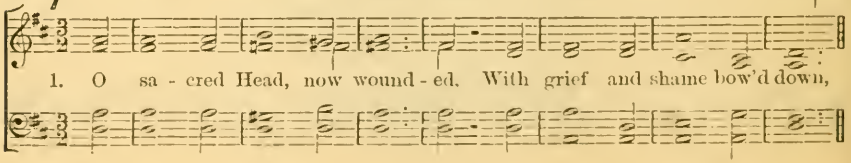
4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

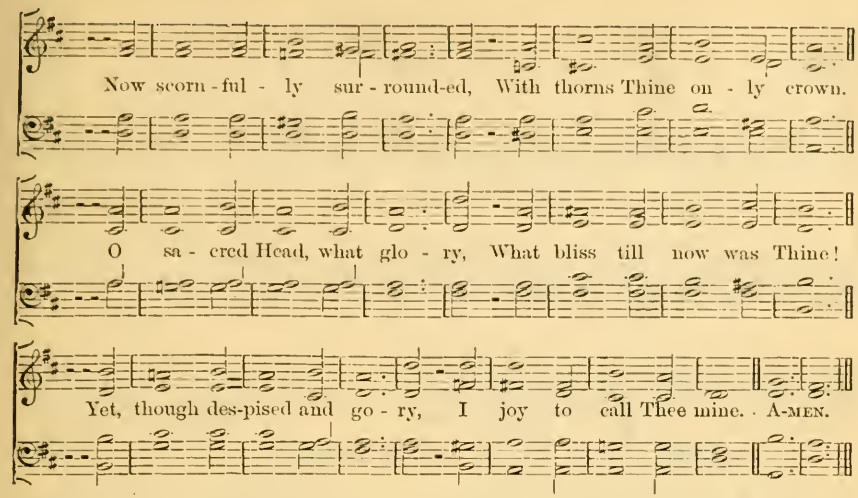
5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy Cross to me:
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love. Amen.

87.

Second Tune.

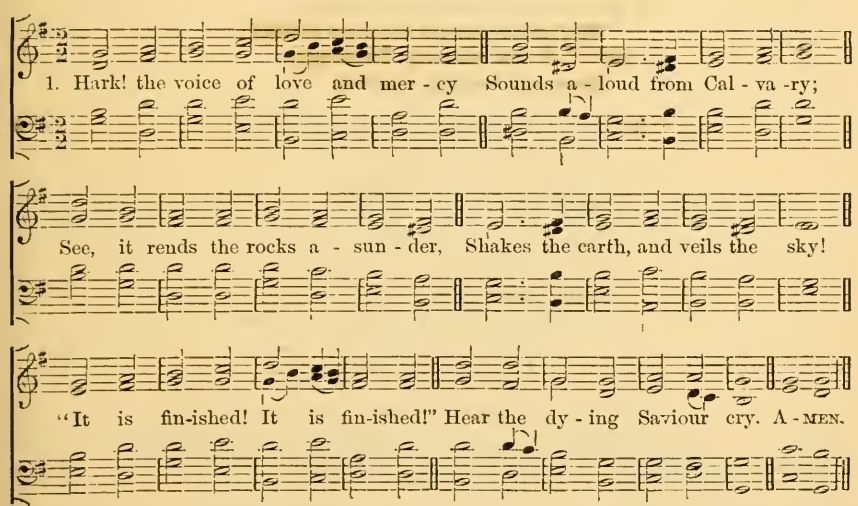
7s. 6s. D.





88. Hark! the voice of love and mercy.

"It is finished." 8s. 7s. 4.



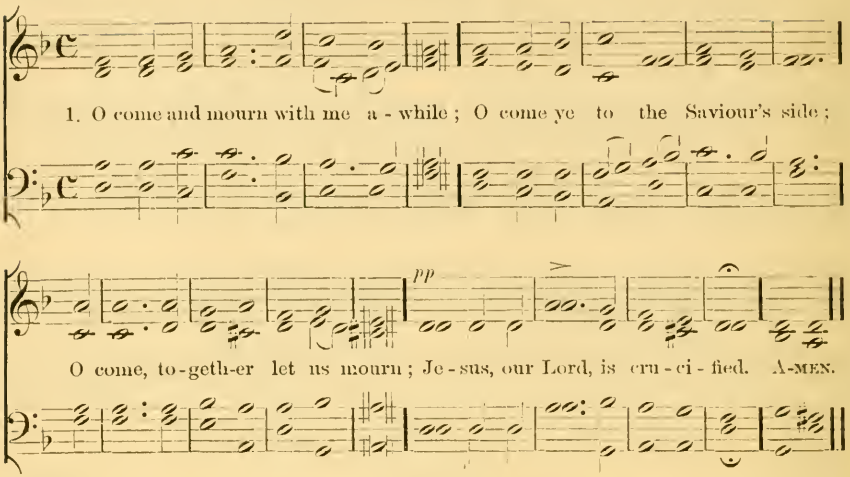
2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do the precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's Name;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! AMEN.

89. O come and mourn with me awhile.

"They crucified Him." L. M.



2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

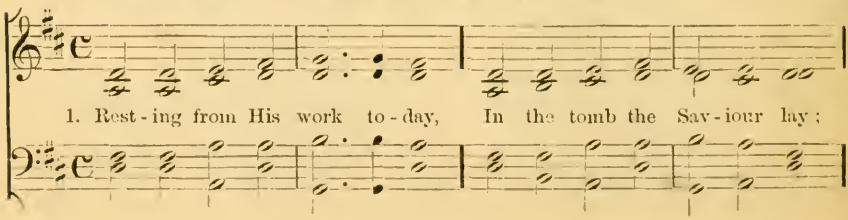
3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

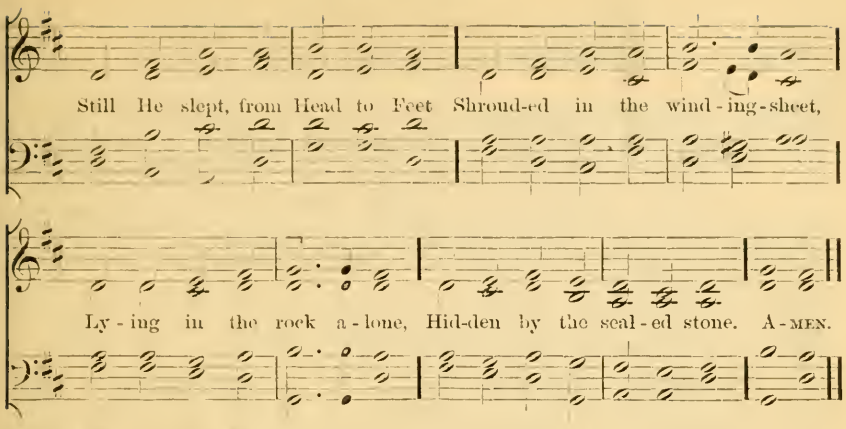
4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified. AMEN.

Easter Even.

Resting from His work to-day.

90. *"And when Joseph had taken the Body, he wrapped It in a clean linen cloth, and laid It in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock. . . . And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre."* Six 7s.





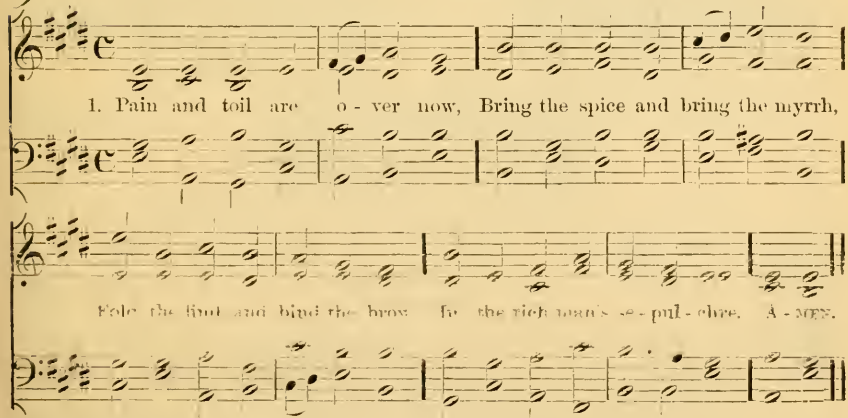
2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. AMEN.

Pain and toil are over now.

91. *"Then took they the Body of Jesus, and wound It in linen clothes with the spices."* 7s.

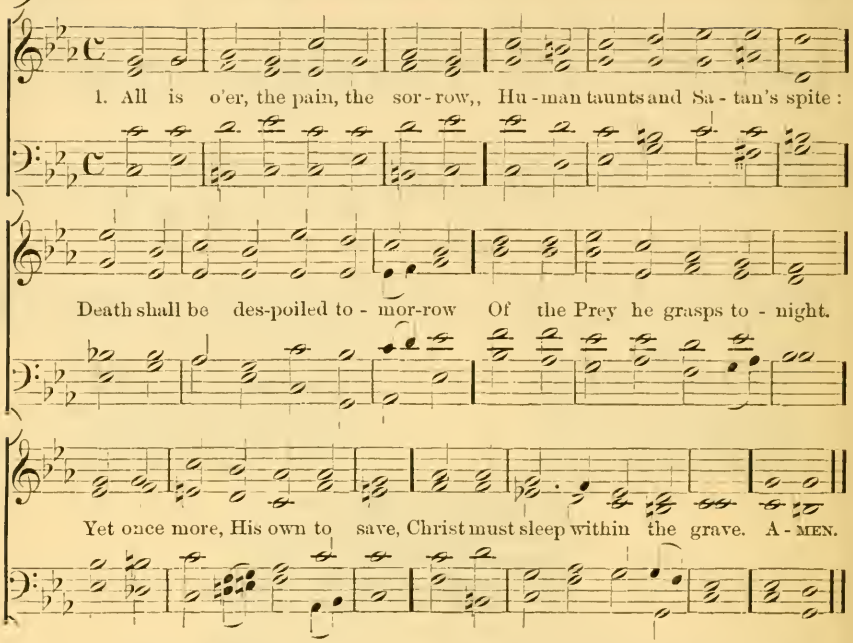


2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel;
Roll the stone and guard it well:
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel.

3 Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake roll'd away,
Angel guards all robed in white. AMEN.

92. All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow.

"And laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock." 8s. 7s. 7s.



2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter cross He bore:
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

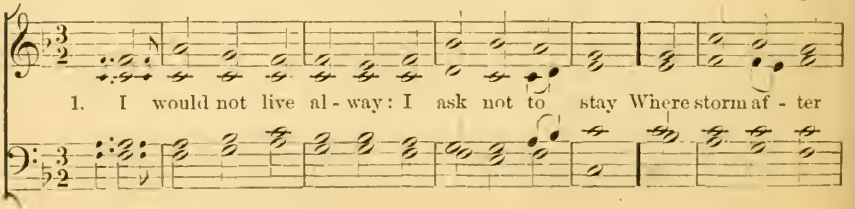
3 Close and still the tomb that holds Him
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

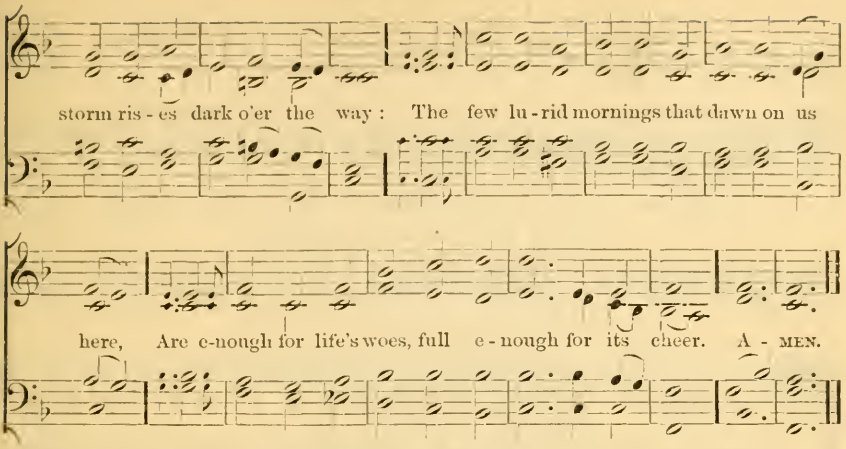
4 So this night, with voice of sadness
Chant the anthem soft and low;
Loftier strains of praise and gladness
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign. AMEN.

93. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay.

"I would not live alway." 7 s.

FIRST TUNE.





2 I would not live always, thus fetter'd by sin.
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

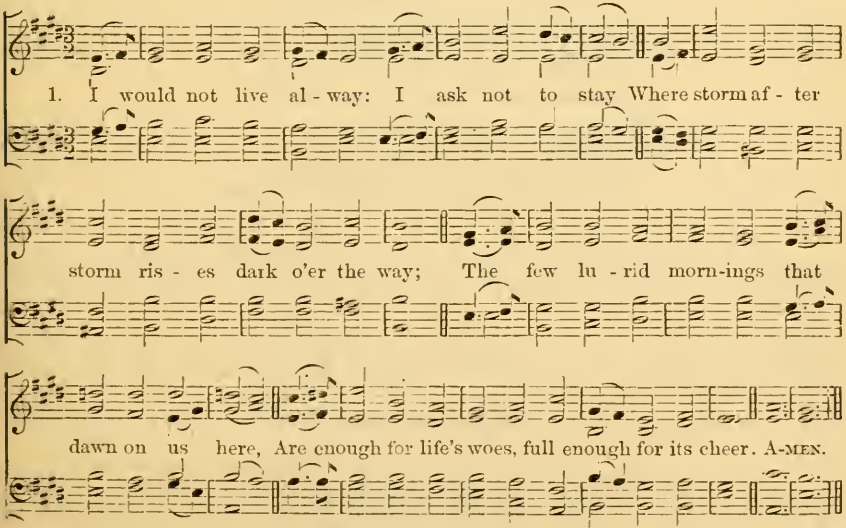
3 I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live always, away from his God:
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
AMEN.

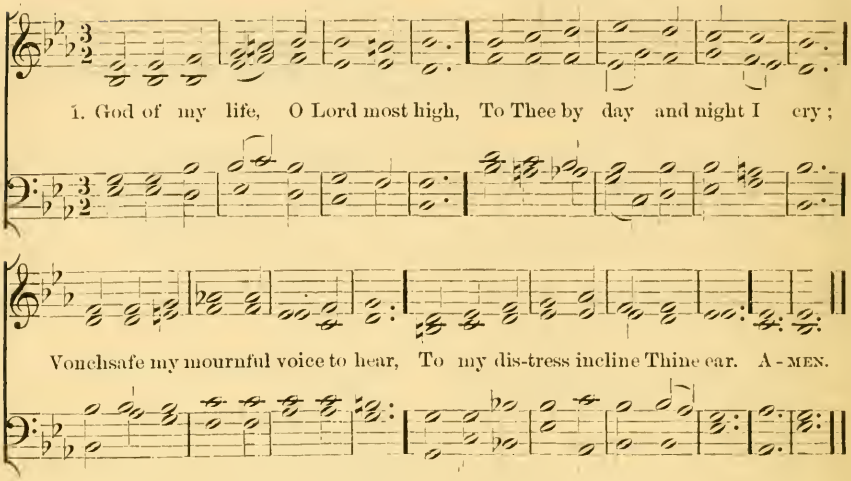
93.

SECOND TUNE. 11s.



94. God of my life, O Lord most high.

"O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before Thee." L. M.



2 Like those whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead;
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From Thee no more remembrance have.

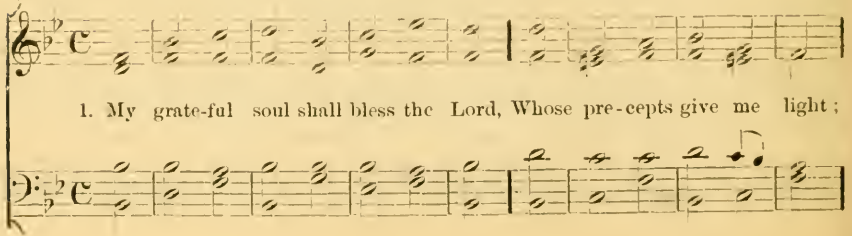
3 Wilt Thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom Thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave Thy love confess,
A mouldering tomb Thy faithfulness?

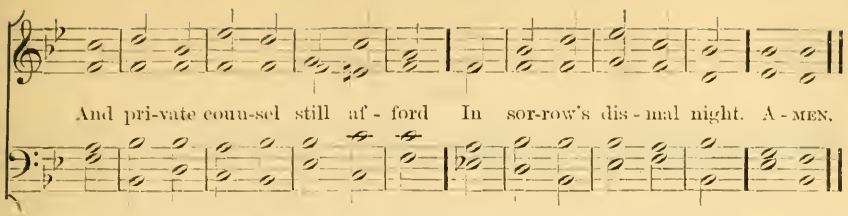
4 To Thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn:
Why hast Thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?

5 Companions dear and friends beloved
Far from my sight Thou hast removed:
God of my life, O Lord most high,
Vouchsafe to hear my mournful cry! AMEN.

95. My grateful soul shall bless the Lord.

"I have set God always before me: for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall." C. M.





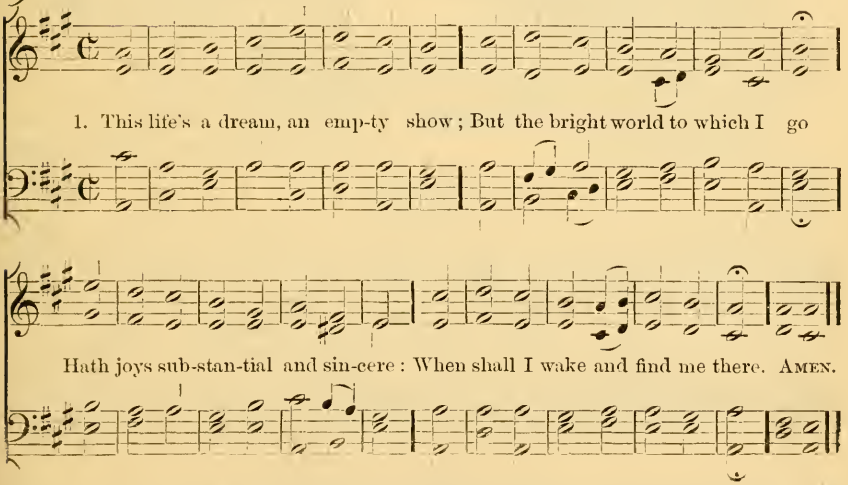
2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by His powerful voice.

3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let Thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

4 Thou shalt the paths of life display
Which to Thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade. AMEN.

96. This life's a dream, an empty show.

"When I awake I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness." L. M.



2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

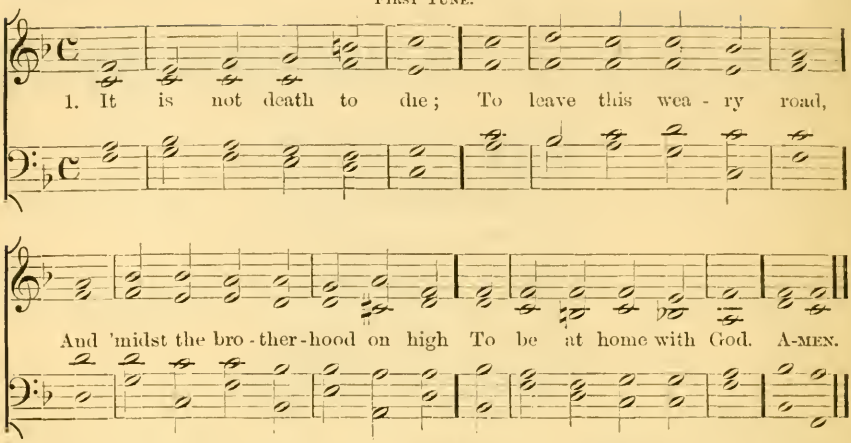
3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise. AMEN.

It is not death to die.

97.

"I shall not die, but live." S. M.

First Tune.



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

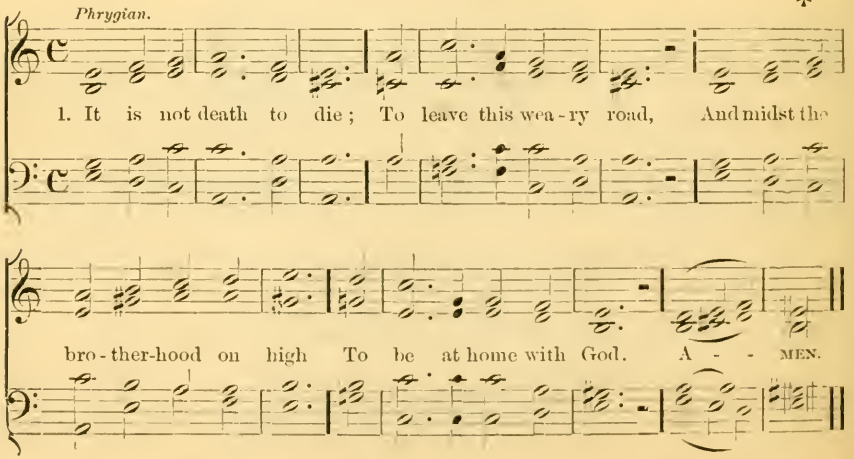
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high. Amen.

97.

Second Tune. S. M.

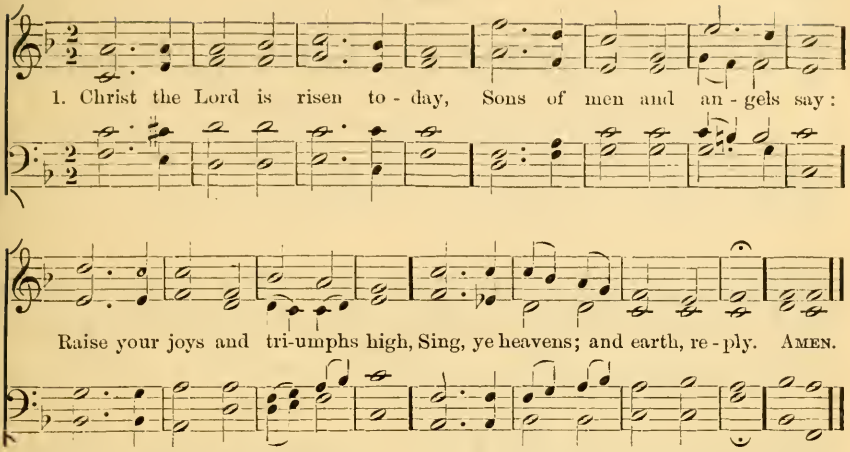
Phrygian.



98. Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

"He is risen." 7s.

First Tune.



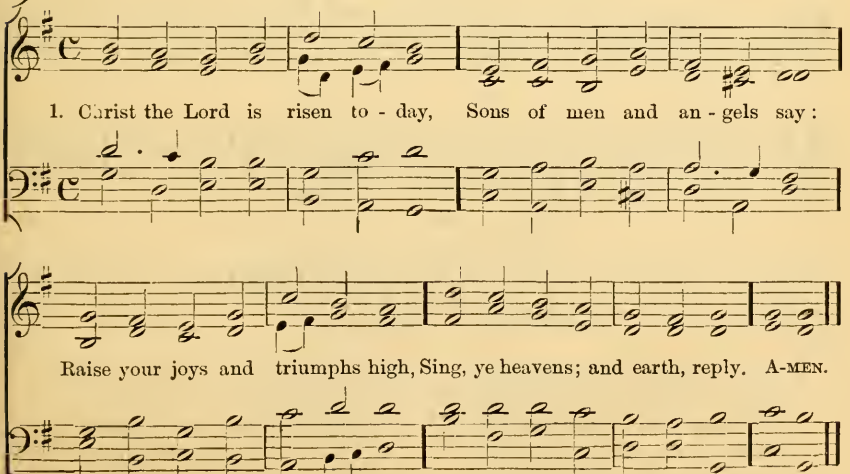
2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Amen.

98.

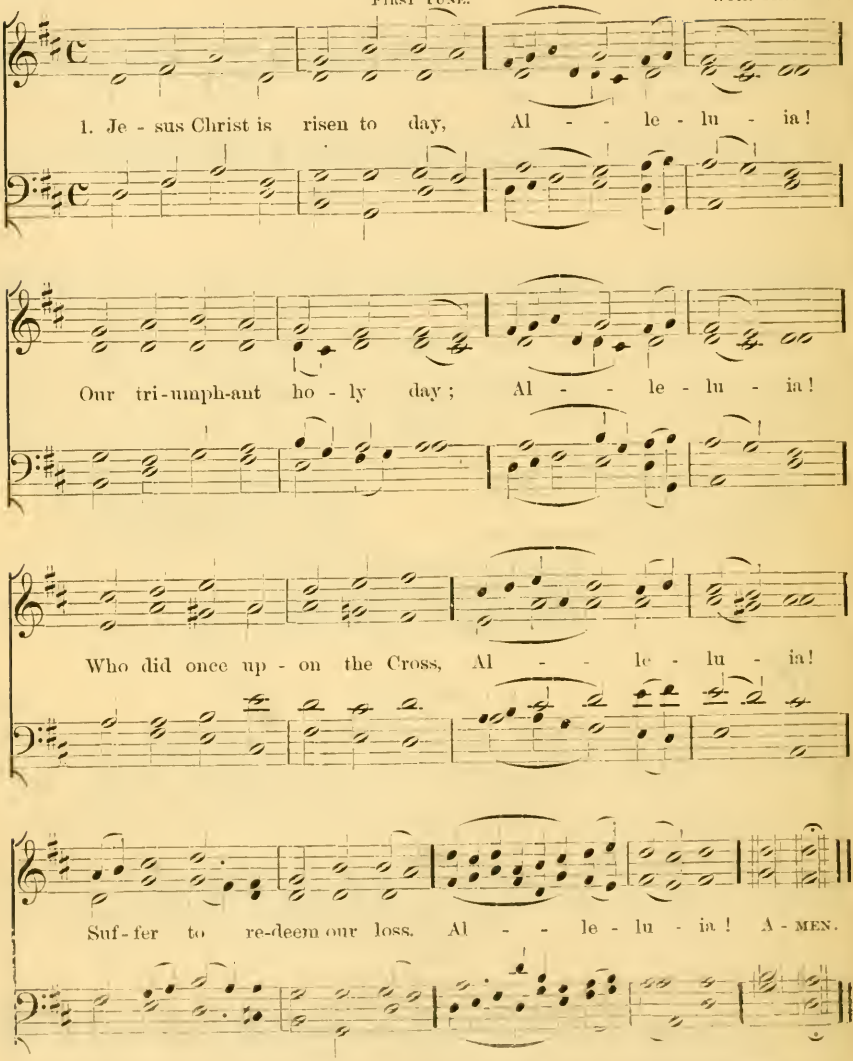
Second Tune. 7s.



99. Jesus Christ is risen to-day.

"He is not here; He is risen." 7s.

FIRST TUNE. with Alleluia.



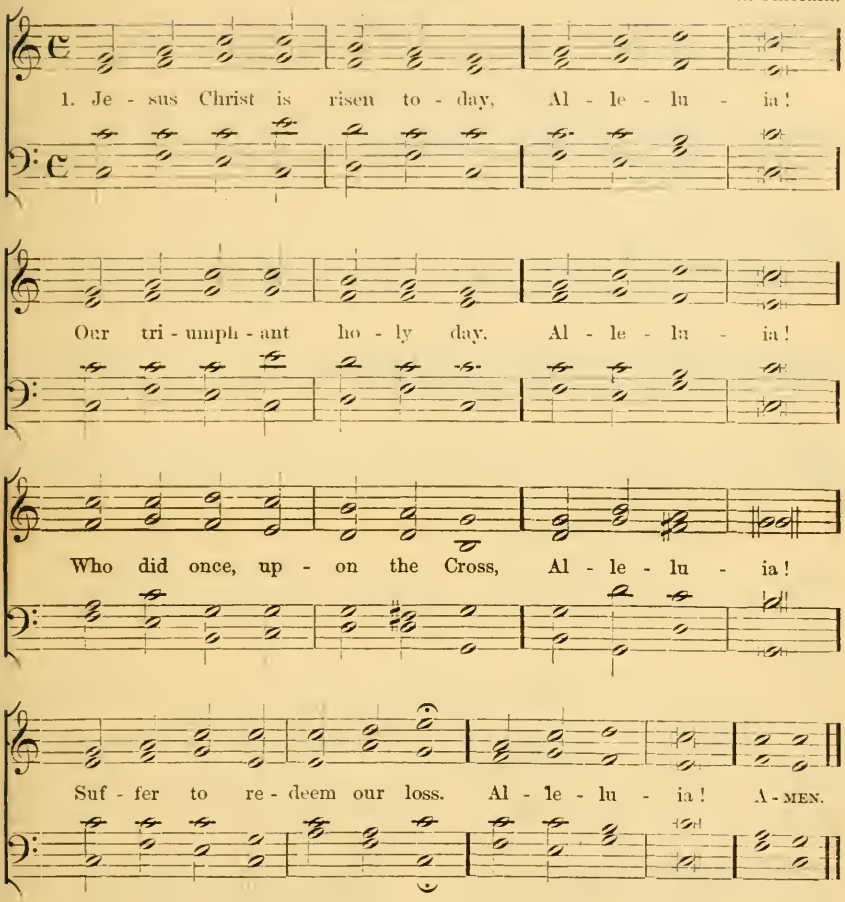
2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia! AMEN.

99. Jesus Christ is risen to-day.

"He is not here; He is risen." 7s.

SECOND TUNE. with Alleluia.

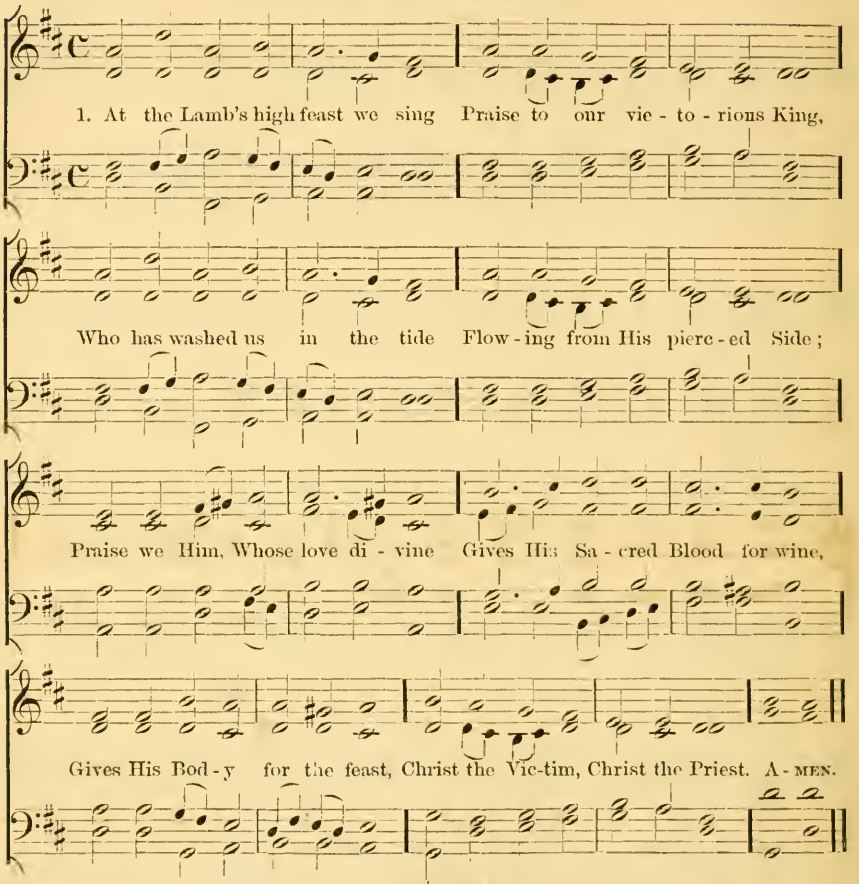


2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia! AMEN.

100. At the Lamb's high feast we sing.

"Sing ye to the Lord: for He hath triumphed gloriously." 7s. D.



2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hos s triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

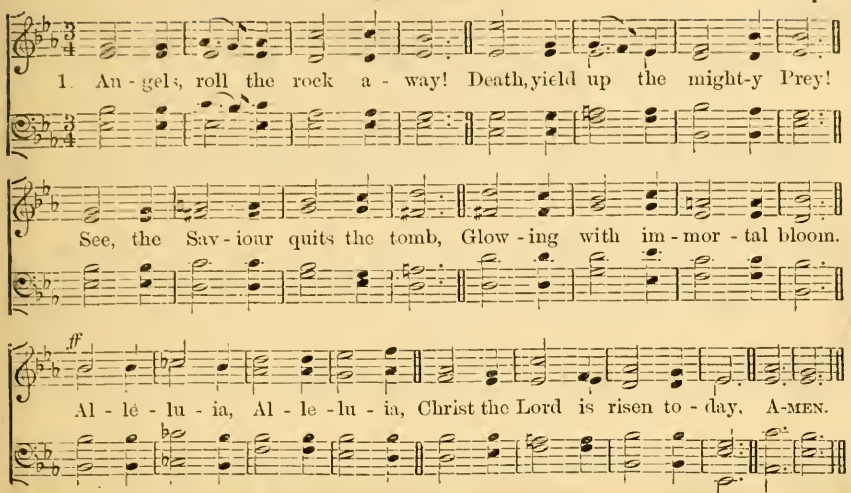
3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. AMEN.

101. Angels, roll the rock away!

"Now is Christ risen from the dead." P. M.

First Tune. ✢

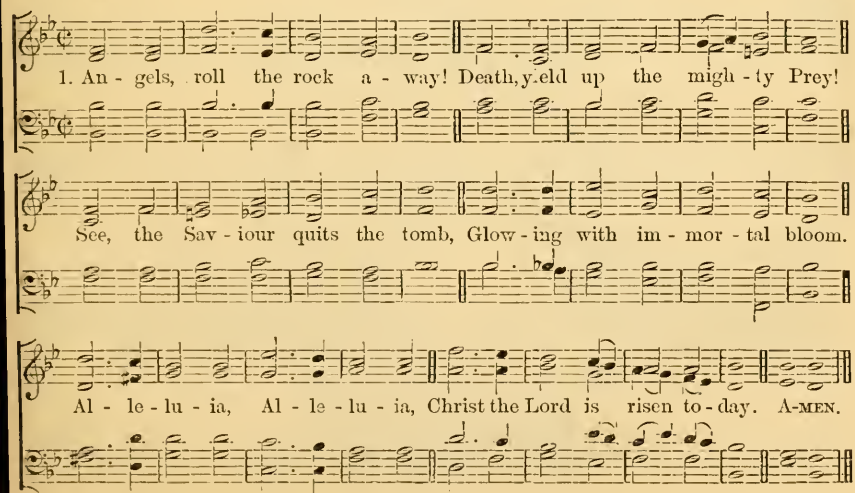


2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. Amen.

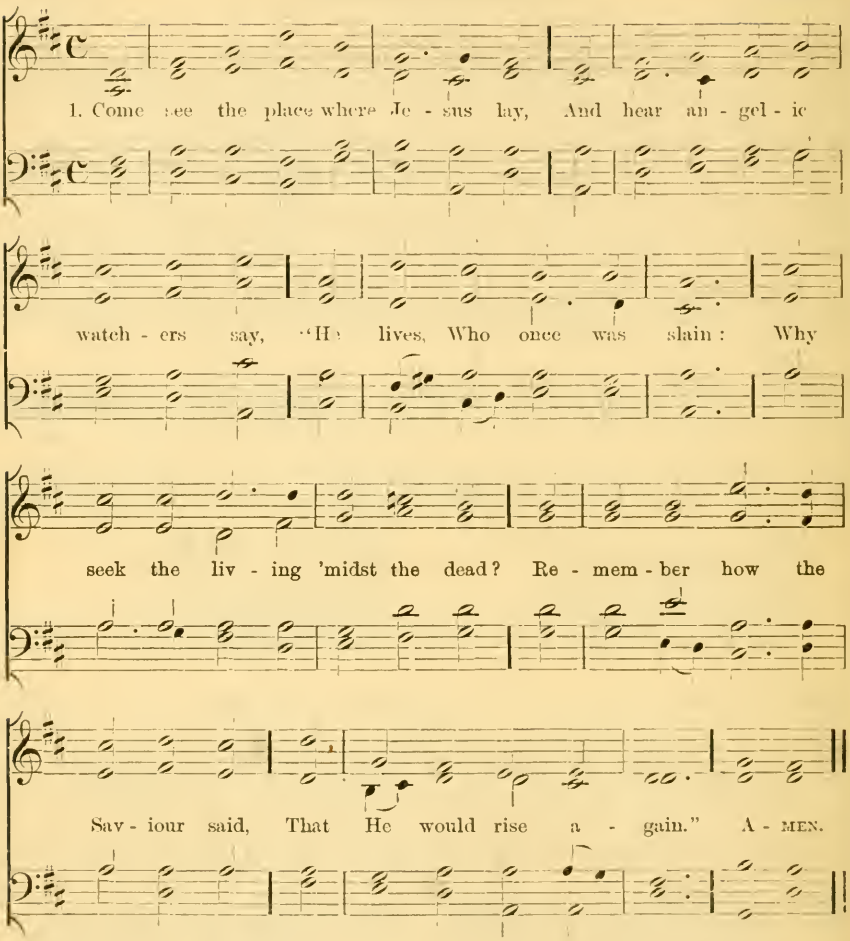
101.

Second Tune. P. M.



102. Come see the place where Jesus lay.

"The First-begotten of the dead." 8s.8s.6.



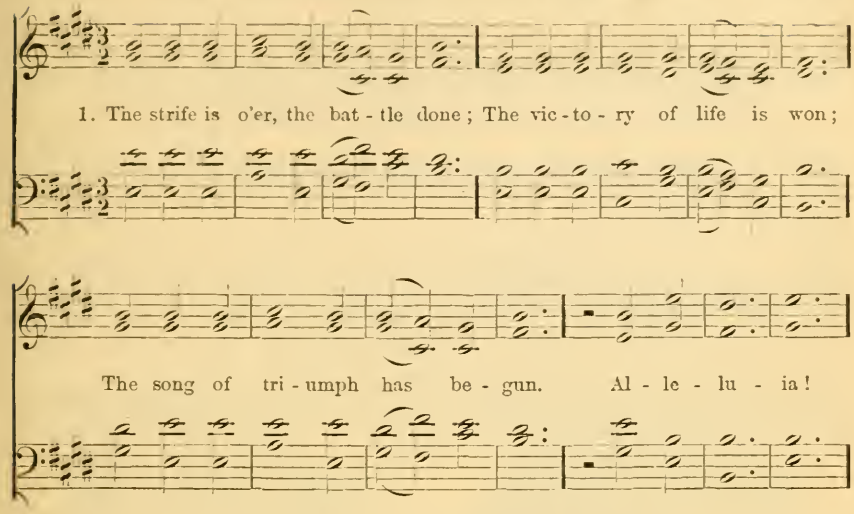
2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. AMEN.

103. The strife is o'er, the battle done.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song: for He hath done marvellous things." P. M.

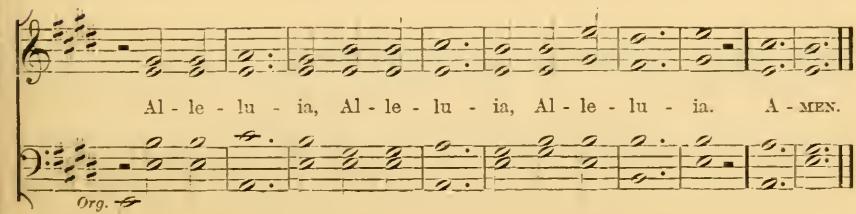


2 The powers of Death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

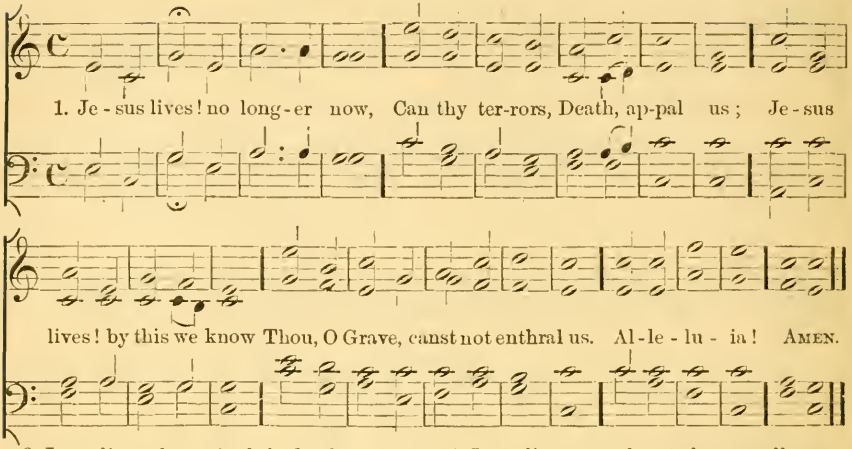
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!



Jesus lives!

104. *"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."* P. M.



2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives: for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

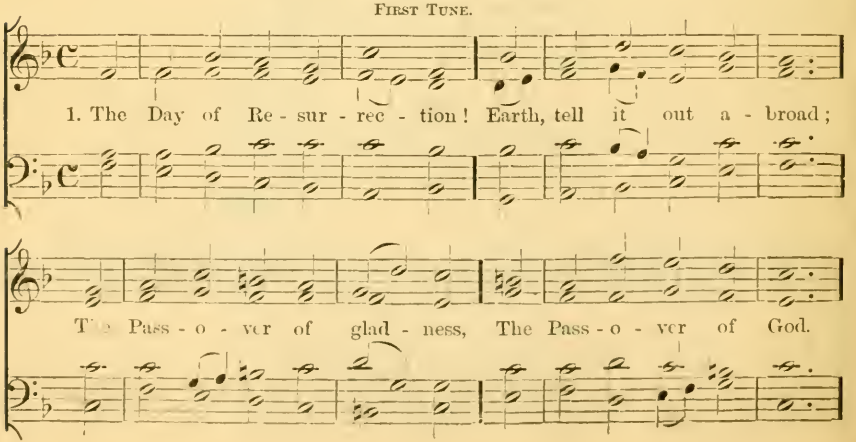
4 Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

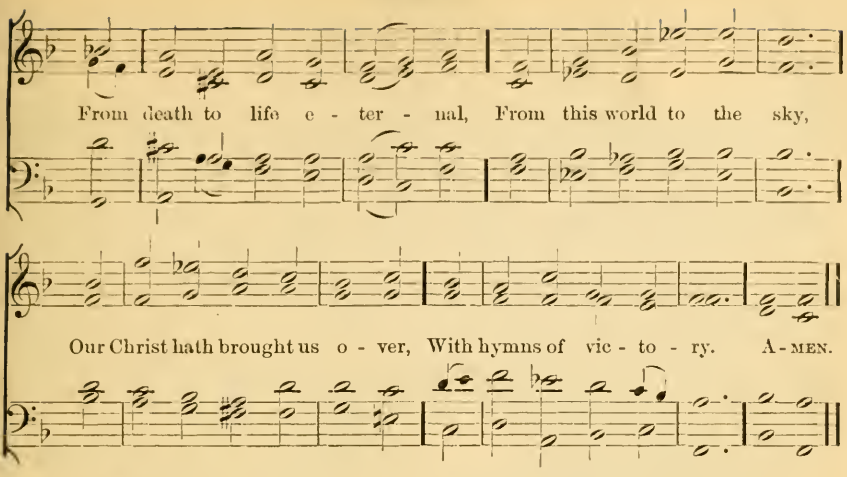
5 Jesus lives: to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! AMEN.

The Day of Resurrection!

105. *"Jesus met them saying, 'All hail.'"* 7s. 6s. D.

FIRST TUNE.



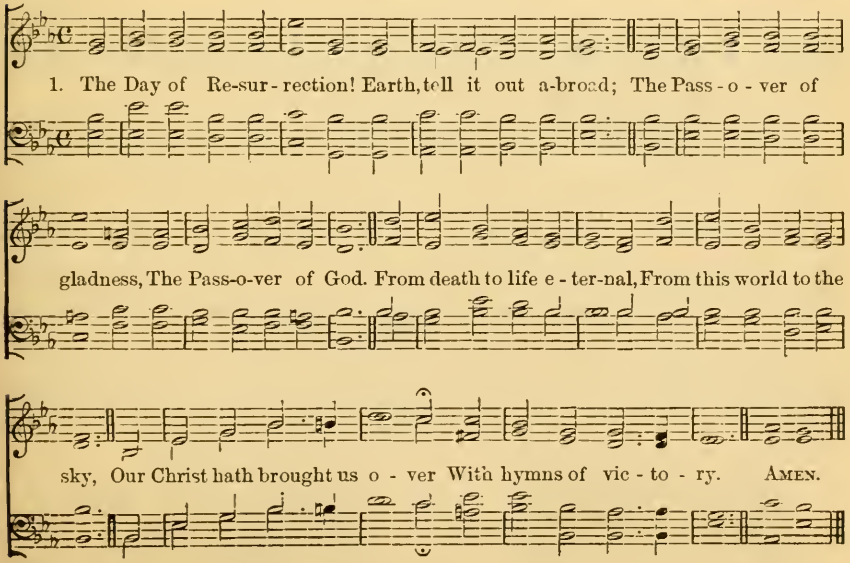


2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. AMEN.

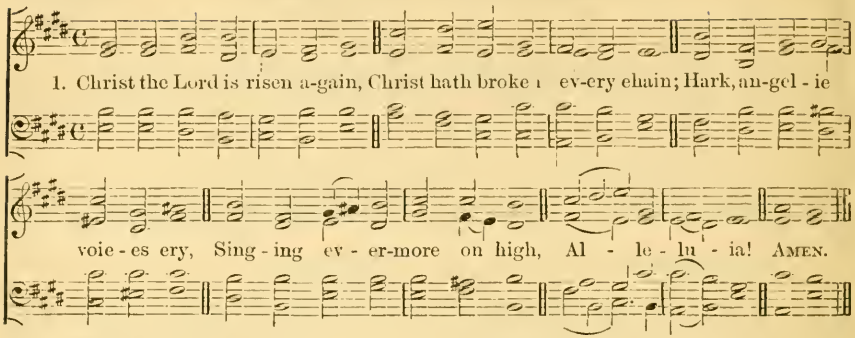
105.

SECOND TUNE. 7s. 6s. D.



106. Christ the Lord is risen again.

"Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." 7s.



2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our ery;
Alleluia!

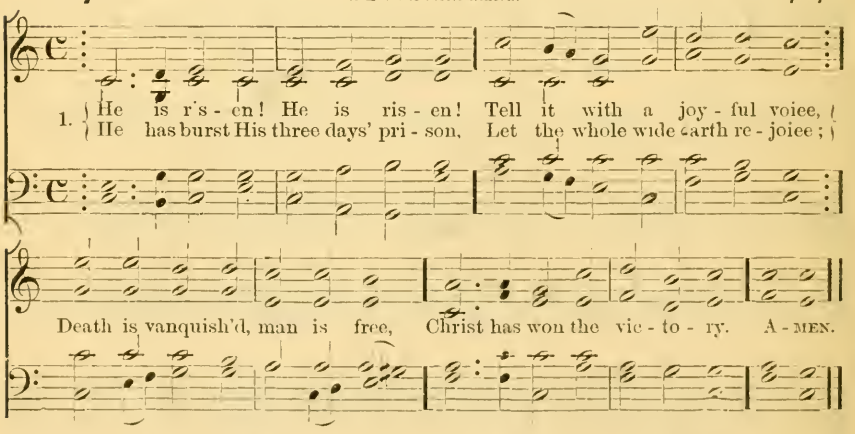
4 He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day
Alleluia! AMEN.

107. He is risen! He is risen!

"The Lord is risen indeed." 8s. 7s. 7s.



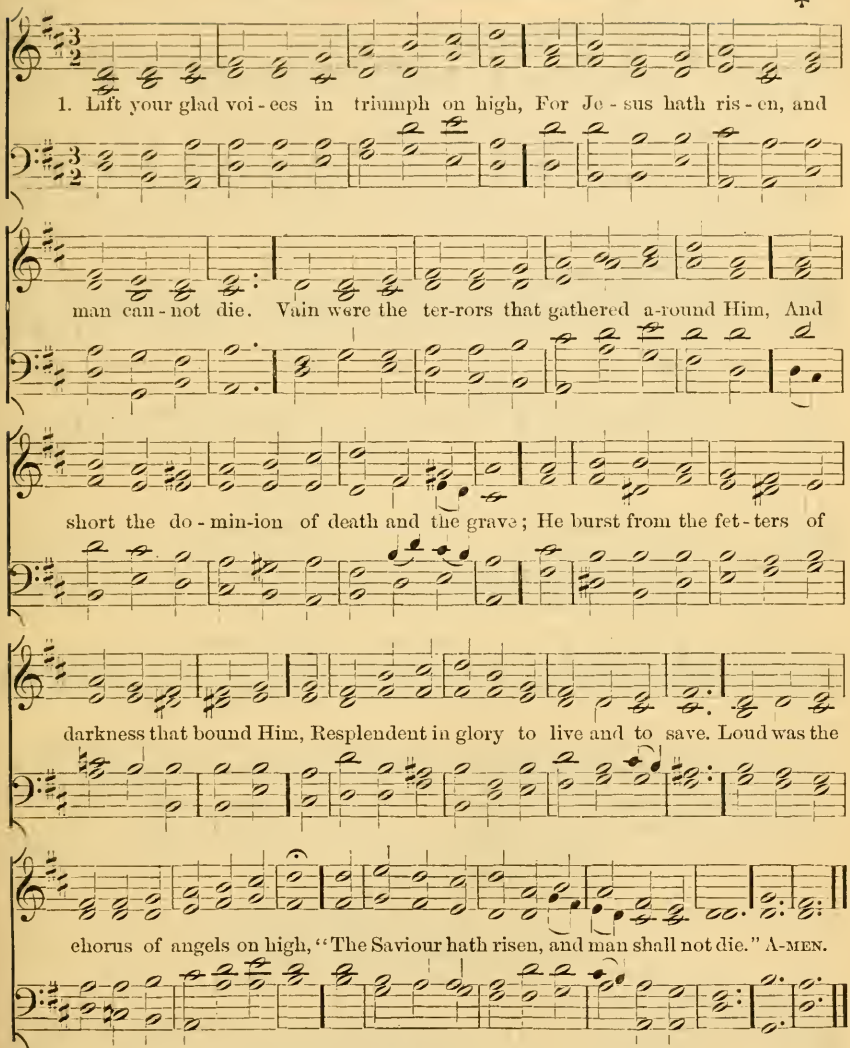
2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping;
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
Christ has borne our sins away,
Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.

3 He is risen! He is risen!
He has oped the eternal gate;
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
Where a brightening Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream. AMEN.

108. Lift your glad voices.

"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

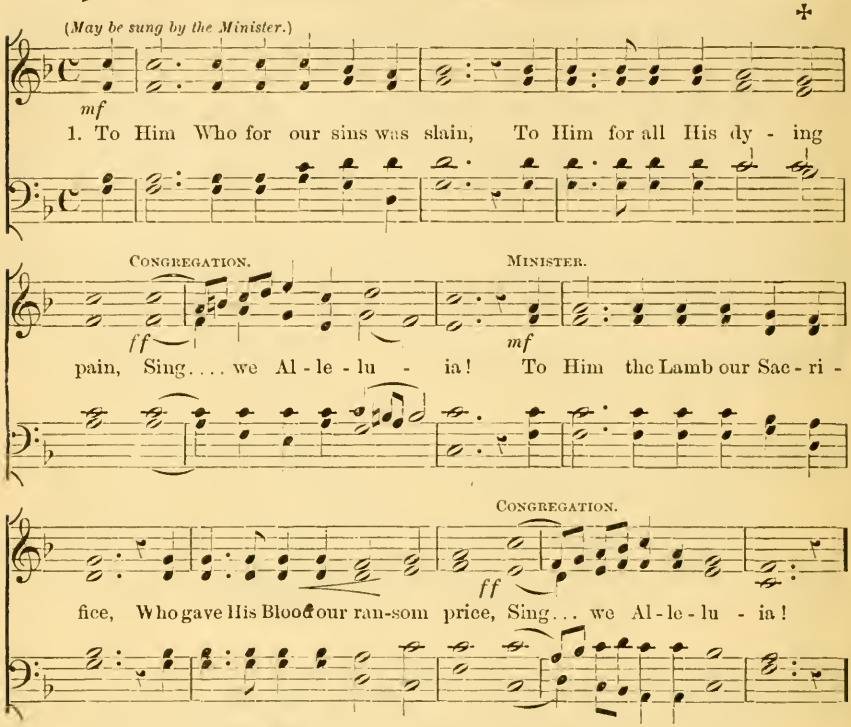
P. M.



2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being He gave us, death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end!
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die. AMEN.

109. To Him Who for our sins was slain.

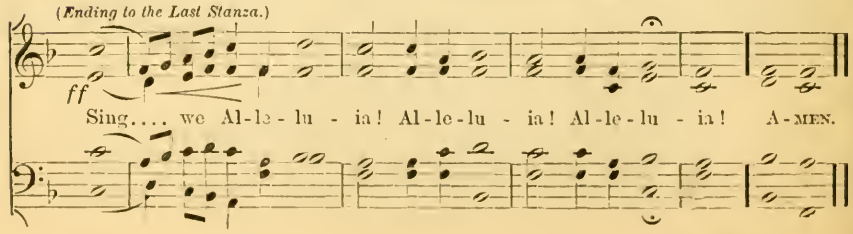
"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." P. M.



2 To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

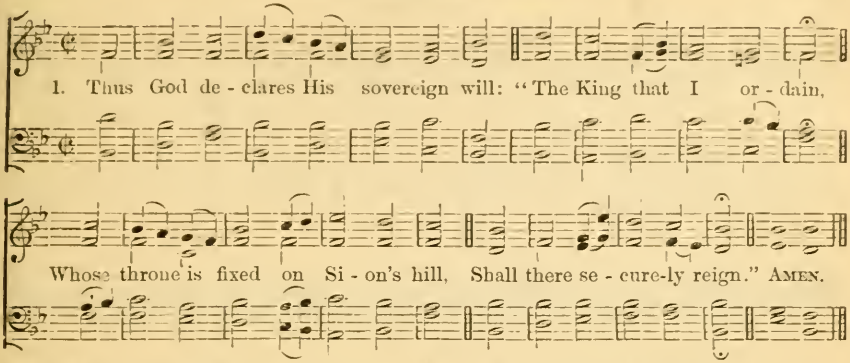
3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia! AMEN.



110. Thus God declares His sovereign will.

"Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee." C. M.

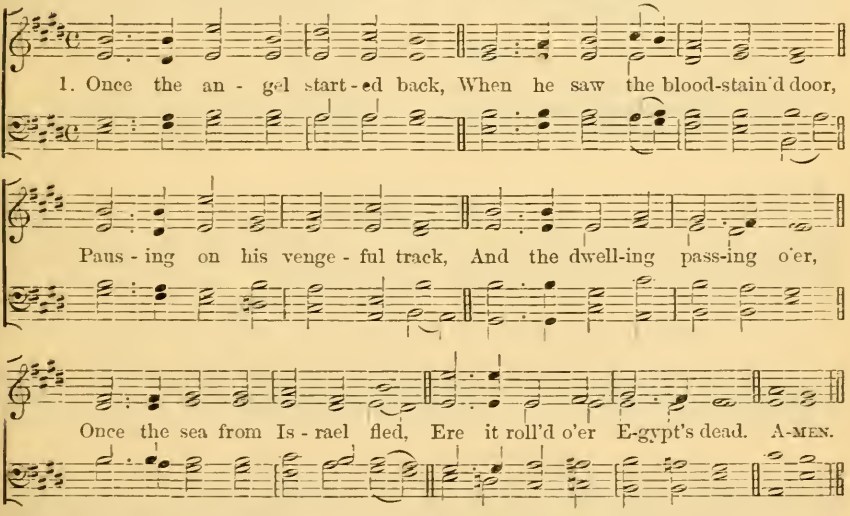


2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree:
"Thou art my Son, this day My Heir
Have I begotten Thee.

3 "Ask, and receive Thy full demands:
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possessed by Thee." AMEN.

111. Once the angel started back.

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast." Six 7s.



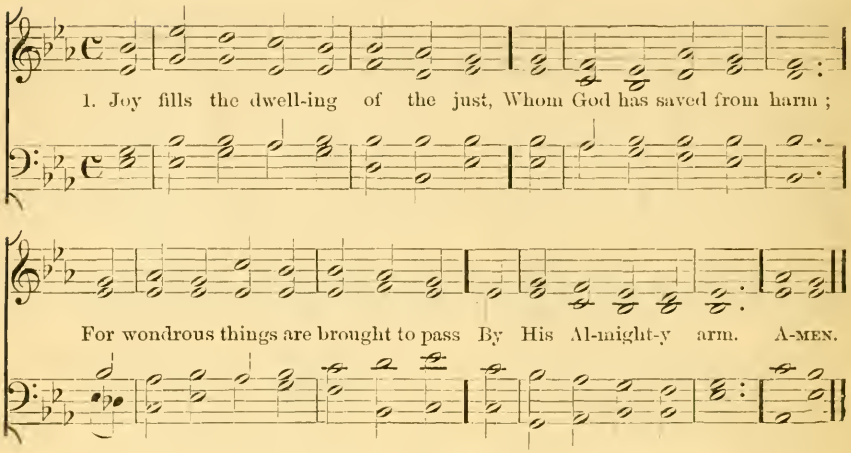
2 Now our Passover is come,
Dimly shadowed in the past,
And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ the Lord, is slain at last.
Then with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleaven'd bread we'll eat.

3 Blessèd Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,
To Whose will all earth is given,
At Whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquer'd death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life. AMEN.

112. Joys fills the dwelling of the just.

"The Lord is my strength, and my song; and is become my salvation." C. M.

First Tune.



2 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

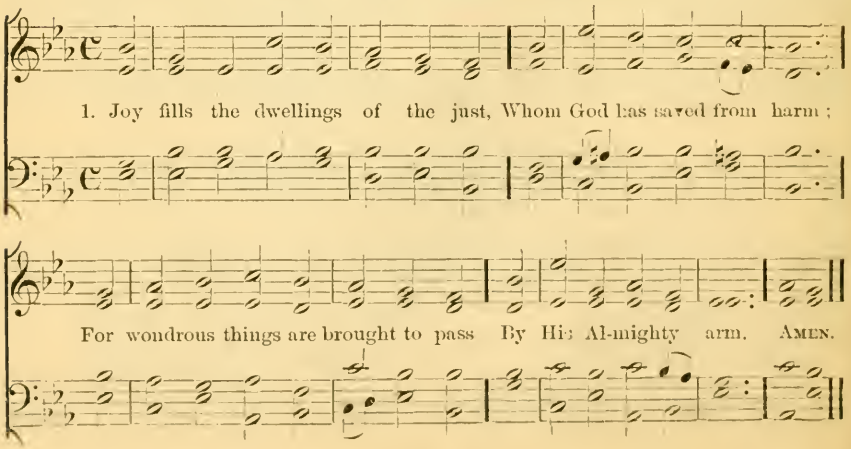
3 That which the builders once refused,
Is now the Corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

4 This day is God's; let all the lands
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech Thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."

5 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as His love. Amen.

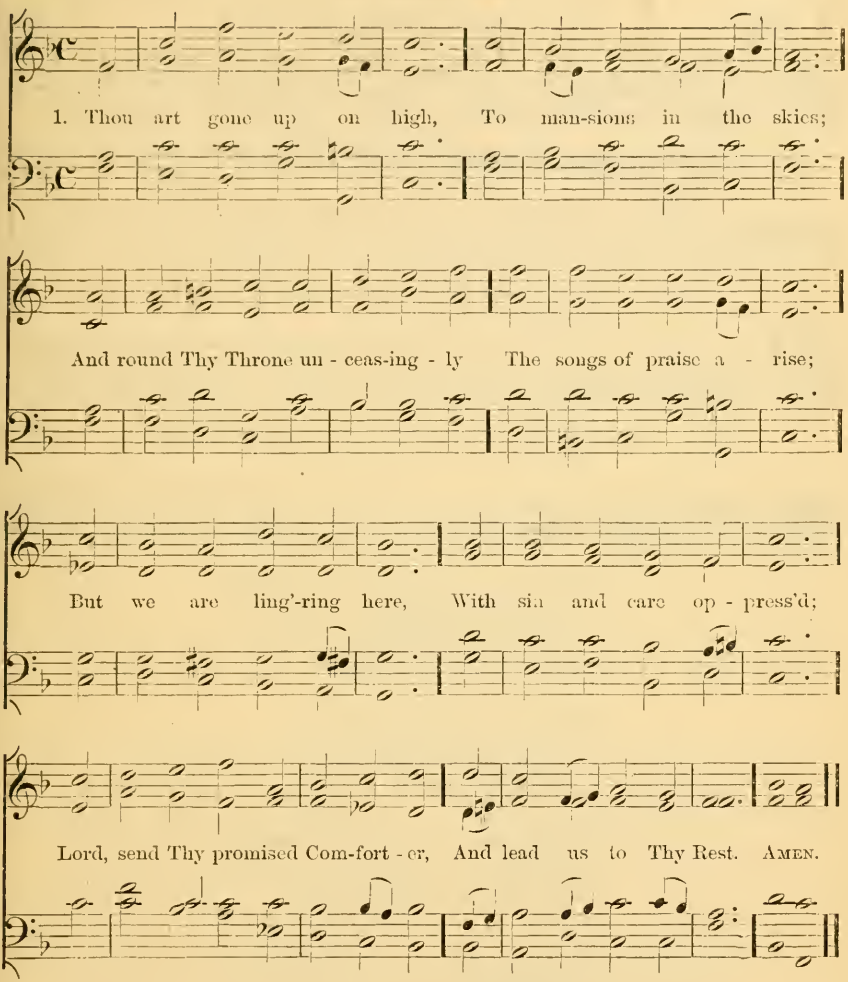
112.

Second Tune. C. M.



113. Thou art gone up on high.

"Who is gone into heaven." S. M. D.

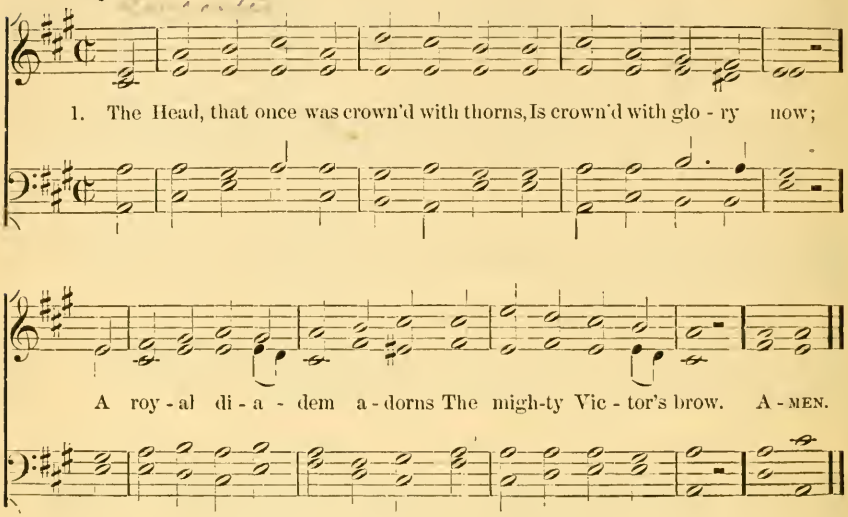


2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

The Head, that once was crown'd with thorns.

114. *"We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour."* C. M.



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

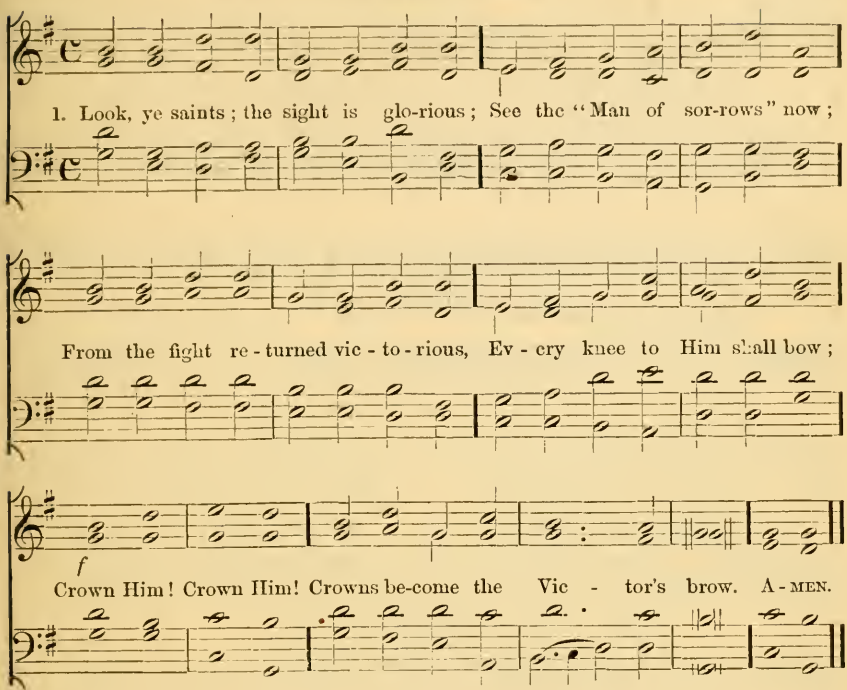
4 To them the Cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. AMEN.

115. Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious.

"By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place." 8s.7s.4.



2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

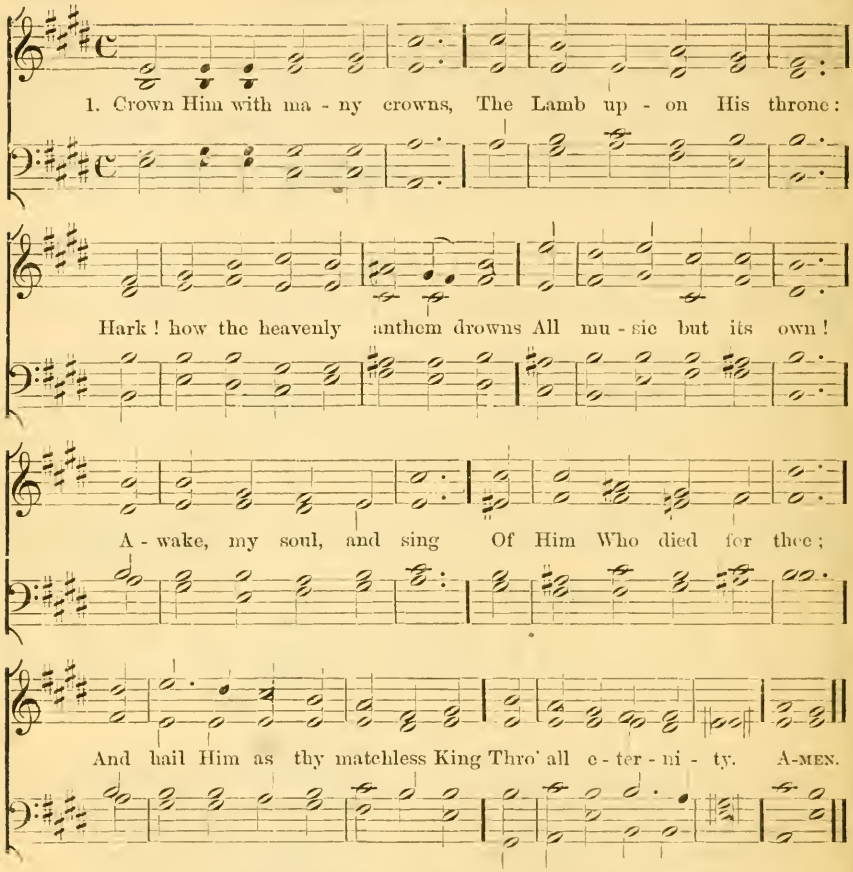
4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

GLORIA PATRI.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

116. Crown Him with many crowns.

"And on His head were many crowns." S. M. D.



2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
True Branch of Jesse's stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem!

3 Crown Him the Lord of Love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

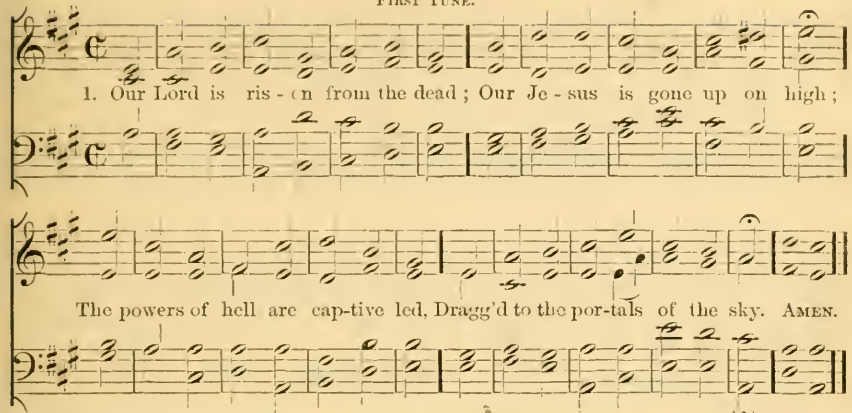
4 Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit, through Him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity. AMEN.

117. Our Lord is risen from the dead.

"Thou hast led captivity captive." L. M.

FIRST TUNE.



2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

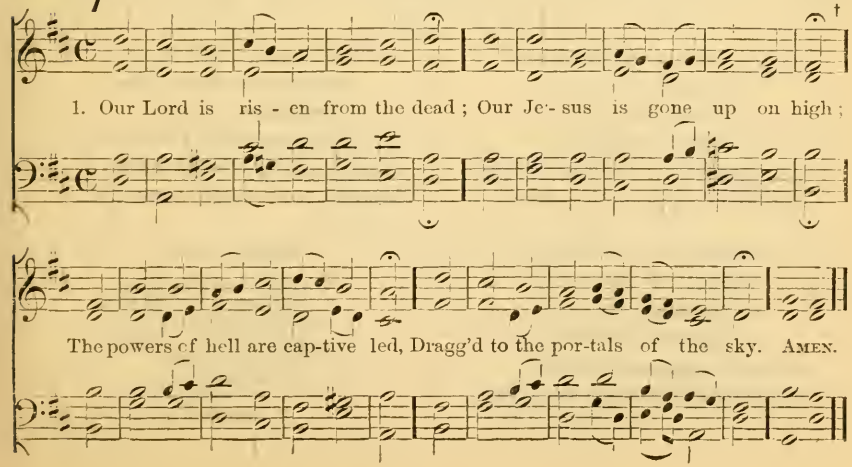
4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd. AMEN.

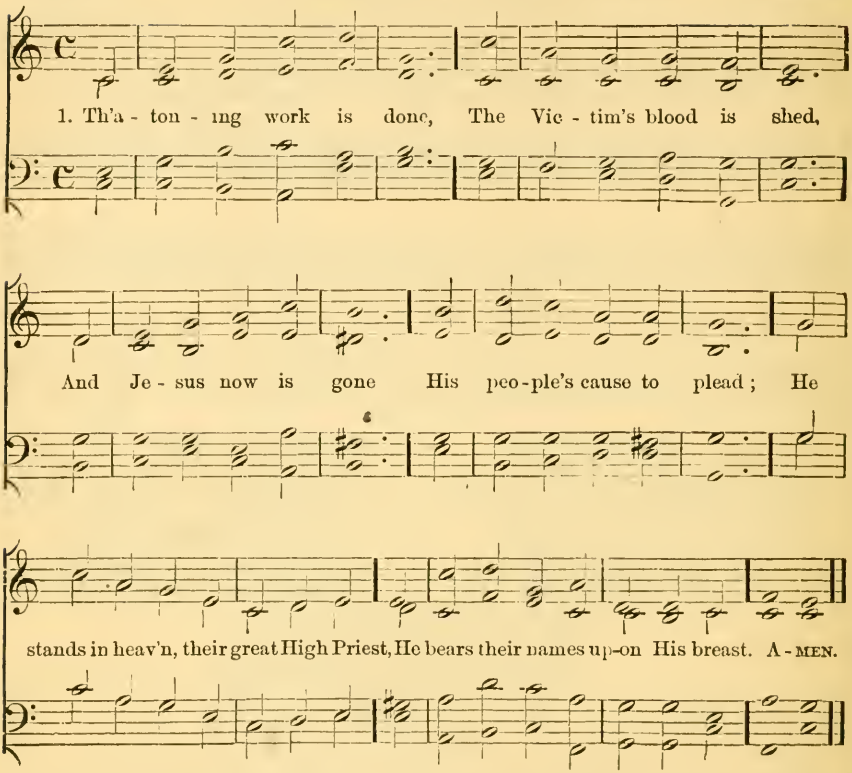
117.

SECOND TUNE. L. M.



118. The atoning work is done.

"We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens." 6s.8s.



2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For Justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But Justice now withstands no more,
And Mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His.
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

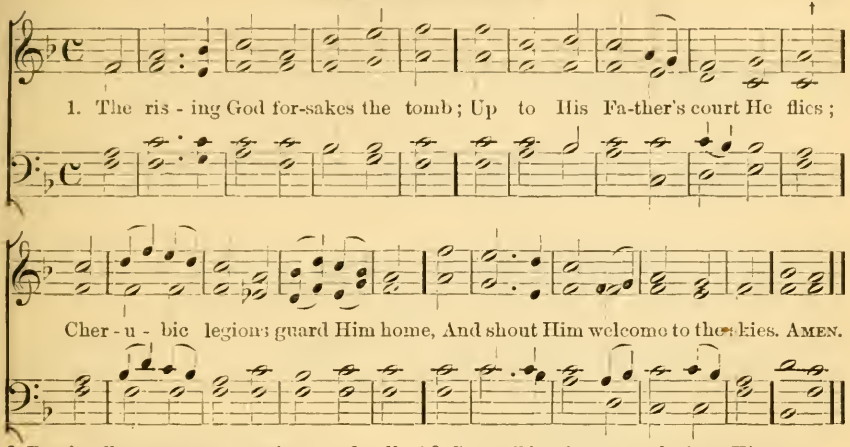
4 And though a while He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. AMEN.

119. The rising God forsakes the tomb.

"The King of Glory shall come in." L. M.

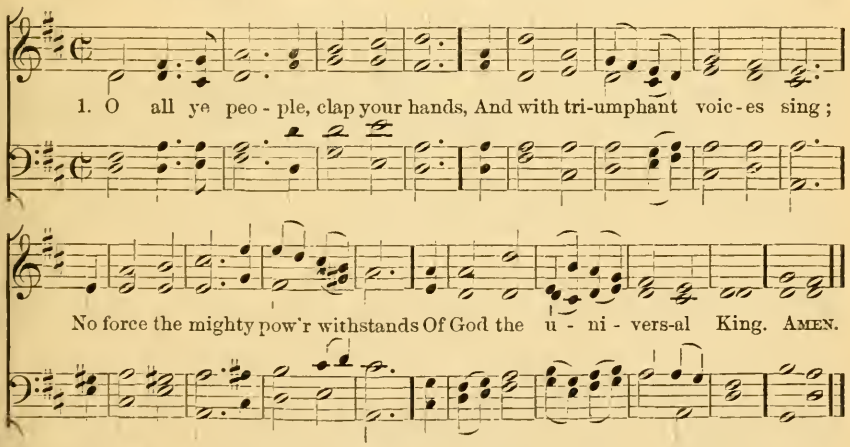


2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

3 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?" AMEN.

120. O all, ye people, clap your hands.

"O clap your hands together, all ye people; O sing unto God with the voice of melody." L. M.



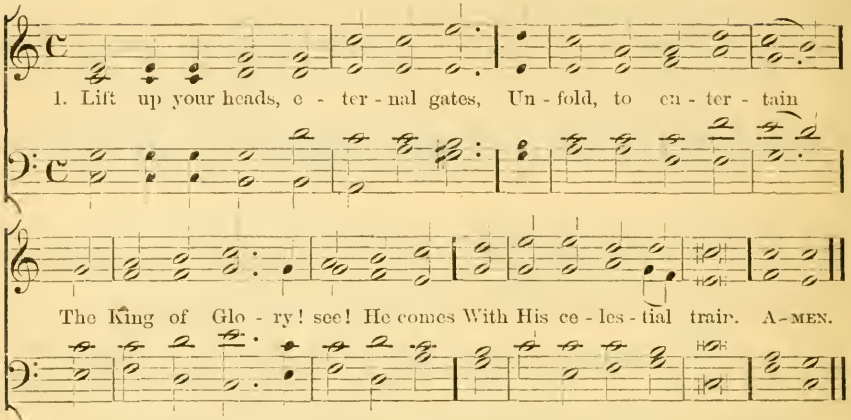
2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, His delight.

3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound,
To Him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For Him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands. AMEN.

121. Lift up your heads, eternal gates.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in." C. M



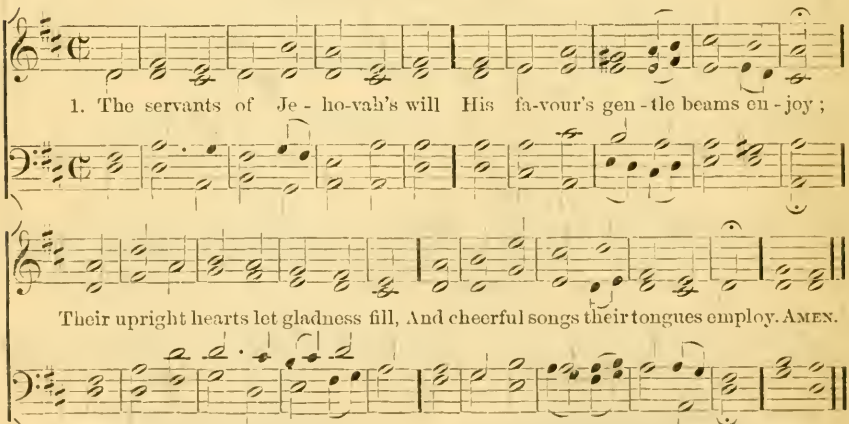
2 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates; unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory! see, He comes
With all His shining train.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd. AMEN.

122. The servants of Jehovah's will.

"O sing unto God, and sing praises unto His Name." L. M.



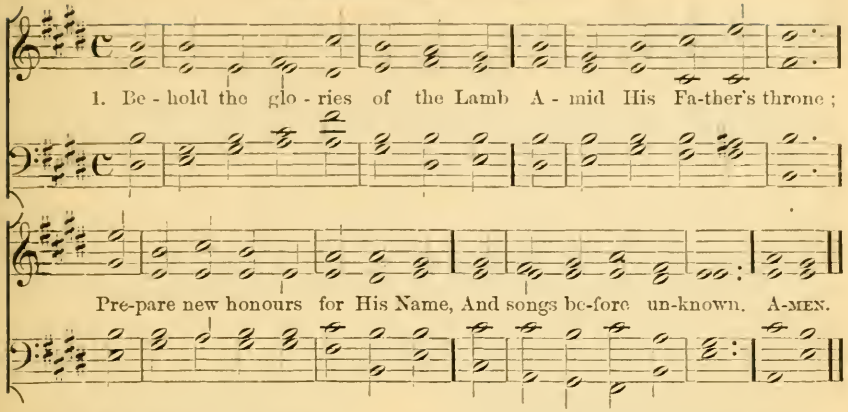
2 To Him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful Name He bears;
In Him rejoice, extol His praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

3 His chariots numberless, His powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait His will;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

4 Ascending high, in triumph Thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on Thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed. AMEN.

123. Behold the glories of the Lamb.

"We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour." C. M.



2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

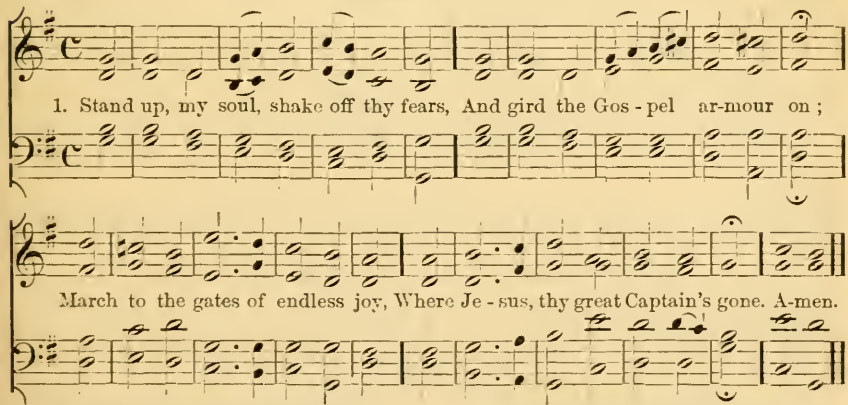
3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God
And we shall reign with Thee.

5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour. AMEN.

124. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears.

"Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." L. M



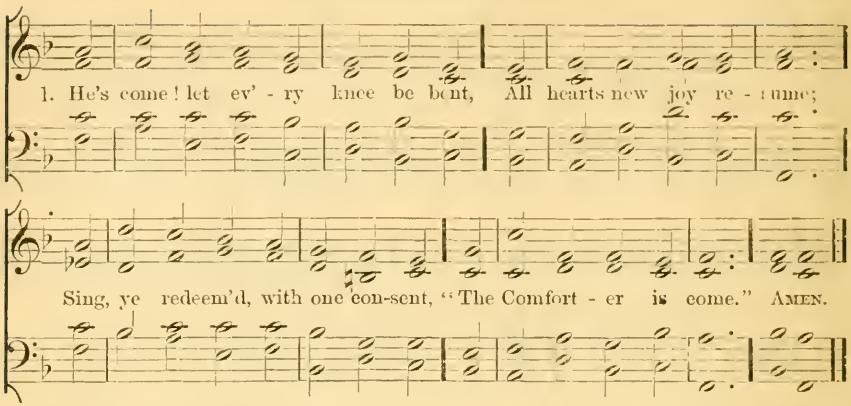
2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the Cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies [AMEN.
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

125. He's come, let every knee be bent.

"The Comforter, Which is the Holy Ghost." C. M.



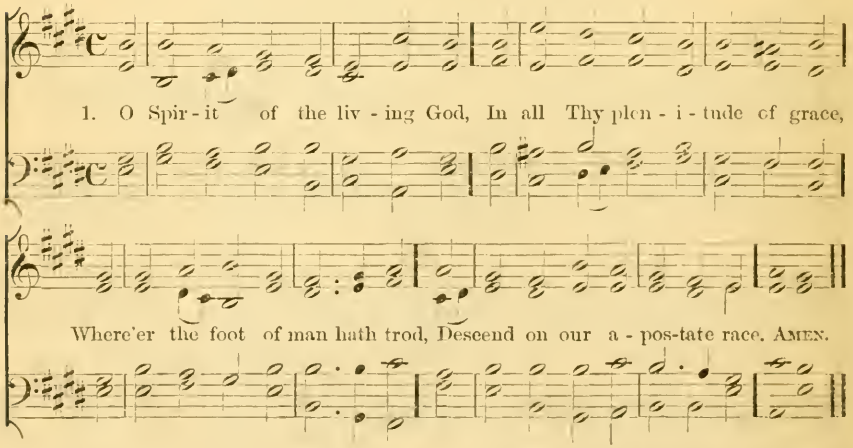
2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do Thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go. AMEN.

126. O Spirit of the living God.

"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." L. M.



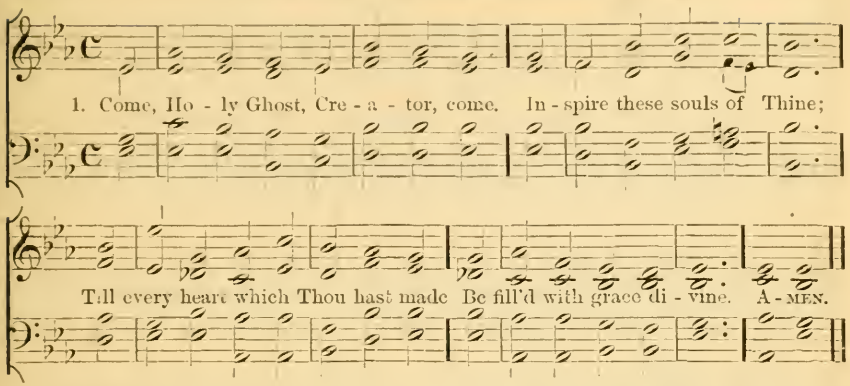
2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record:
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord. AMEN.

127. Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come.

"He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever." C. M.



2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

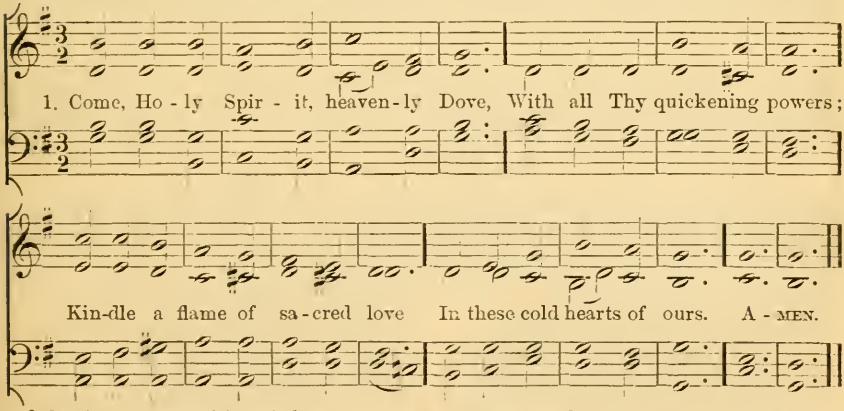
4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With Thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That, by Thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And Thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived. AMEN.

128. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." C. M.



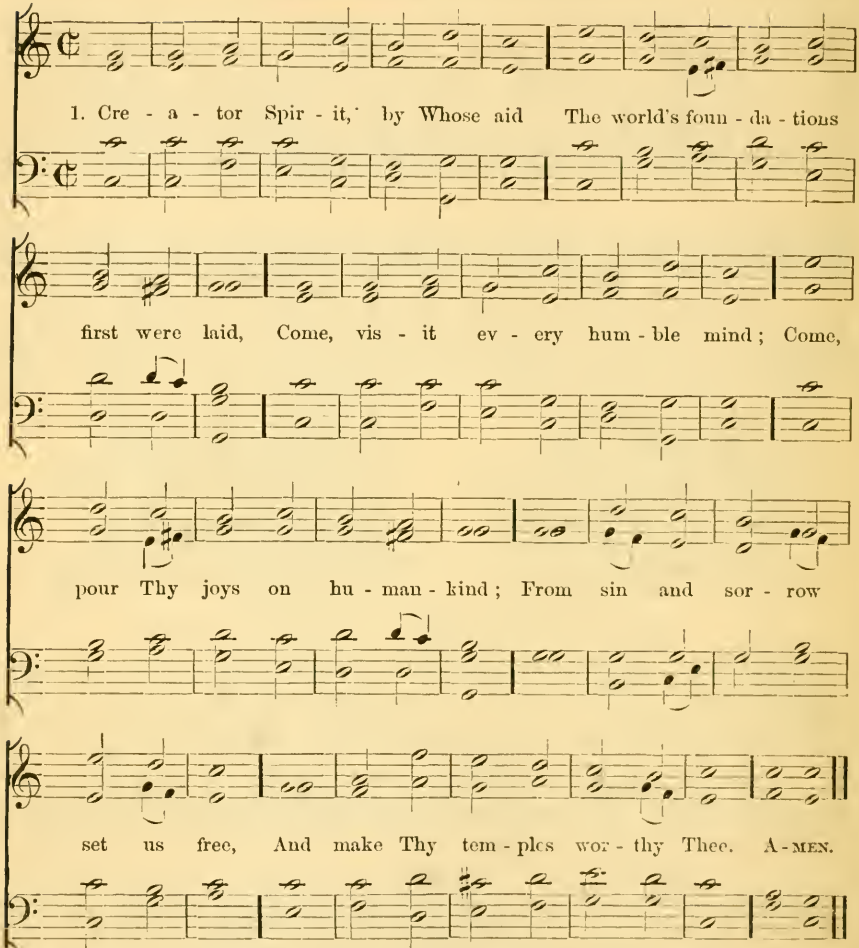
2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. AMEN.

129. Creator Spirit, by Whose aid.

"The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters." Six 8s.



2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven fold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

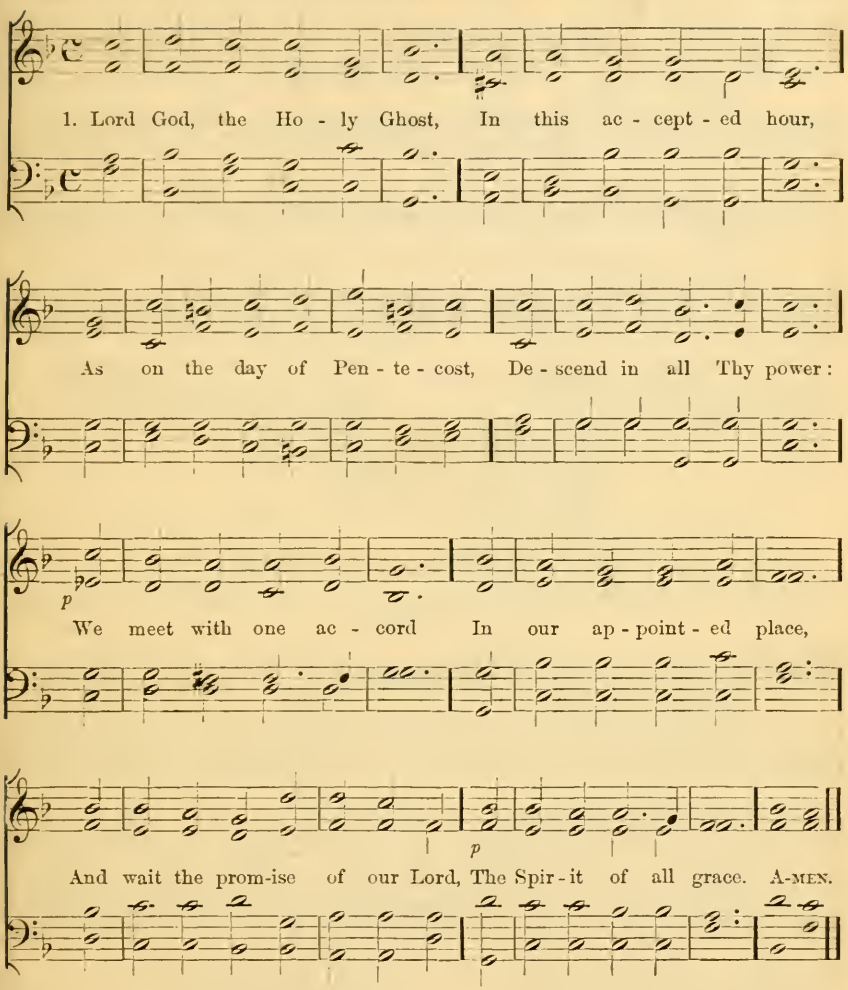
4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

130. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." S. M. D.

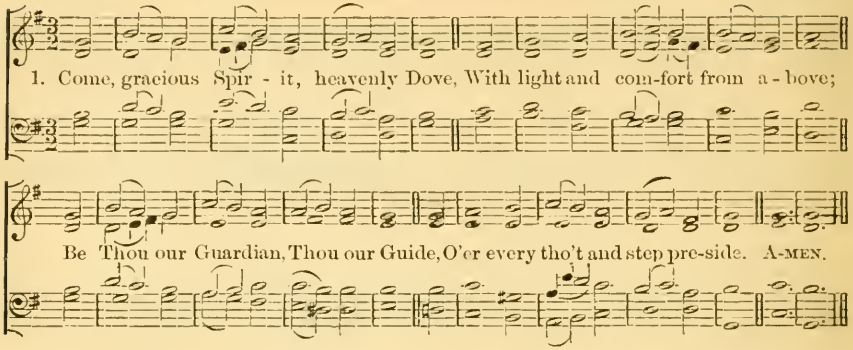


2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. AMEN.

131. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." L. M.



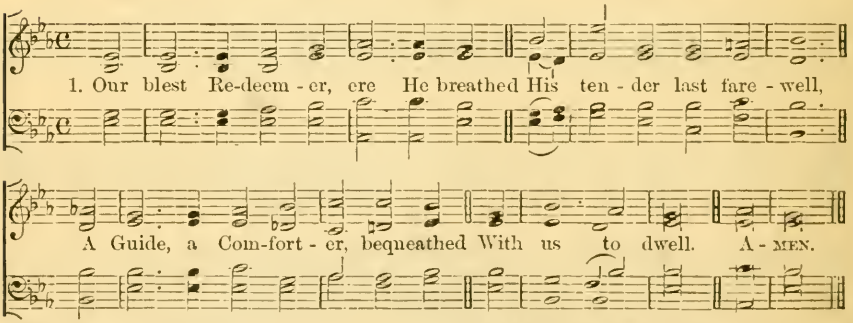
2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. AMEN.

132. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

"If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you." P. M.



2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

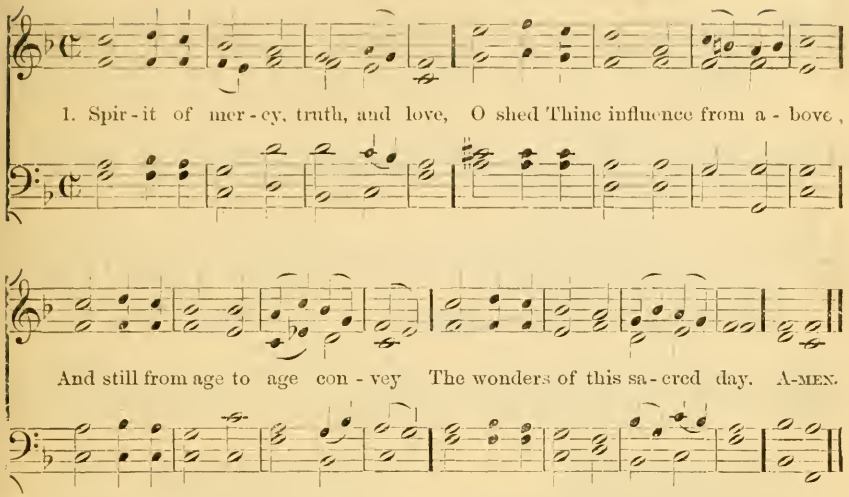
5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

7 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. AMEN.

133. Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

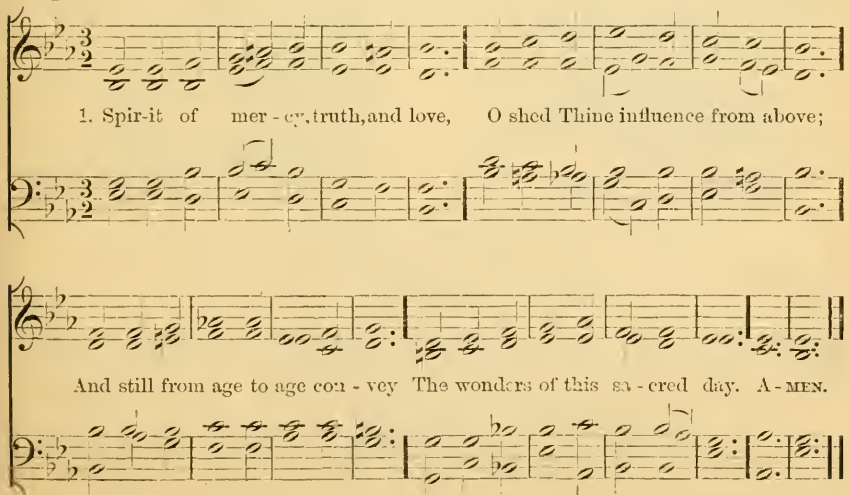
"And the same day there were added unto them three thousand souls." L. M.



2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

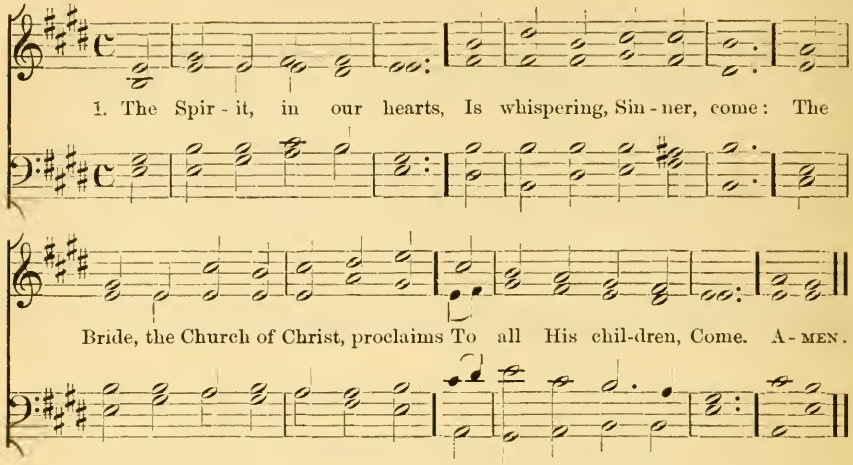
3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. AMEN.

133. SECOND TUNE. L. M.



134. The Spirit, in our hearts.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come." S. M.



2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord! even so; I wait Thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come. AMEN.

135. Come, Holy Spirit, come.

"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." S. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

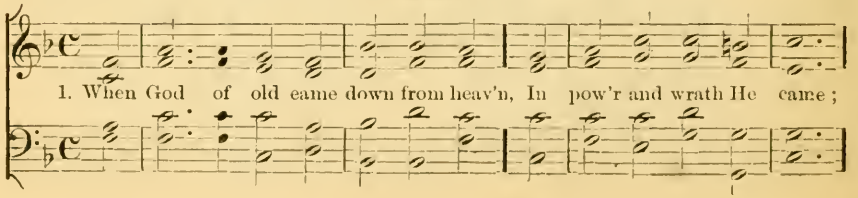
3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

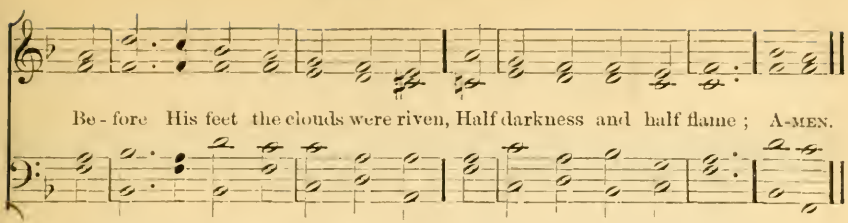
4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. AMEN.

136. When God of old came down from heaven.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind." C. M.





2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

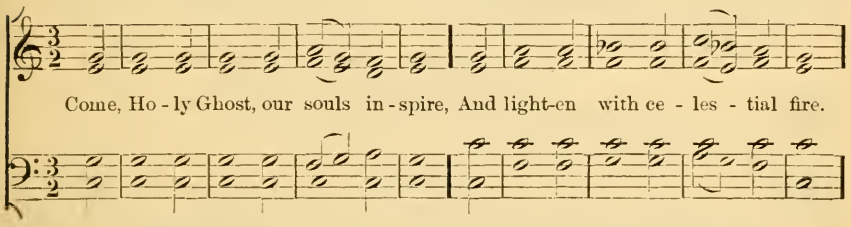
5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. AMEN.

137. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

"He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." P. M.



Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

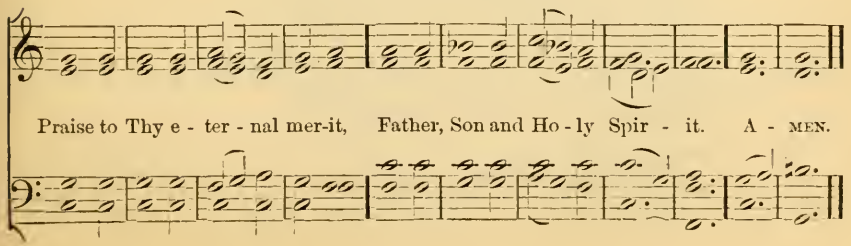
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

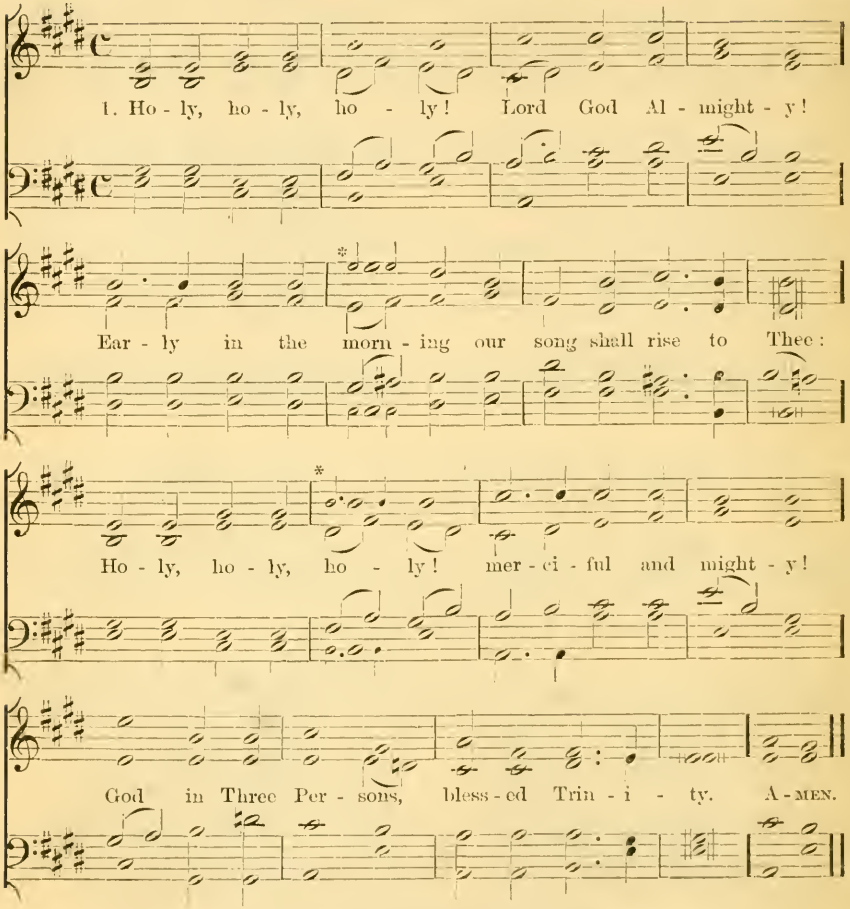
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both to be but One,

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our unending song;



138. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come." P. M.



2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

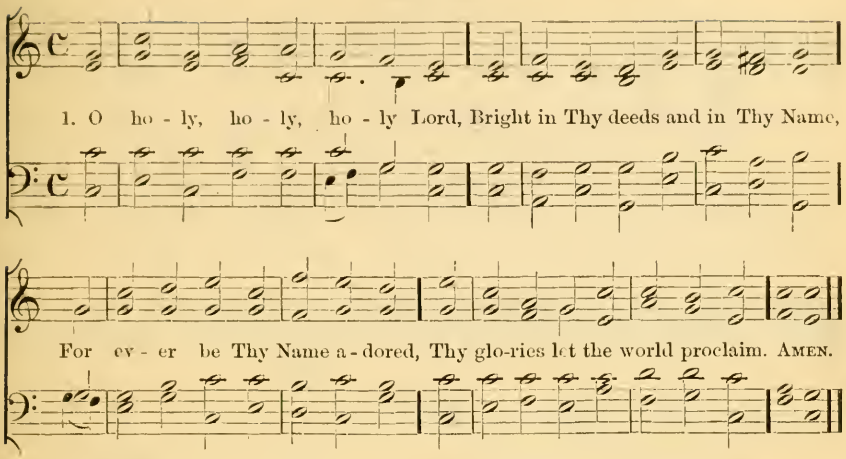
4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! AMEN.

* The small notes are intended for the second and third verses.

139. O holy, holy, holy Lord.

"Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy Name." L. M.

First Tune.



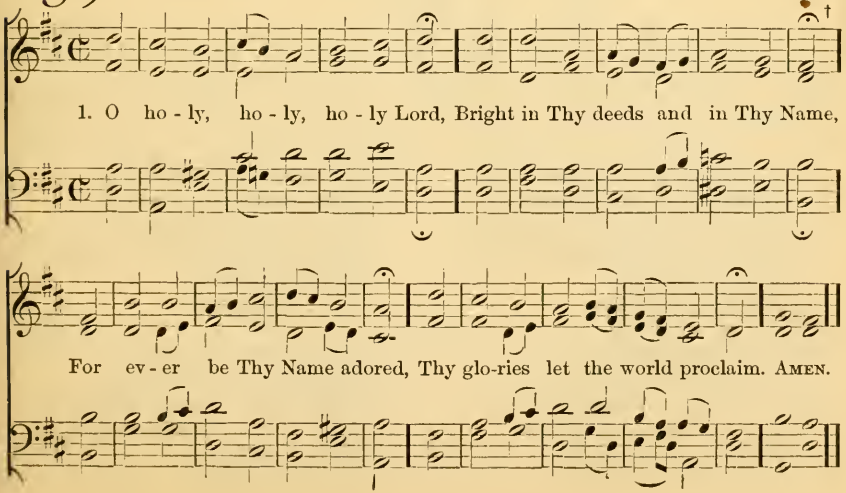
2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue. Amen.

139.

Second Tune. L. M.

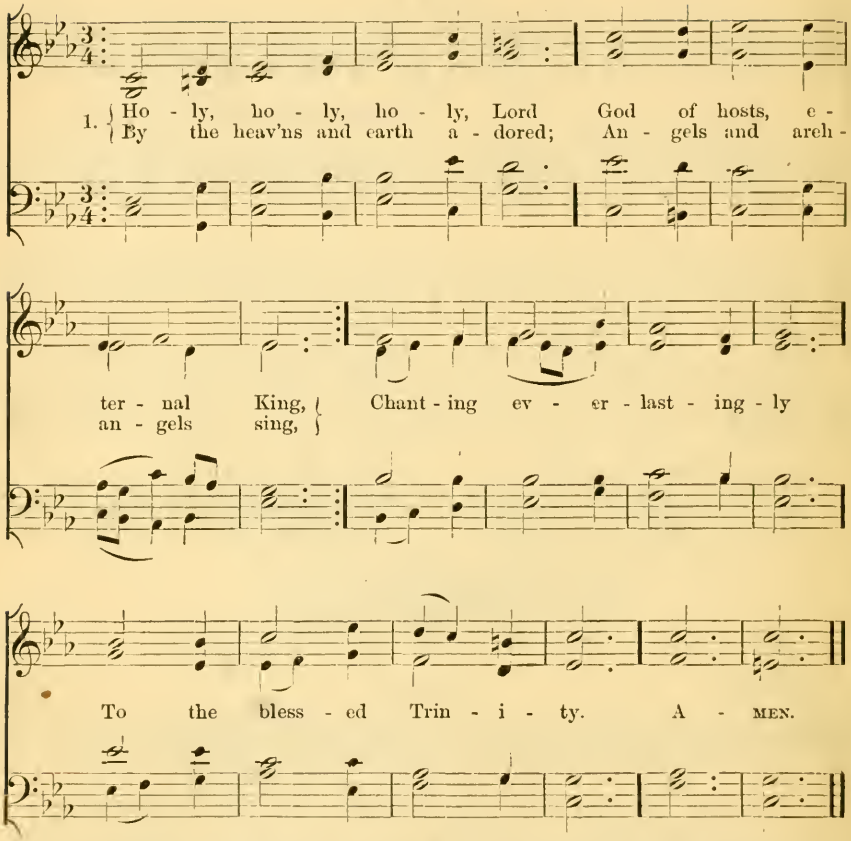


140. Holy, holy, holy, Lord.

"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

Six 7s.

First Tune.



2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee:
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

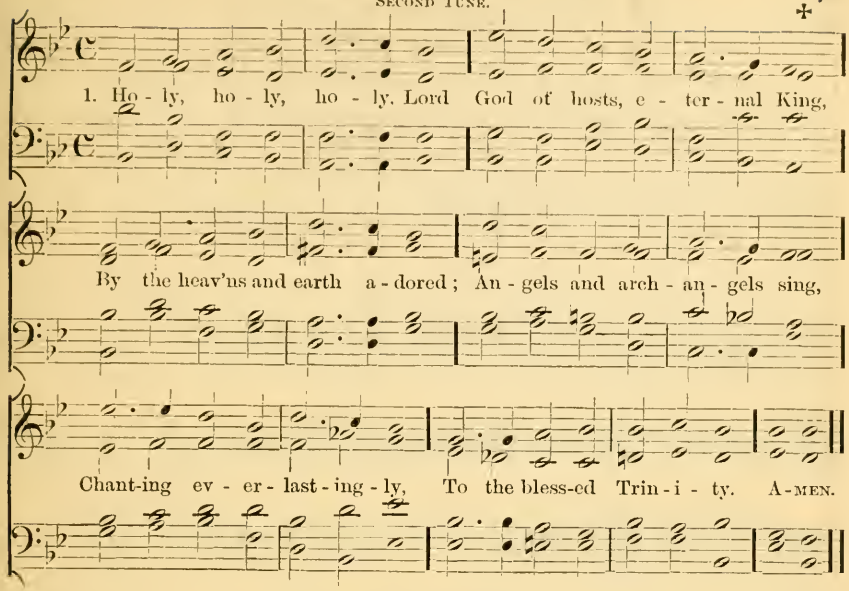
5 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

140. Holy, holy, holy Lord.

"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

Six 7s.

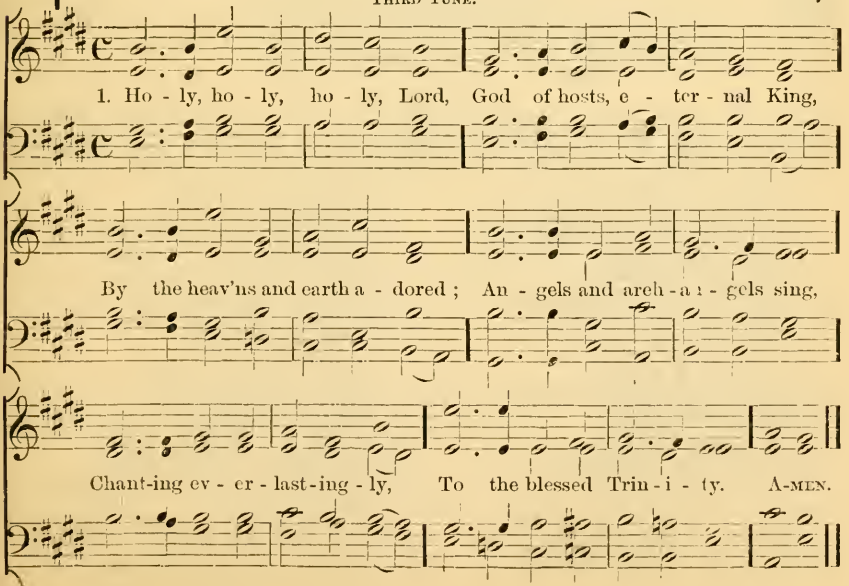
SECOND TUNE.



140.

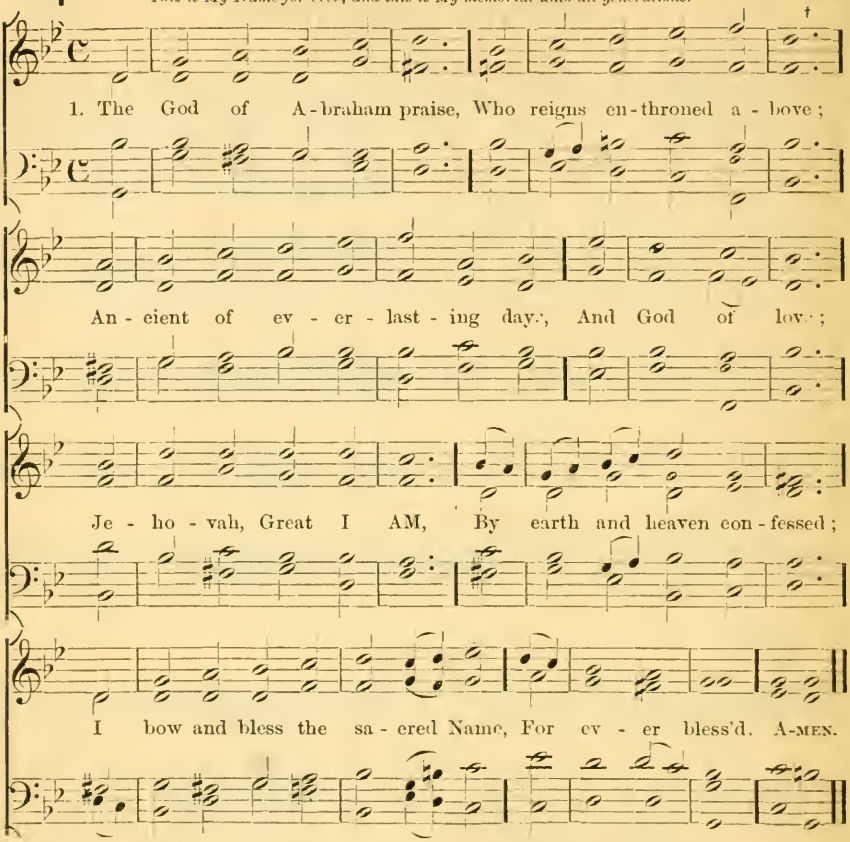
Six 7s.

THIRD TUNE.



141. The God of Abraham praise.

"This is My Name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations." P. M.



2 The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme, command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

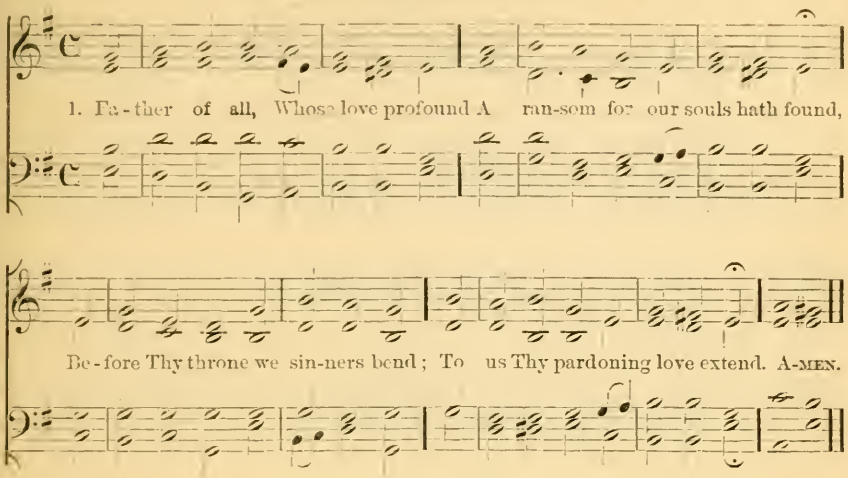
5 The God, Who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be:
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise! AMEN.

142. Father of all, Whose love profound.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

L. M.



2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord.
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

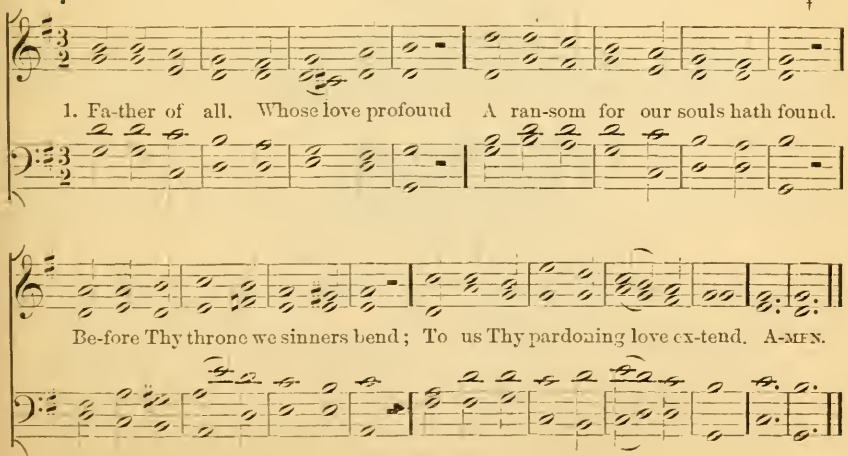
3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend. AMEN.

142.

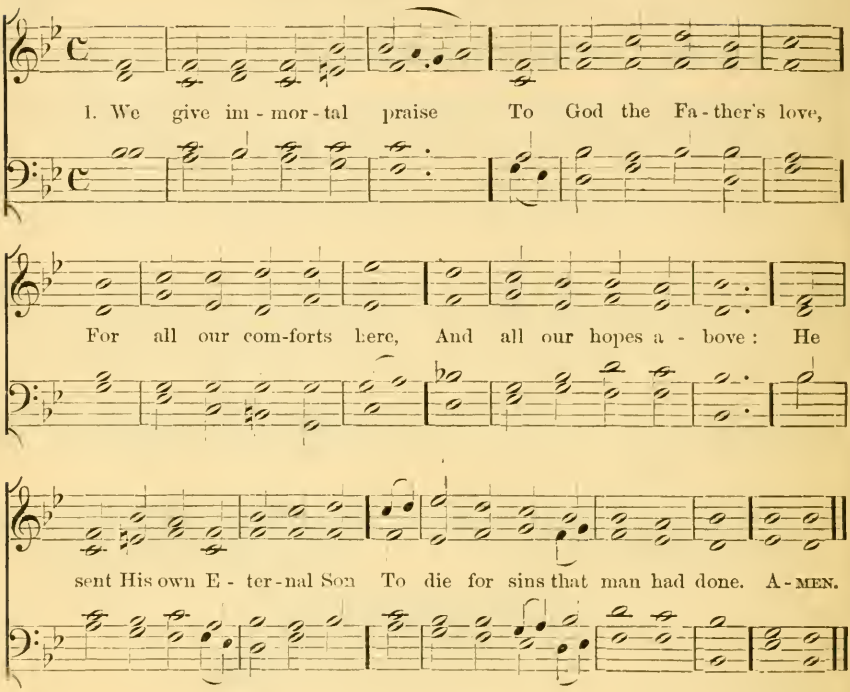
SECOND TUNE.

L. M.



We give immortal praise.

143. *"Of Him and through Him and to Him are all things; to Whom be glory for ever. Amen."* 6s. 8s.



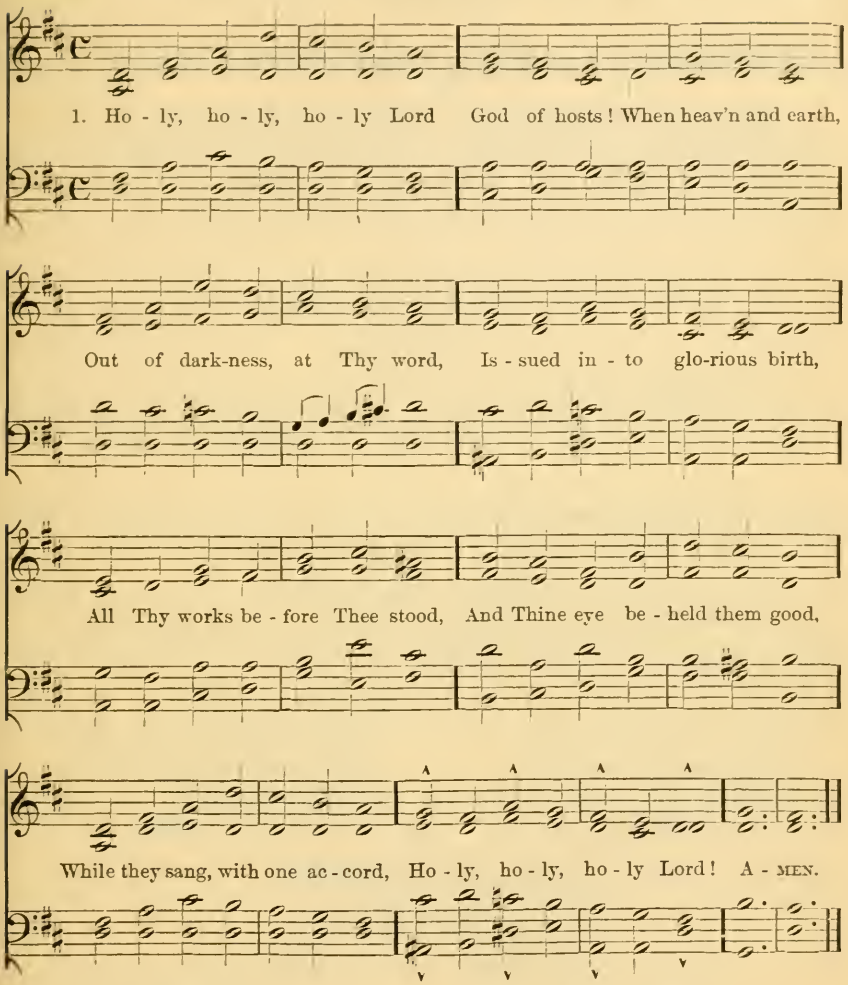
2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God, the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The Sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores. AMEN.

144. Holy, holy, holy Lord.

"And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts." 7s. D.



2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

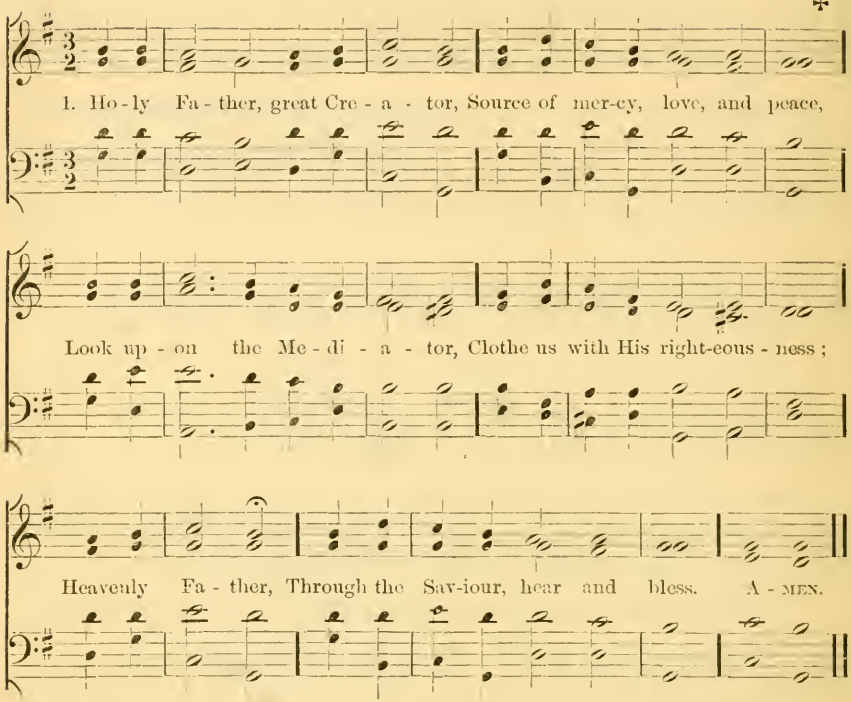
3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn.
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! AMEN.

145. Holy Father, great Creator.

"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."

8s.7s.4.

First Tune.



2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

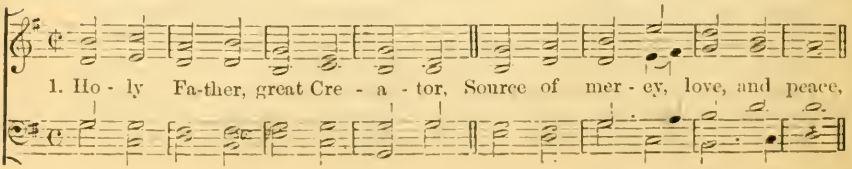
3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

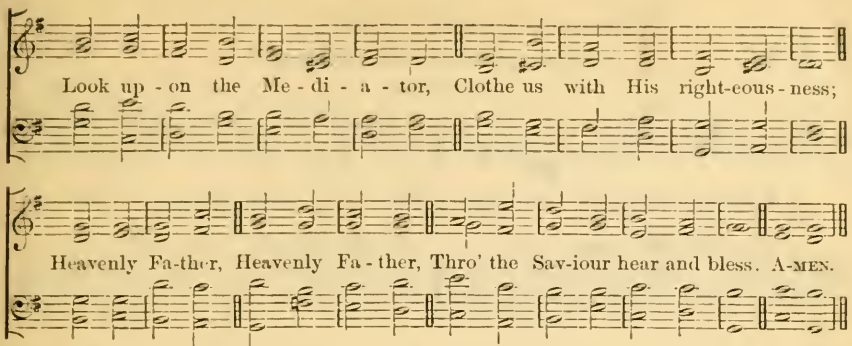
4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine. Amen.

145.

Second Tune.

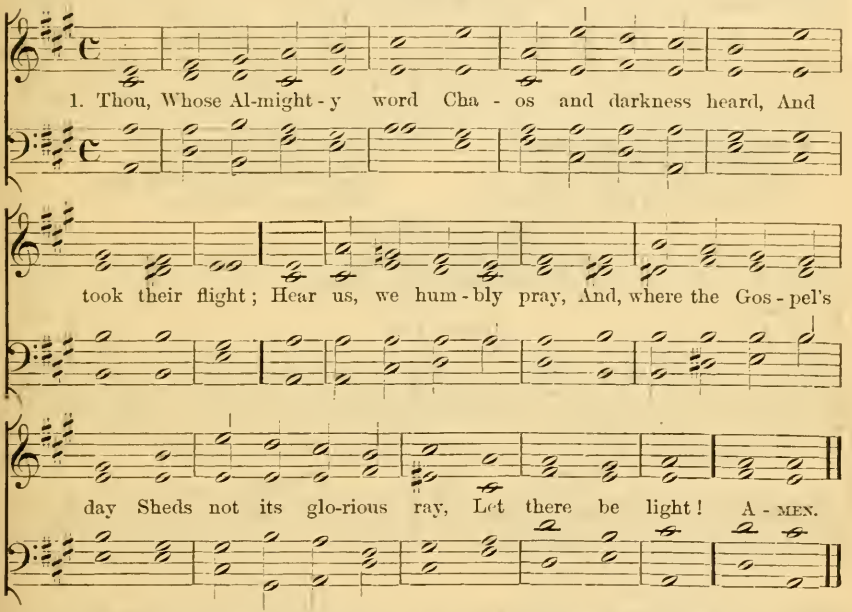
8s.7s.4.





146. Thou, Whose Almighty word.

"Let there be light." 6s. 4s.



2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

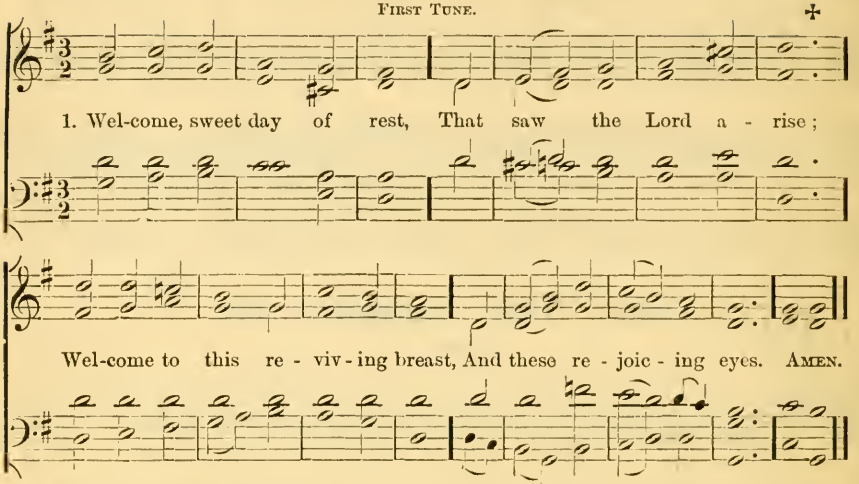
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide,
Let there be light! AMEN.

147. Welcome, sweet day of rest.

"A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand." S. M.

First Tune.

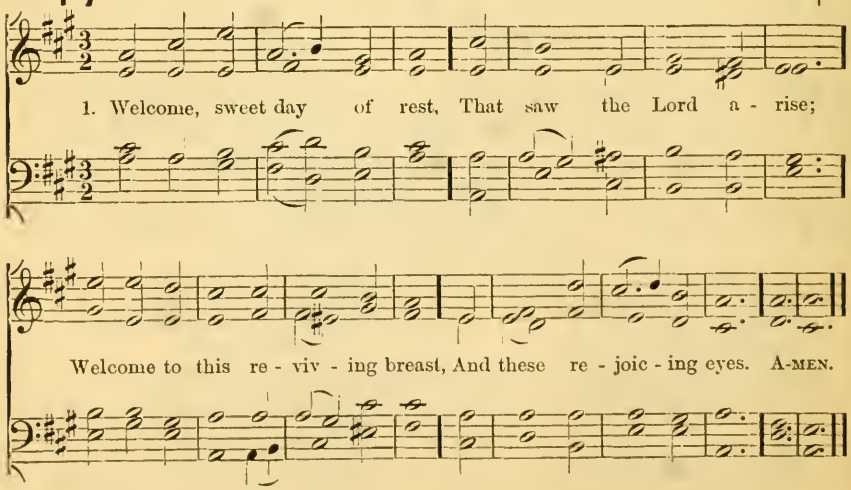


2 The King Himself comes near
To feast His saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss. Amen.

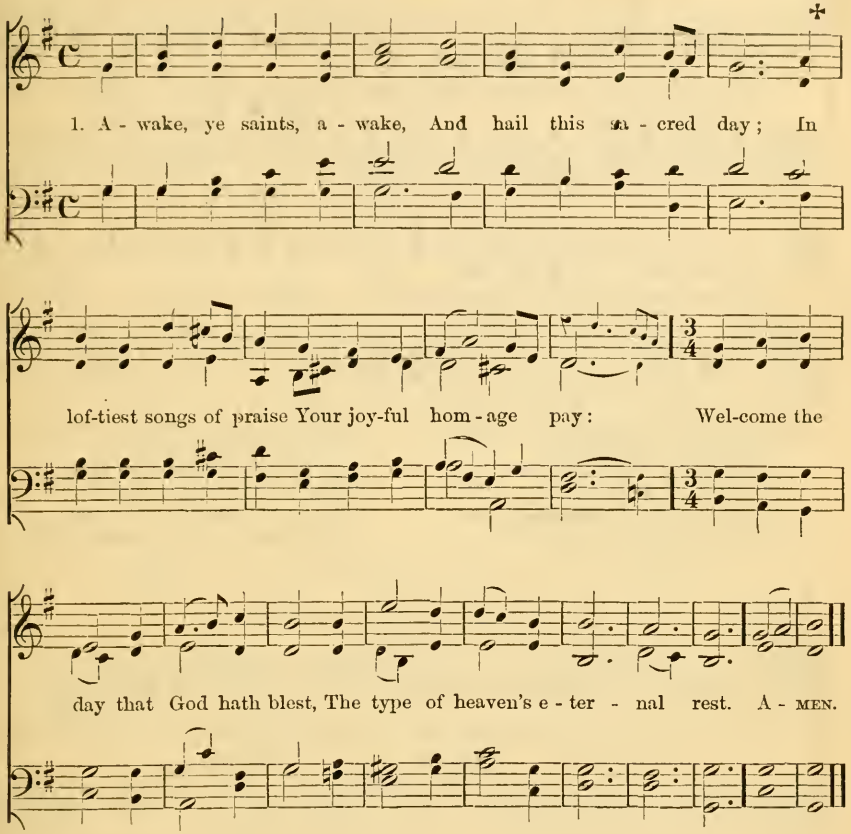
147. Second Tune. S. M.



148. Awake, ye saints, awake.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."

6s.8s.



2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

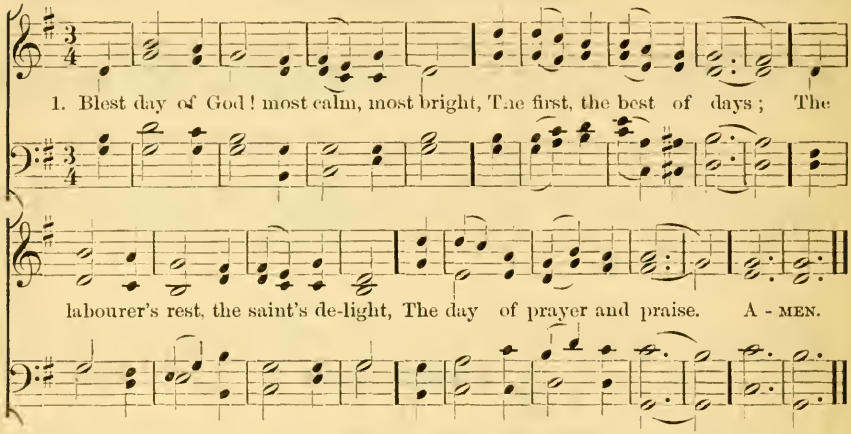
4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain Thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. AMEN.

149. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright.

"The first day of the week." C. M.



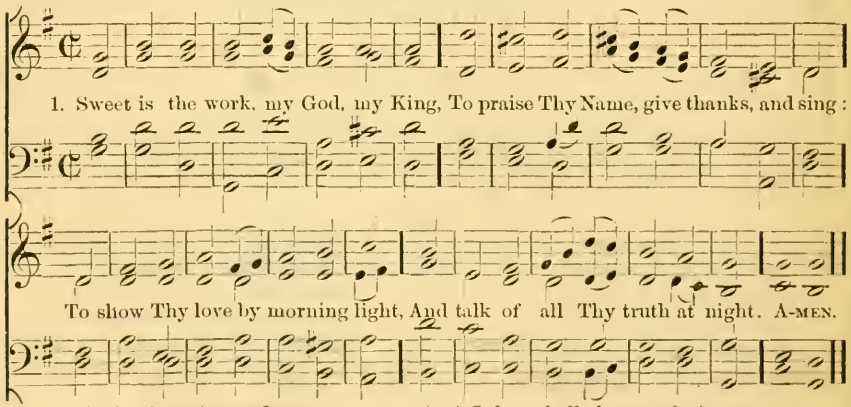
2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. AMEN.

150. Sweet is the work, my God, my King.

"Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works." L. M.



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep His counsels, how divine!

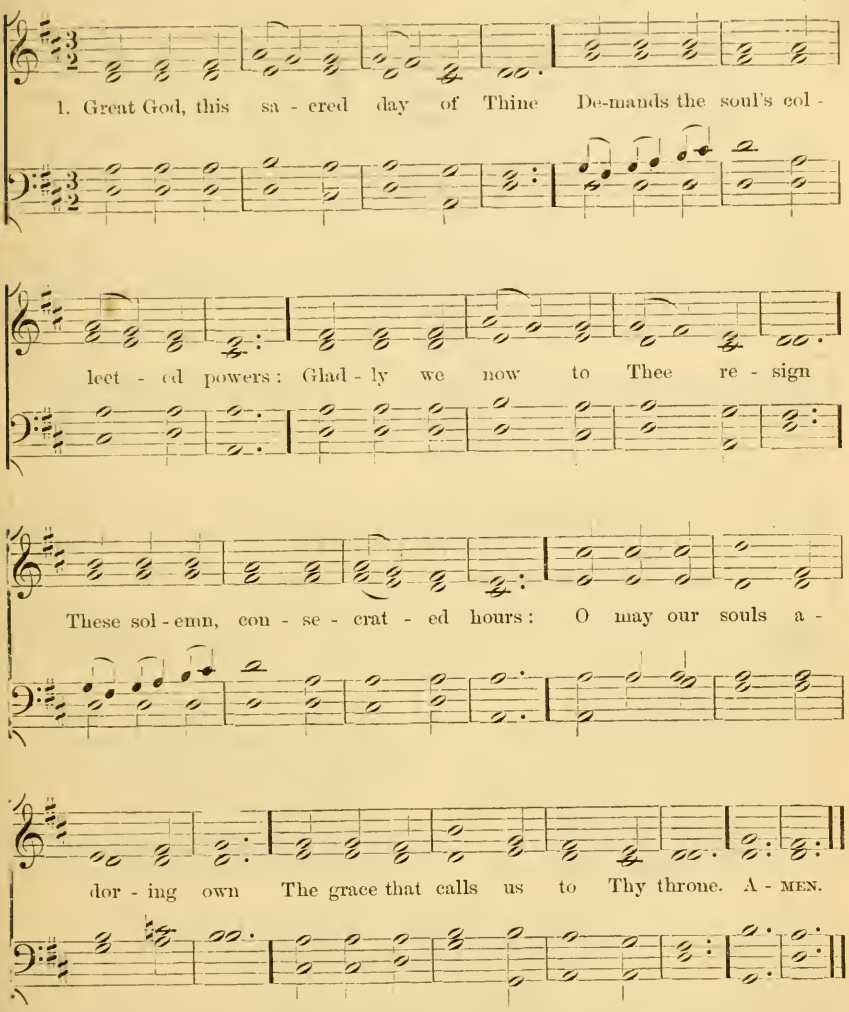
4 I then shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. AMEN.

151. Great God, this sacred day of Thine.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."

Six 8s.



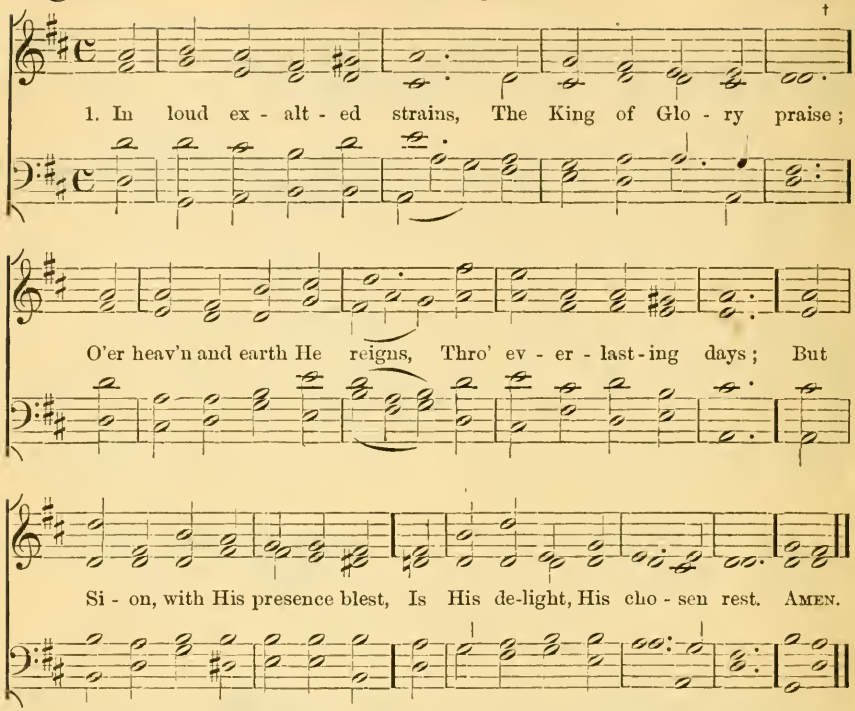
2 All-seeing God! Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where Thou art intrude no more:
O may Thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart:
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne. AMEN.

152. In loud exalted strains.

"The Lord is in this place."

6s. 8s.



2 O King of Glory, come;
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

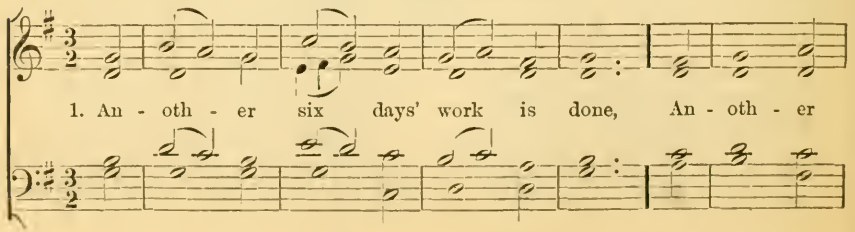
3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joytul sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

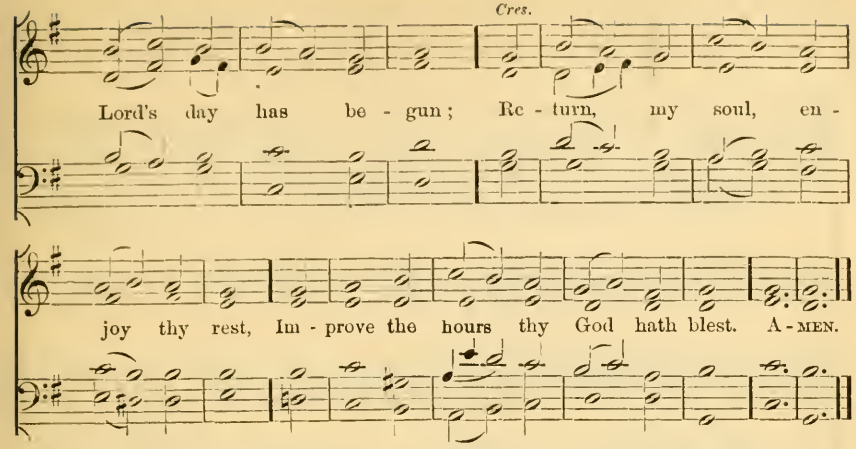
4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace. AMEN.

153. Another six days' work is done.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

L. M.





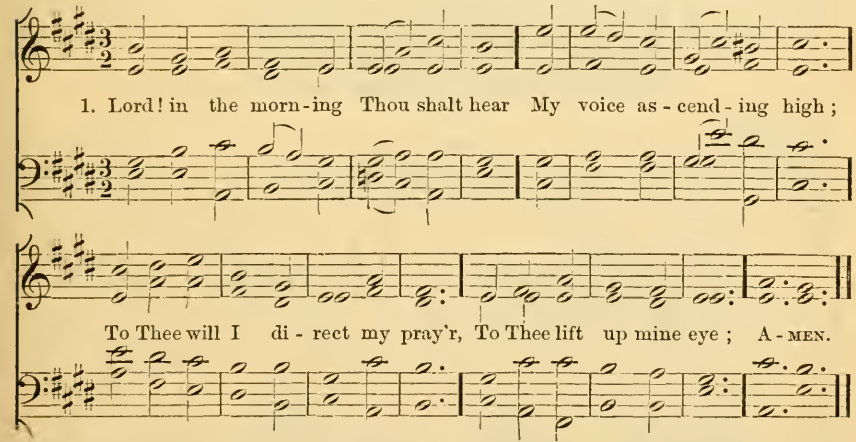
2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know!

3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end. AMEN.

154. Lord! in the morning Thou shalt hear.

"There I will meet with Thee; and I will commune with Thee from above the mercy seat." C. M.



2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

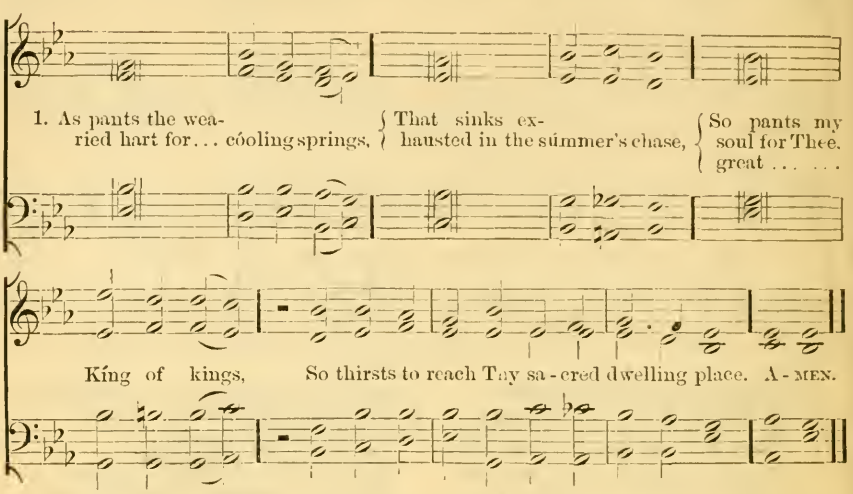
3 Thou art a God before Whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face. AMEN.

155. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs.

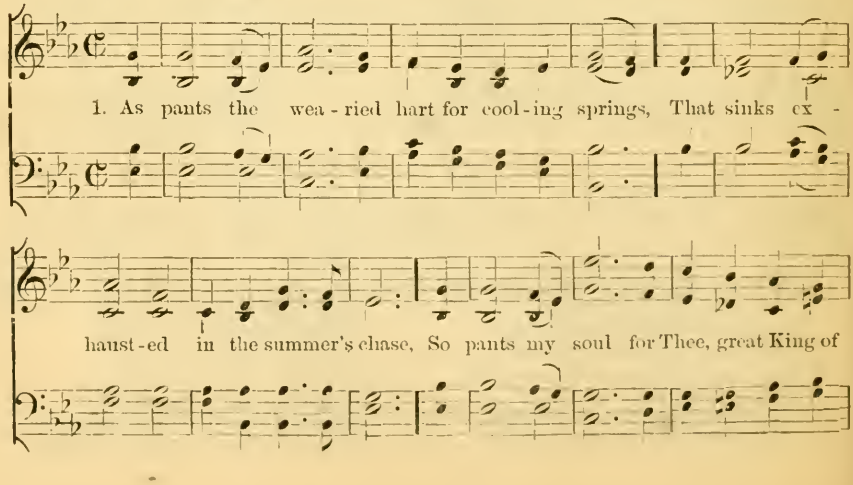
"Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God." 10s.

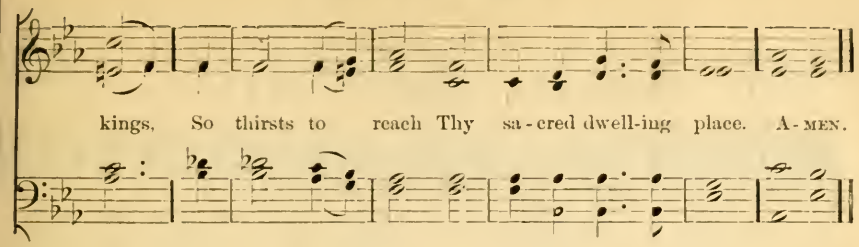


2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tédious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shádes of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehóvah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yét be paid:
Unquestion'd be His faithfulness and love. AMEN.

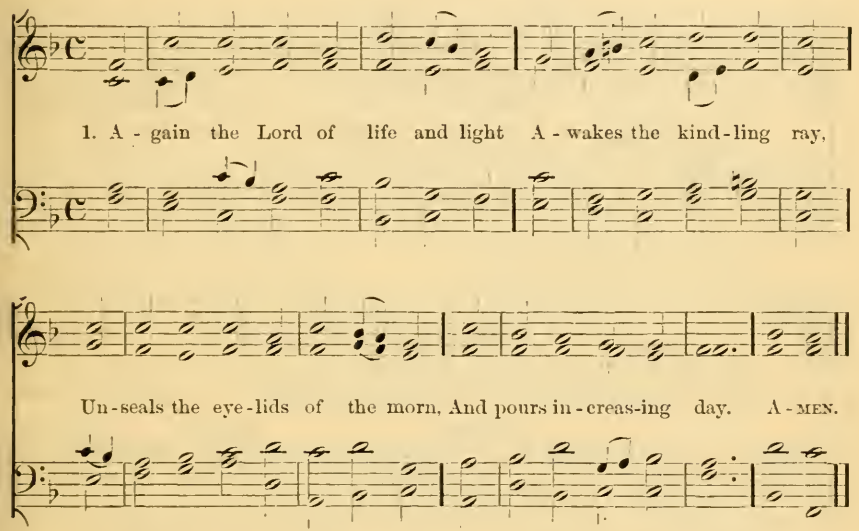
155. SECOND TUNE. 10s. †





156. Again the Lord of life and light.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead." C. M.



2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
By His expiring breath.

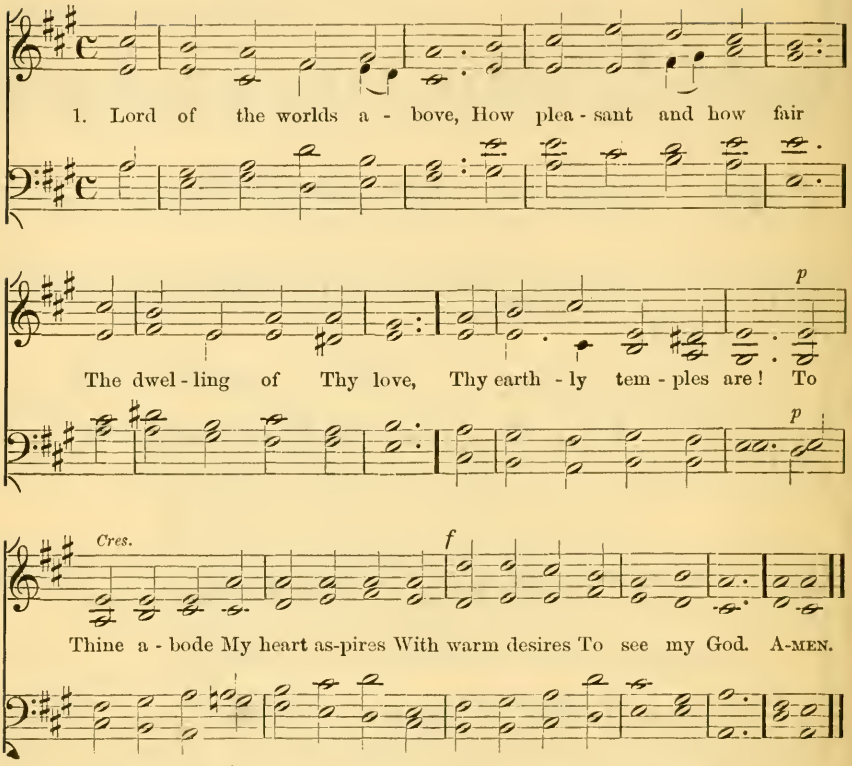
4 And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath His powerful Cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand differing voices join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn. AMEN.

157. Lord of the worlds above.

"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." 6s. 4s.



2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still: | That love the way
And happy they | To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat; | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our Light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of Hosts, | Alone in Thee.

GLORIA PATRI.

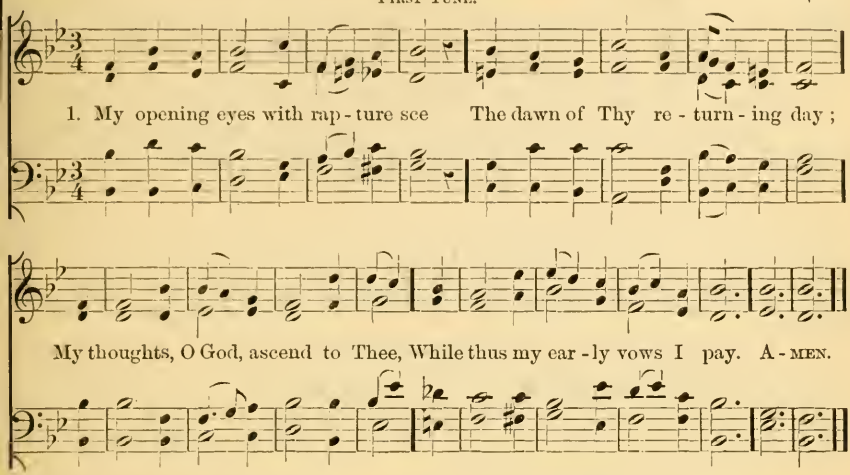
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. AMEN.

158. My opening eyes with rapture see.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

L. M.

First Tune. †



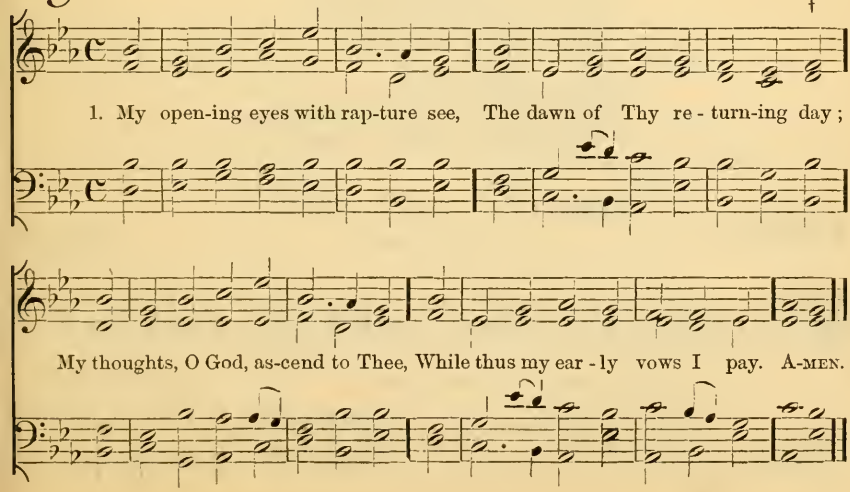
2 I yield my heart to Thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect Thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought through all the day.

4 Then, to Thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of Thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing. AMEN.

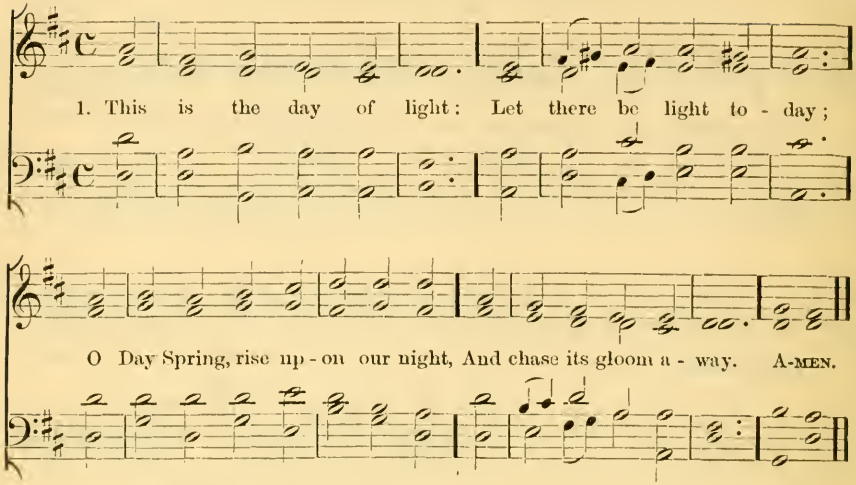
158.

Second Tune. L. M. †



159. This is the day of light.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." S. M.



2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

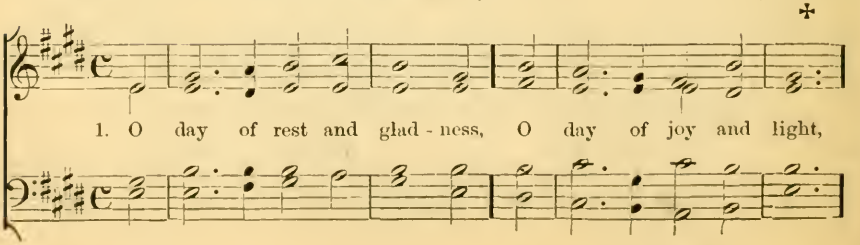
3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

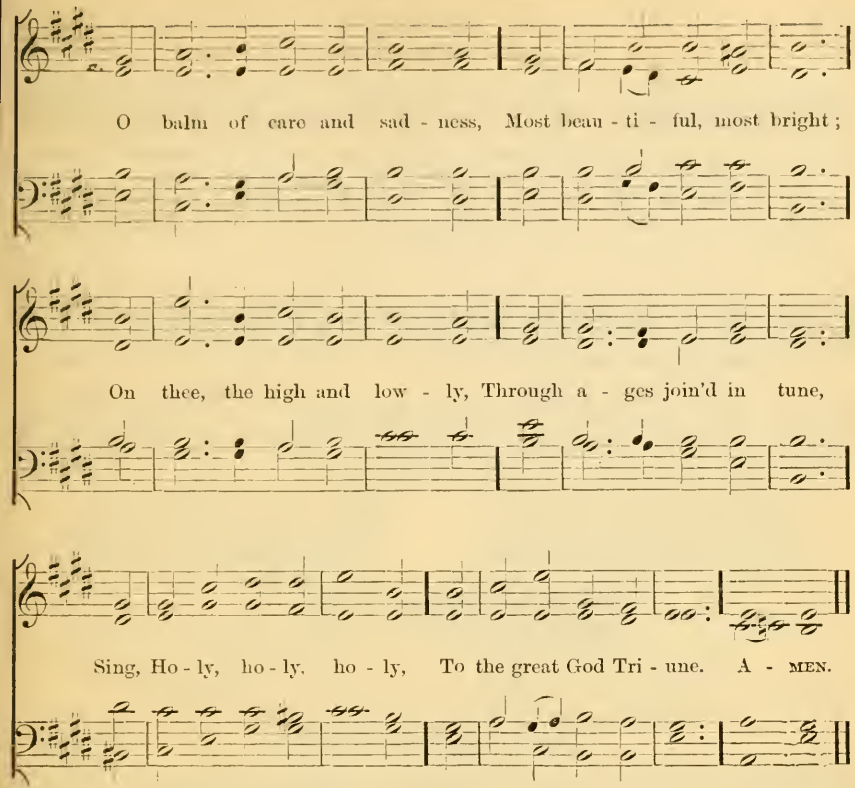
5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! AMEN.

160. O day of rest and gladness.

"The Lord's Day." 7s. 6s. D.



The Lord's Day.



2 On thee at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

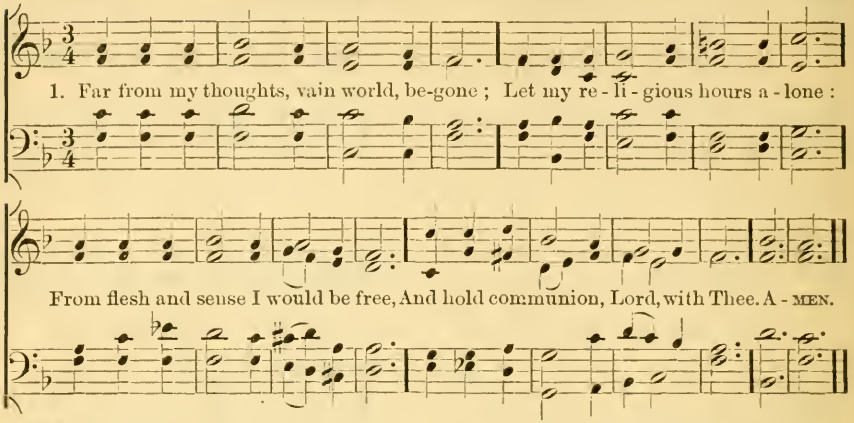
3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. AMEN.

161. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone.

"I will commune with Thee from above the mercy seat." L. M.



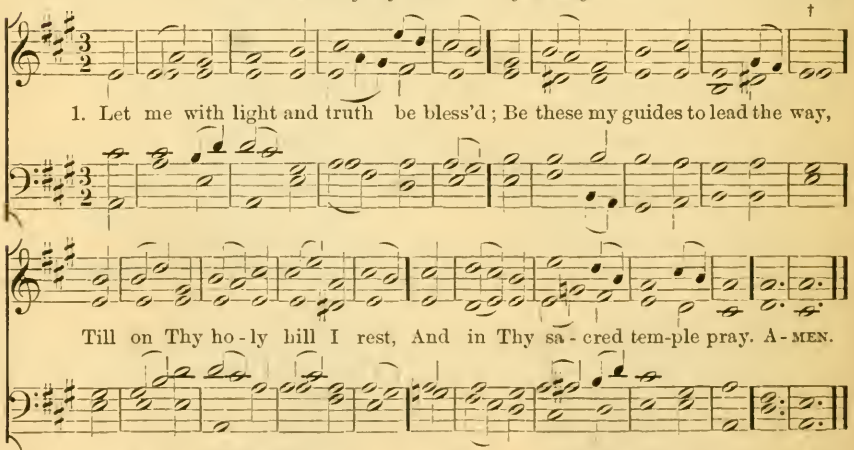
2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see Thy grace, to taste Thy love,
And feel Thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see Thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from Thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in Thy temple let me know
The joys that from Thy presence flow. AMEN.

162. Let me with light and truth be bless'd.

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me, and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling." L. M.

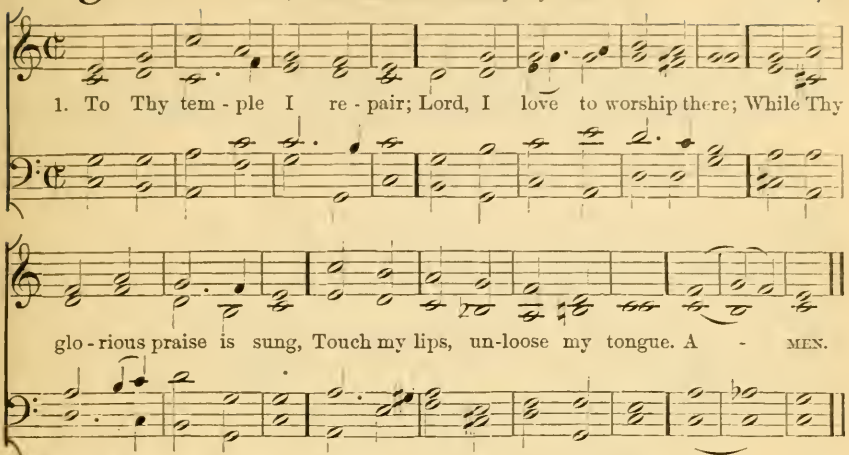


2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, Who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppressed with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair. AMEN.

163. To Thy temple I repair.

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house." 7s.



2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

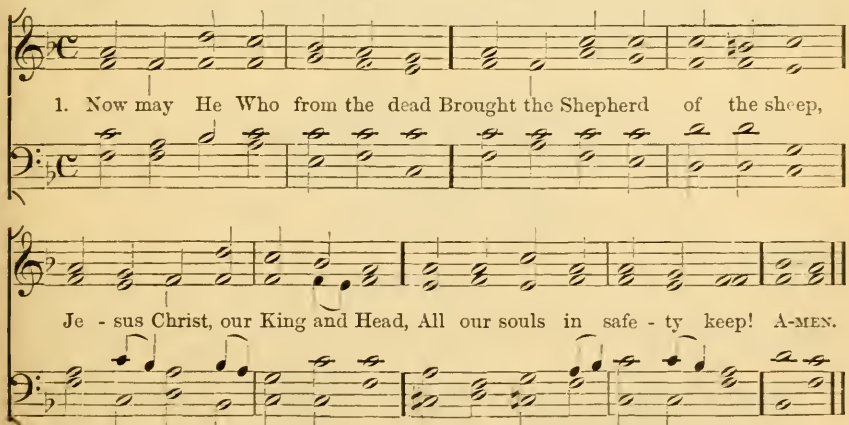
3 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to-day." AMEN.

164. Now may He who from the dead.

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber." 7s.



2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God! AMEN.

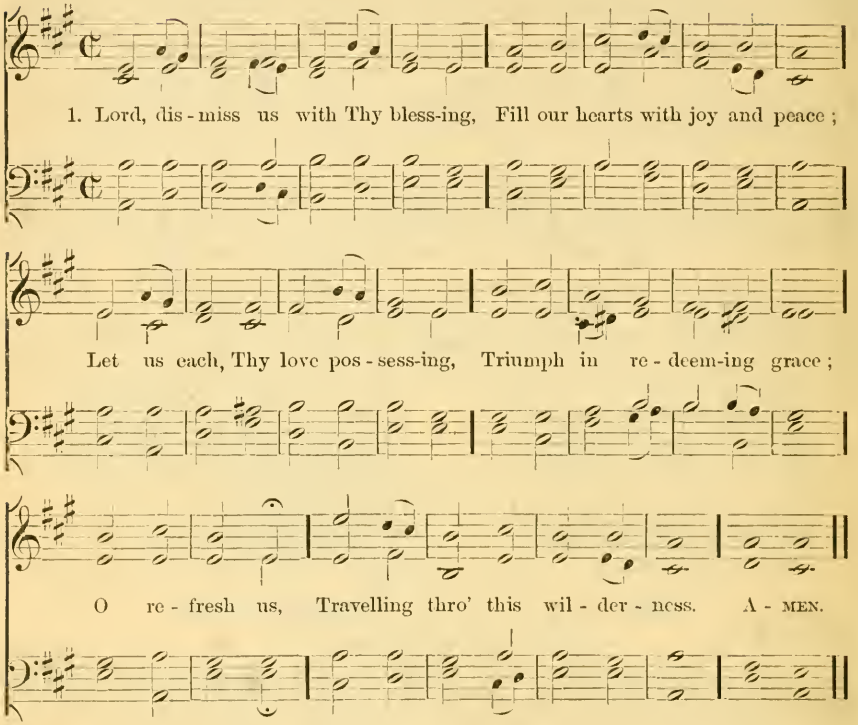
165. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

AFTER SERMON.

"While He blessed them, He was parted from them."

8s. 7s. 4.

FIRST TUNE.

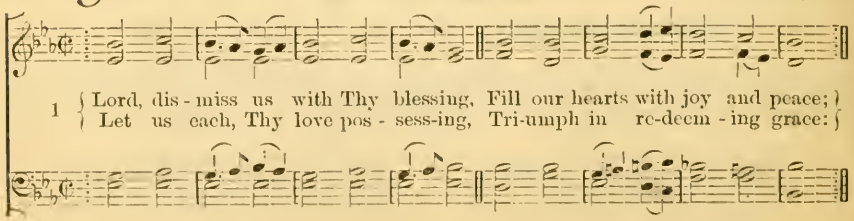


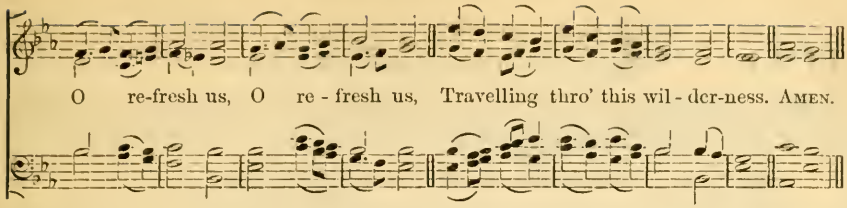
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found. AMEN.

165.

SECOND TUNE.

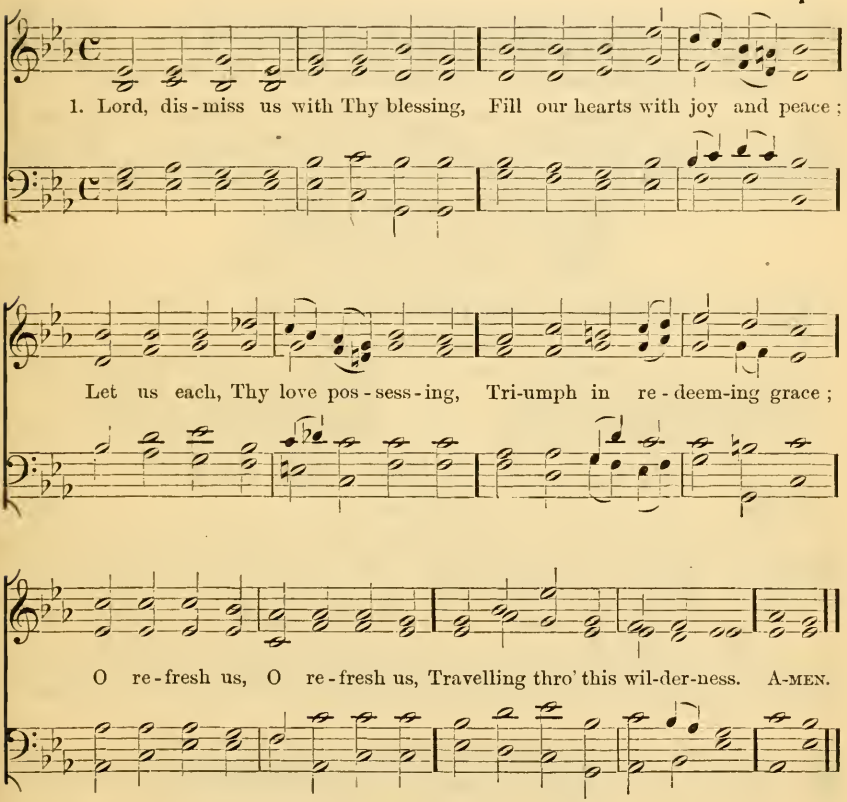
8s. 7s. 4.





165.

THIRD TUNE. 8s. 7s. 4.



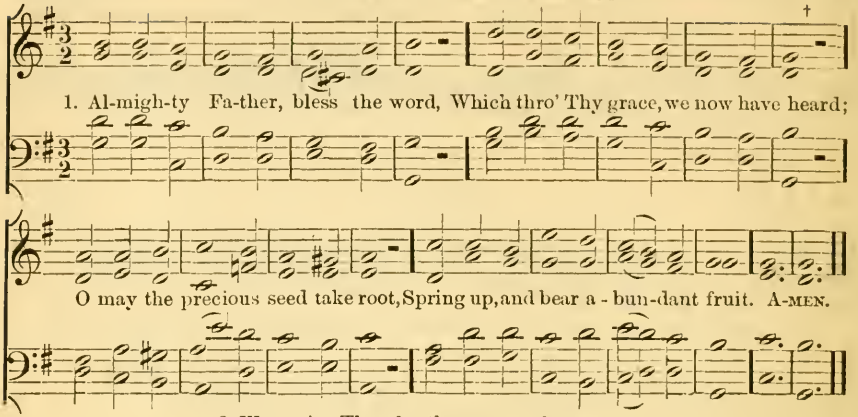
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

GLORIA PATRI.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

166. Almighty Father, bless the word.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." L. M.



2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear. AMEN.

167. Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord.

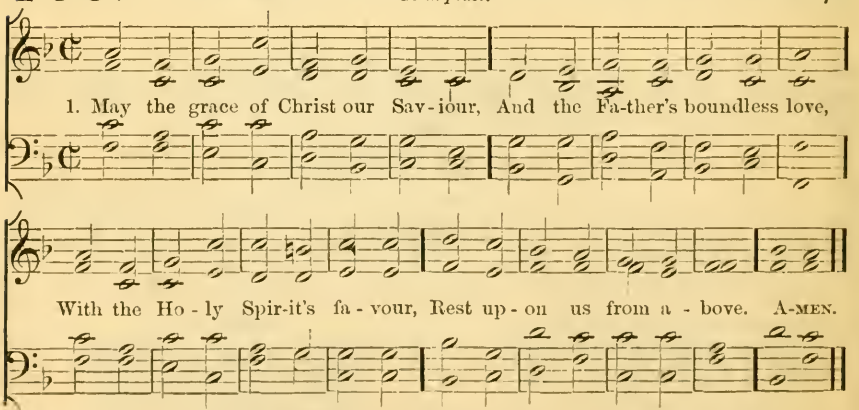
"The Lord will bless His people with peace." L. M.

1 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. AMEN.

168. May the grace of Christ our Saviour.

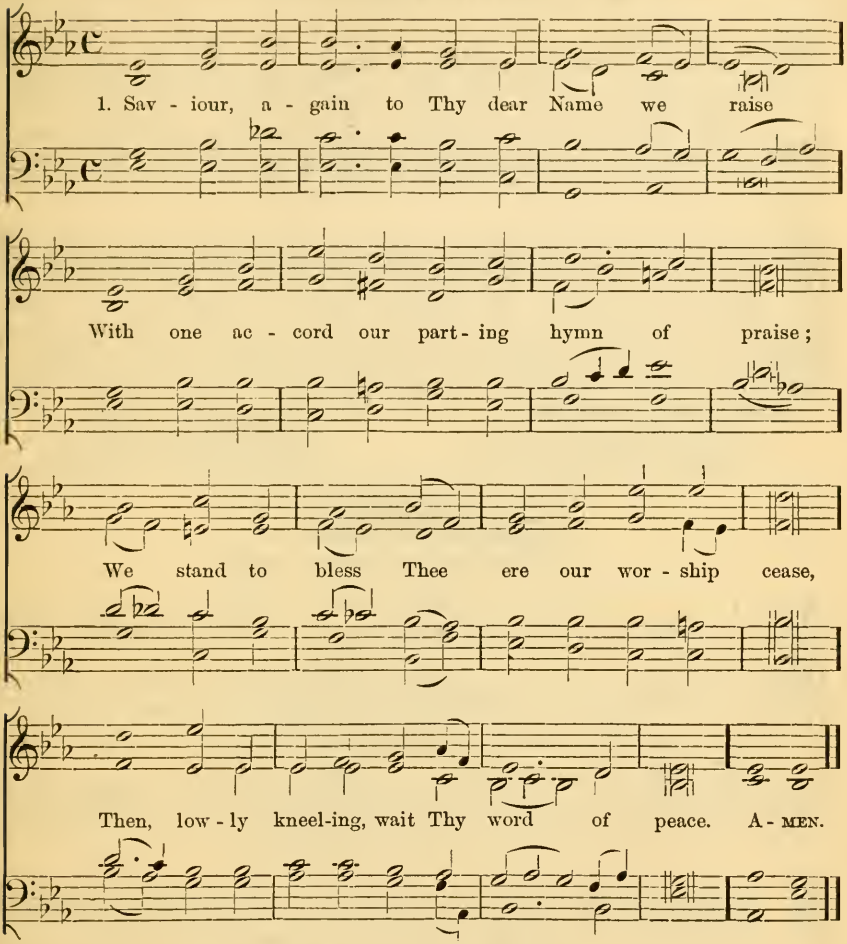
"Go in peace." 8s. 7s.



2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford. AMEN.

169. Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise.

"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace." 10s.



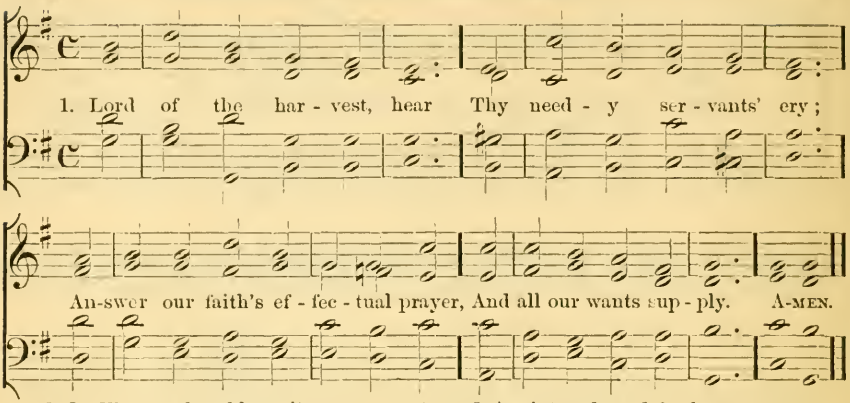
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife,
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. AMEN.

170. Lord of the harvest, hear.

"Unto every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ." S. M.



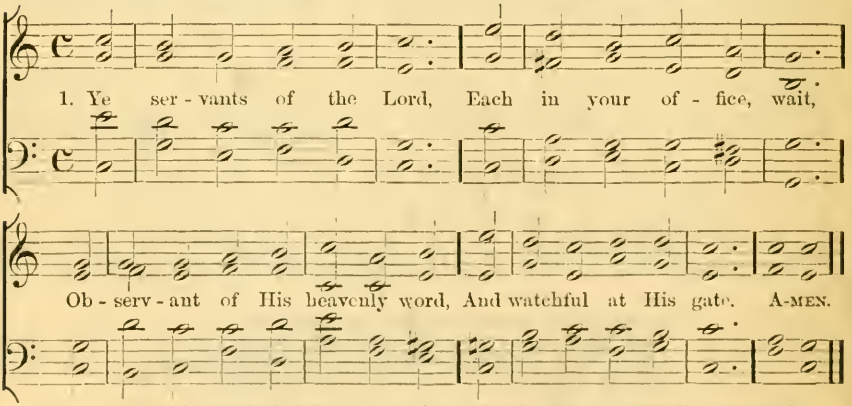
2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The labourers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread Thy Name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love. AMEN.

171. Ye servants of the Lord.

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching." S. M.



2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

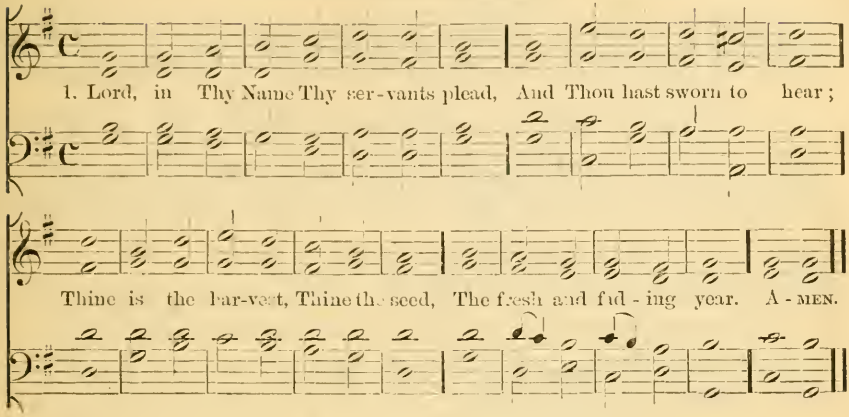
4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd. AMEN.

172. Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead.

MONDAY.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

C. M.



2 Grant us, with precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
A place in Thy new heavens and earth,
Where richer harvests grow. AMEN.

173. Lord, spare and save our sinful race.

TUESDAY.

"Spare Thy people, O Lord."

C. M.

1 LORD, spare and save our sinful race
From death in direst form;
From pestilence that flies apace,
From earthquake, fire, and storm.

2 Let every land bemoan its sin,
That wars and crimes may cease;
And may Thy pardoning grace bring in
Sweet times of health and peace. AMEN.

174. Great is our guilt, our fears are great.

WEDNESDAY.

"Mercy and truth shall go before Thy face."

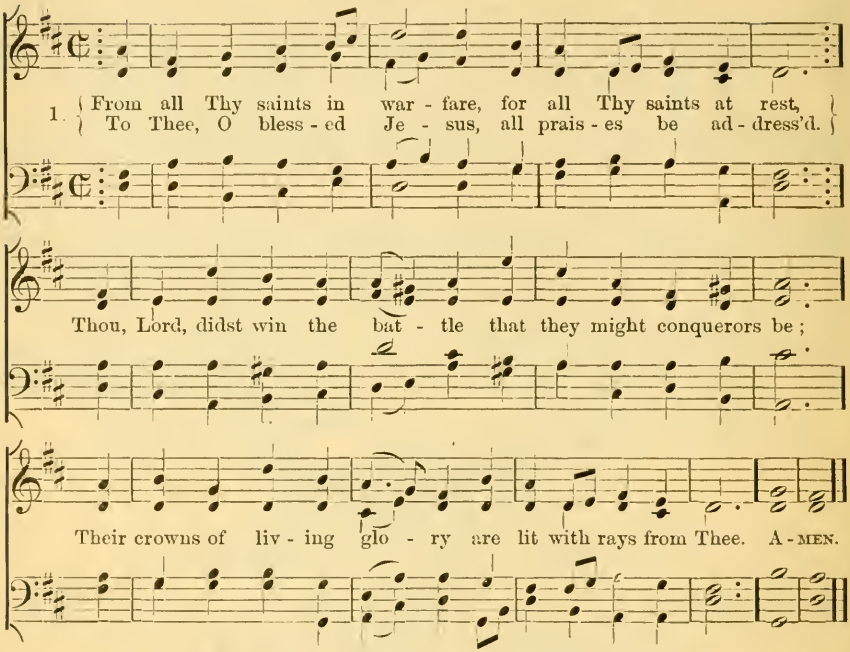
C. M.

1 GREAT is our guilt, our fears are great;
But naught shall prompt despair,
While open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

2 Kind Intercessor! to Thy love
This blest resource we owe:
Thy merits plead for us above,
While we implore below. AMEN.

From all Thy saints in warfare.

175. *"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints."* 7s. 6s. D.



[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

SAINT ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

SAINT THOMAS.

3 All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

SAINT STEPHEN.

4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand;
Share we with him, if summon'd by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5 Praise for the loved Disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us reveal'd,
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be seal'd.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

6 Praise for Thine infant Martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel! cease thy weeping, they rest from pains and cares.
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his Conversion, we glorify to-day:
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

Other Holy Days.

ST. MATTHIAS.

8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false Apostles for evermore defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with Her to the end.

SAINT MARK.

9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES.

10 All praise for Thine Apostle, bless'd guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,
And grant the grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

SAINT BARNABAS.

11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, Forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray.
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious day.

SAINT PETER.

13 Praise for Thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy fold.
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

SAINT JAMES.

14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veil'd decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

15 All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
That Thy abiding Presence our longing souls may feed.

SAINT MATTHEW.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

SAINT LUKE.

17 For that "Beloved Physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true Balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE.

18 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

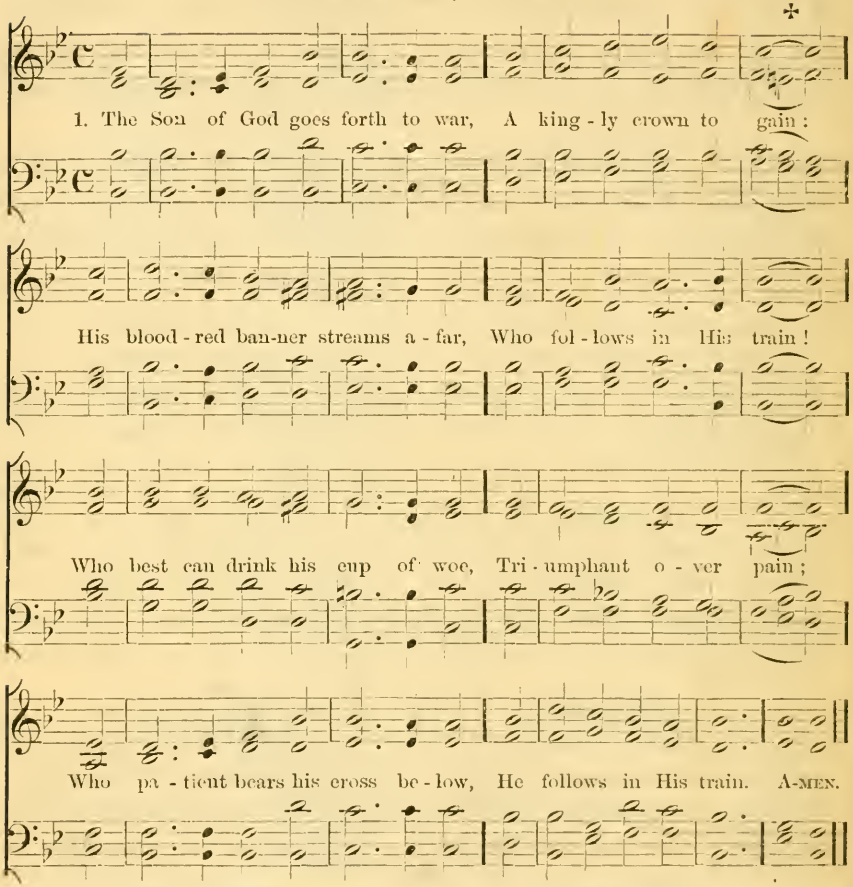
GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song:
For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the Throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. AMEN.

176. The Son of God goes forth to war.

"The armies in heaven followed Him." C. M. D.



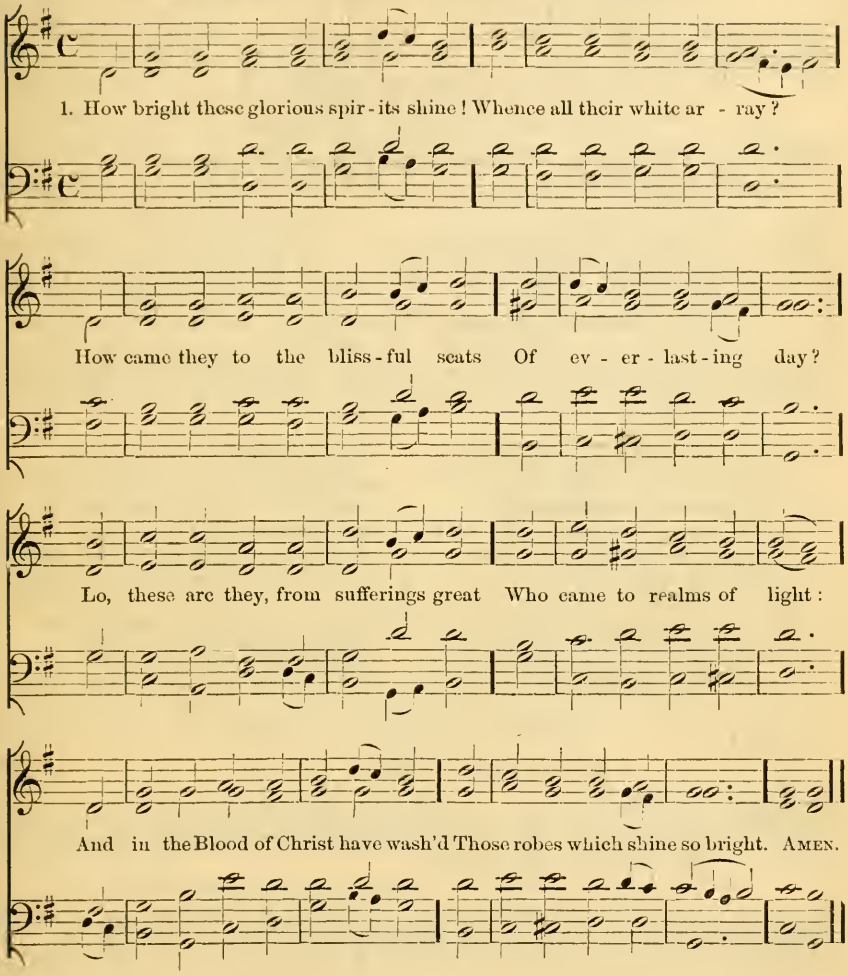
2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd:
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! AMEN.

177. How bright these glorious spirits shine!

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." C. M. D.



2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

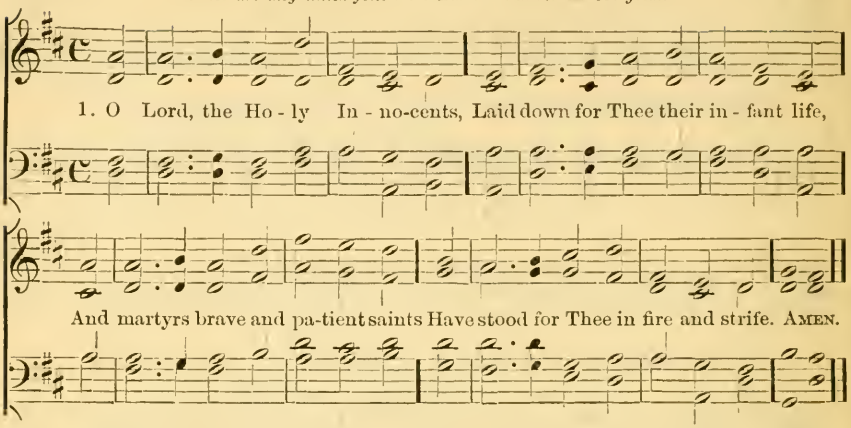
3 The Lamb, Which reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. AMEN.

178. O Lord, the Holy Innocents.

HOLY INNOCENTS.

"These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

L. M.



2 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

3 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

4 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

5 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

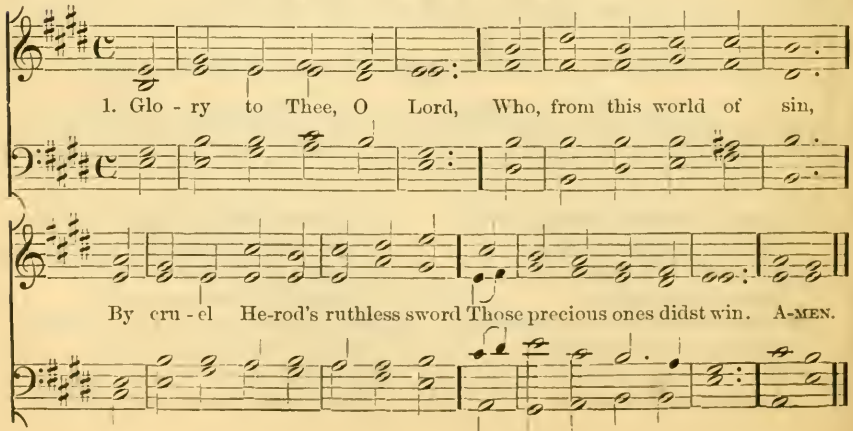
6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

7 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake. AMEN.

179. Glory to Thee, O Lord.

"They are without fault before the throne of God."

S. M.



2 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reach'd the quiet land.

3 O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
O that, as free from deeds of sin,
We shrank not from Thy sight.

4 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name. AMEN.

Behold a humble train.

180. THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

"The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former." S. M.

1 Behold a humble train
The courts of God draw near;
A Virgin Mother and her babe
Before the Lord appear.

2 O wondrous, blessèd sight!
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly babe—the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, they own.

3 And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.

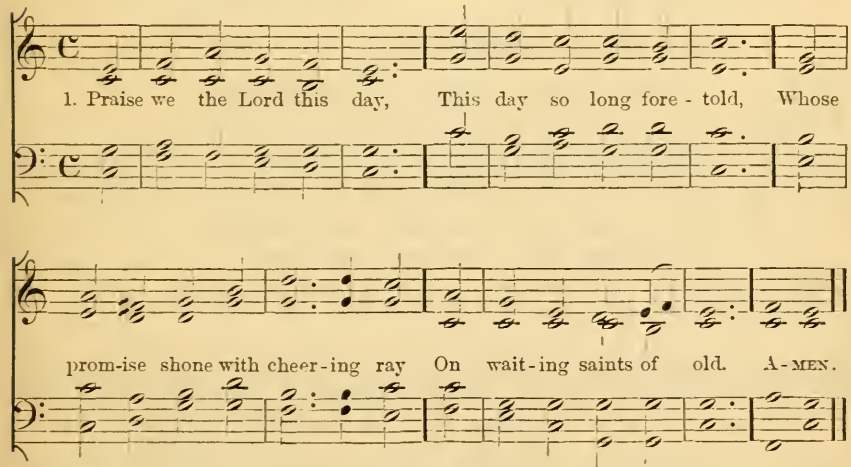
4 The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the Lord;
But here the Lord Himself appears,
The true, Incarnate Word.

5 Blest Saviour, come once more
With power and grace divine;
Our hearts Thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever Thine. AMEN.

Praise we the Lord this day.

181. ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

"Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His Name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." S. M.



2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

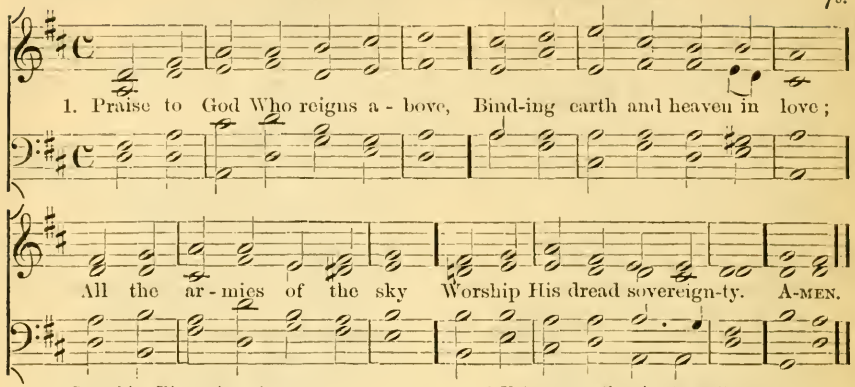
4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

5 Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The Incarnate Saviour's birth. AMEN

182. Praise to God Who reigns above.

SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

"O praise the Lord all ye His hosts: ye servants of His that do His pleasure." 7s.



2 Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Ranks of Might that never cowers.

3 Angel hosts His word fulfil,
Ruling nature by His will:
Round His throne archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.

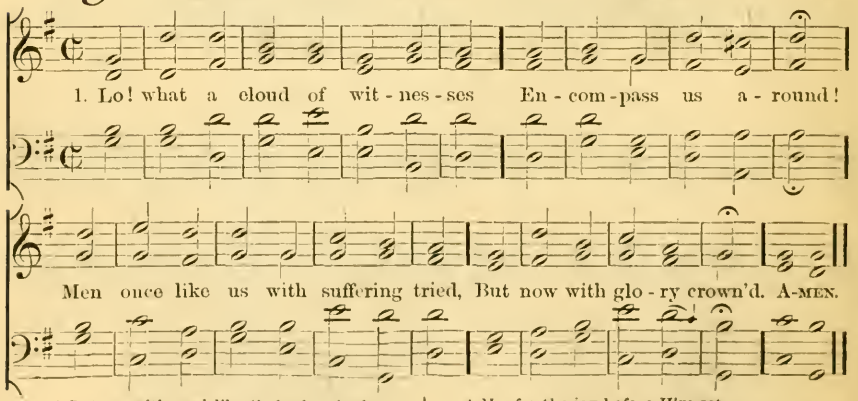
4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For true Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.

5 On the throne our Lord Who died
Sits in manhood glorified,
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go. AMEN.

II.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

183. Lo! what a cloud of witnesses!

"Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." C. M.



2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

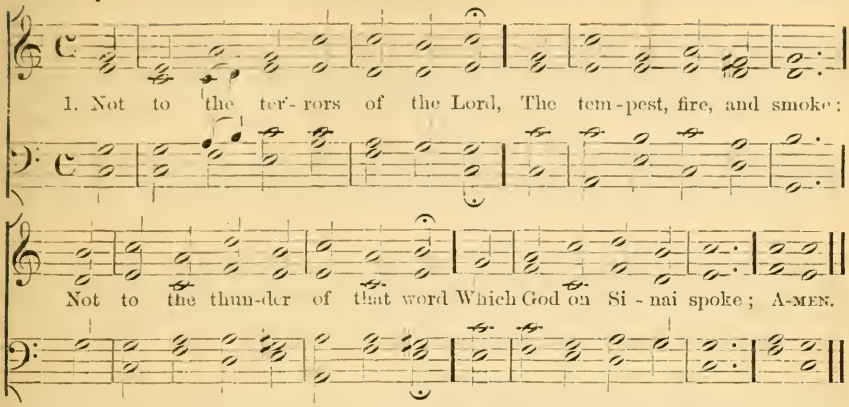
3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, the Author, Finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the Cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand. AMEN.

184. Not to the terrors of the Lord.

"He hath prepared for them a city." C. M.



2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

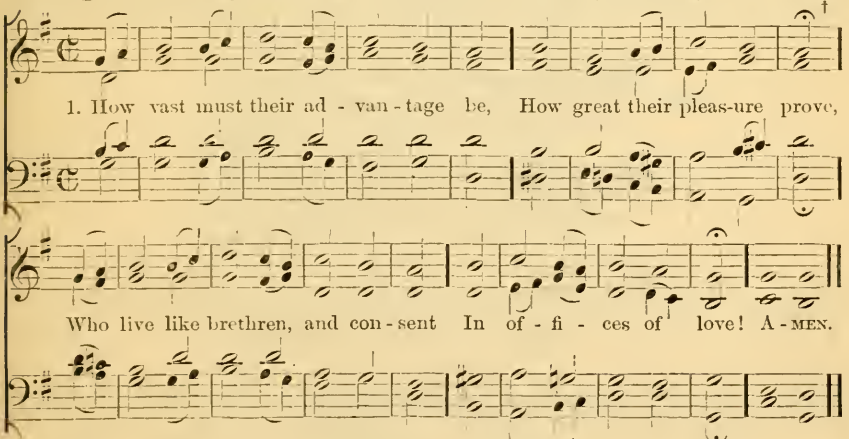
3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light:
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.

5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His love partake. AMEN.

185. How vast must their advantage be.

"Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity." C. M.



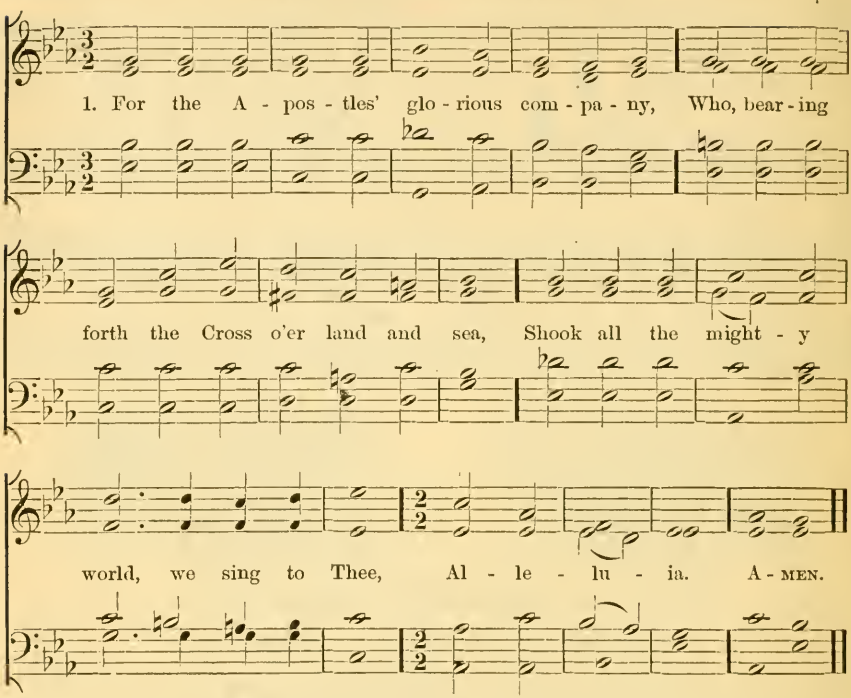
2 True love is like the precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly fragrance shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's favour'd hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring. AMEN.

186. For the Apostles' glorious company.

"Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." P. M. †

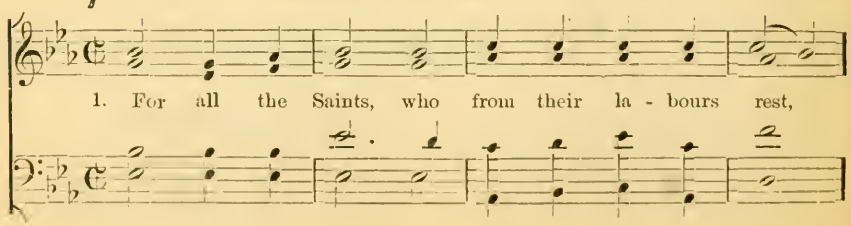


2 For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored.
Alleluia.

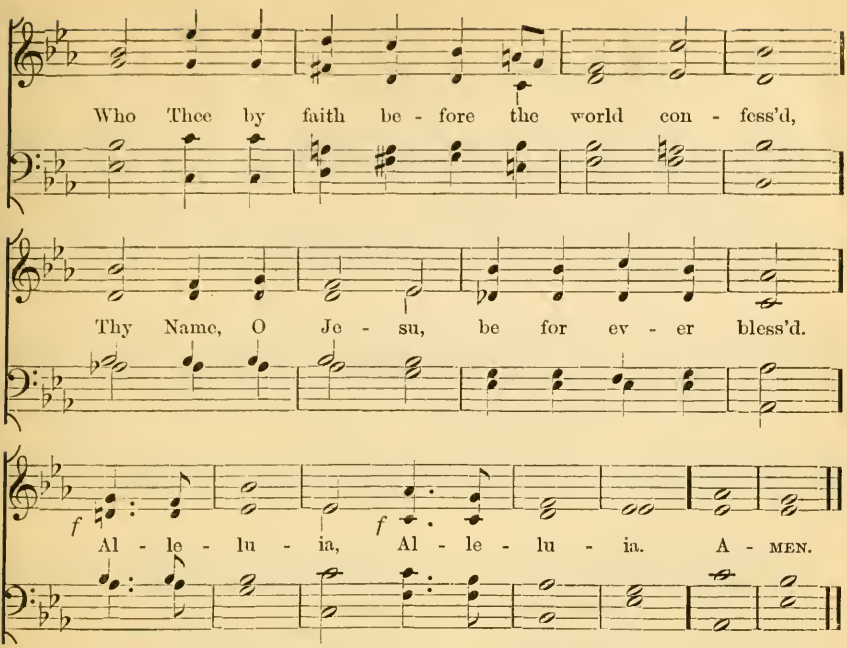
3 For Martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye,
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
And died to grasp it, Thee we glorify.
Alleluia. AMEN.

187. For all the saints, who from their labours rest.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." P. M.



The Communion of Saints.



2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.
Alleluia.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

4 O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.
Alleluia.

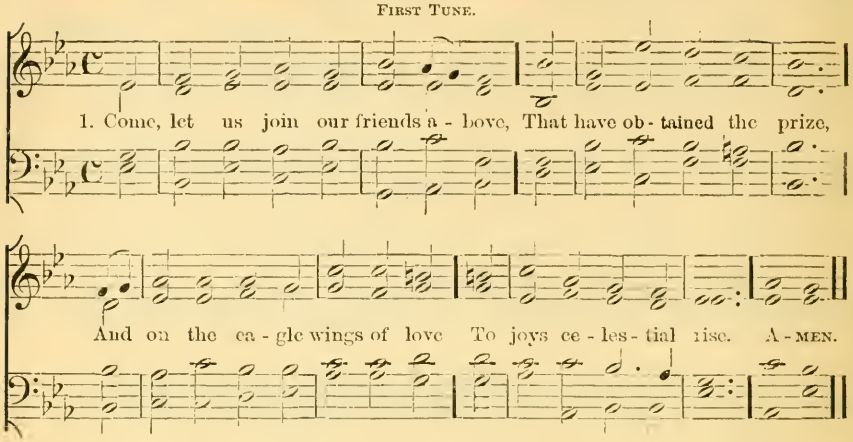
7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia. AMEN.

188. Come, let us join our friends above.

"Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." C. M.

First Tune.



2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

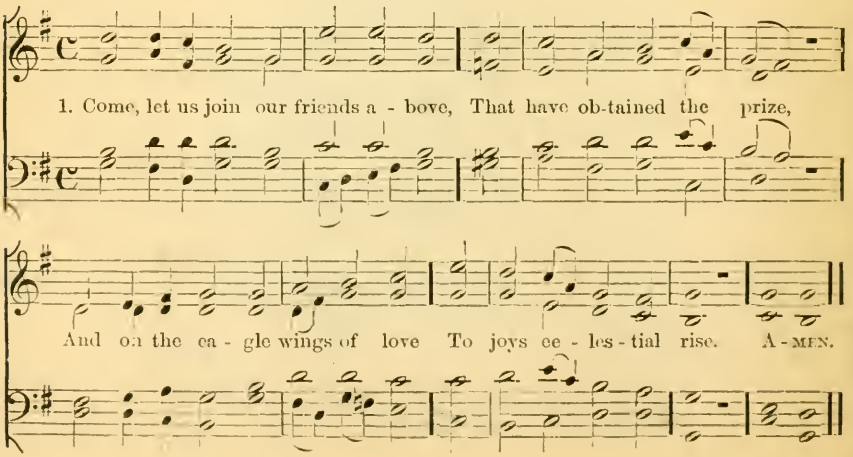
4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 Then, Lord of hosts, be Thou our Guide,
And we, at Thy command,
Through waves that part on either side,
Shall reach Thy blessèd land. AMEN.

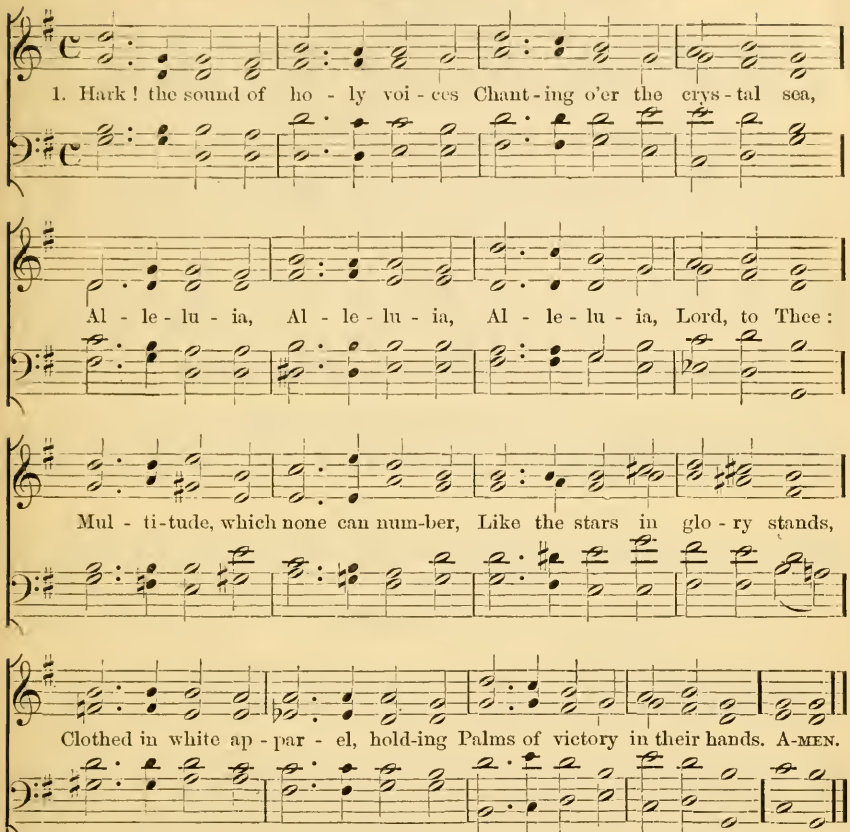
188.

Second Tune. C. M.



Hark! the sound of holy voices.

189. *"And after this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindred and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."* 8s. 7s. D.



2 Patriarch and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

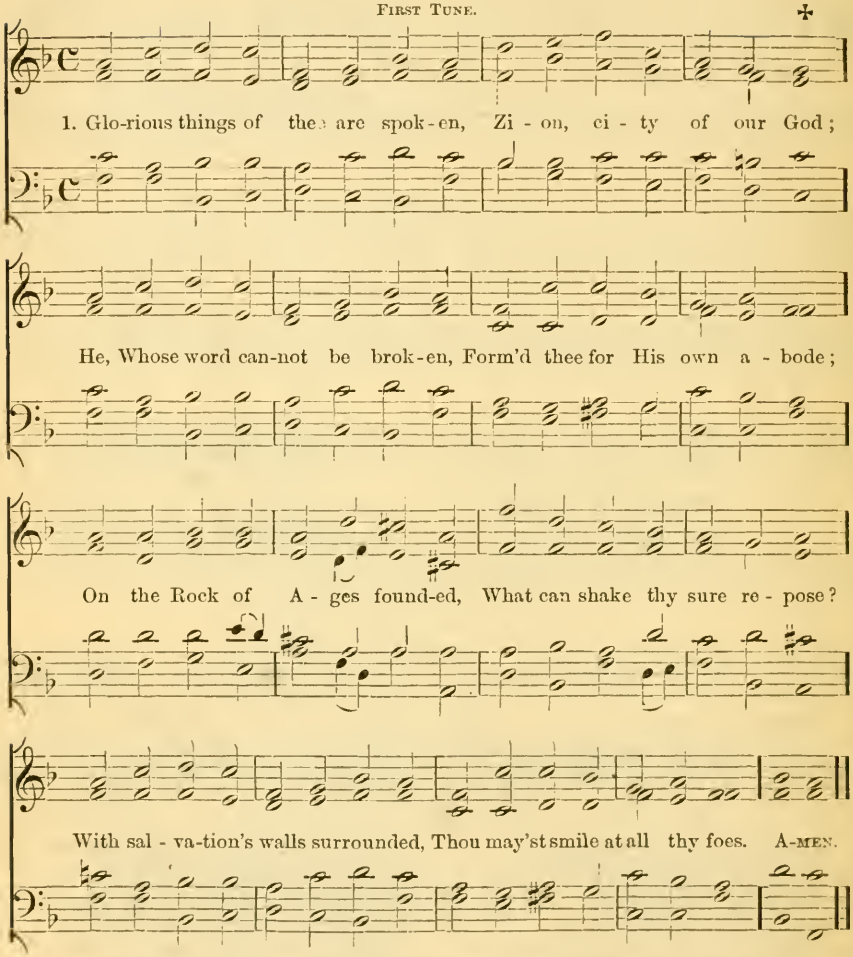
5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity. AMEN.

III.—THE CHURCH.

190. Glorious things of thee are spoken.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." 8s. 7s. D.

FIRST TUNE. ✠



2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

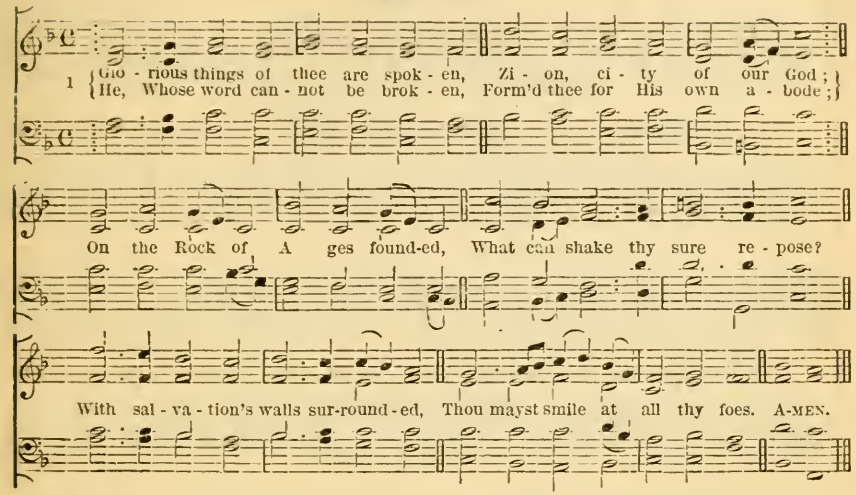
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on, [AMEN.
Makes them kings and priests to God.

190. Glorious things of thee are spoken.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

8s. 7s. D.

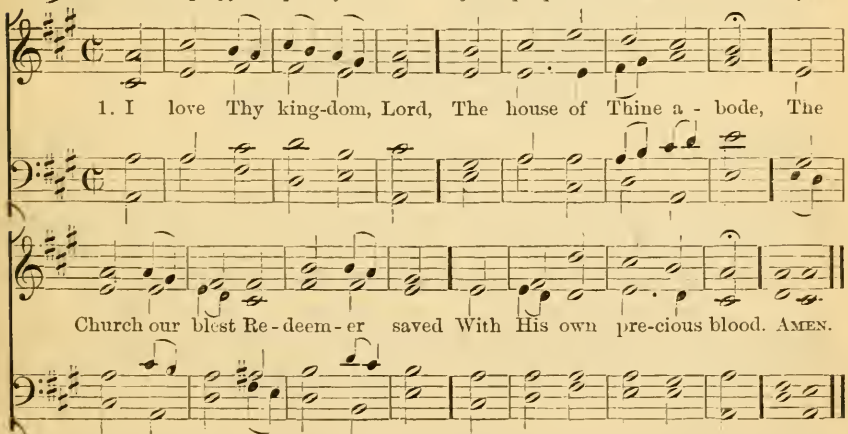
SECOND TUNE.



191. I love Thy kingdom, Lord.

"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee."

S. M.



2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

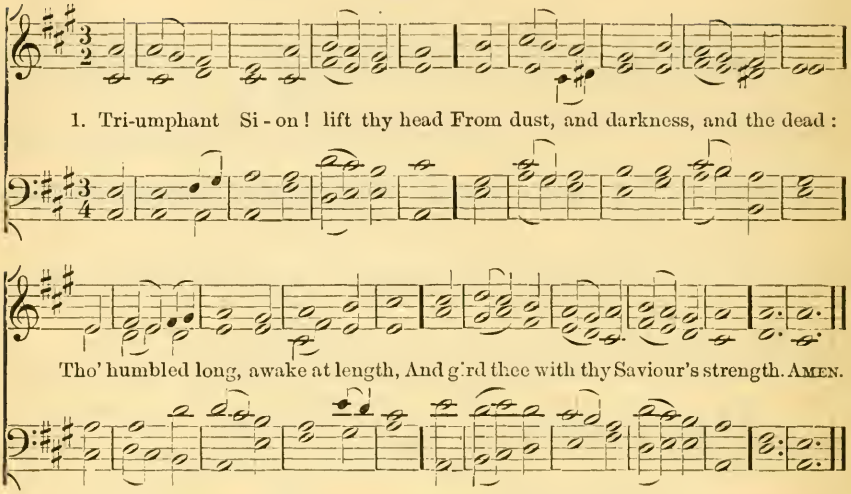
5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. AMEN.

192. Triumphant Sion! lift thy head.

"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Sion." L. M.

First Tune.



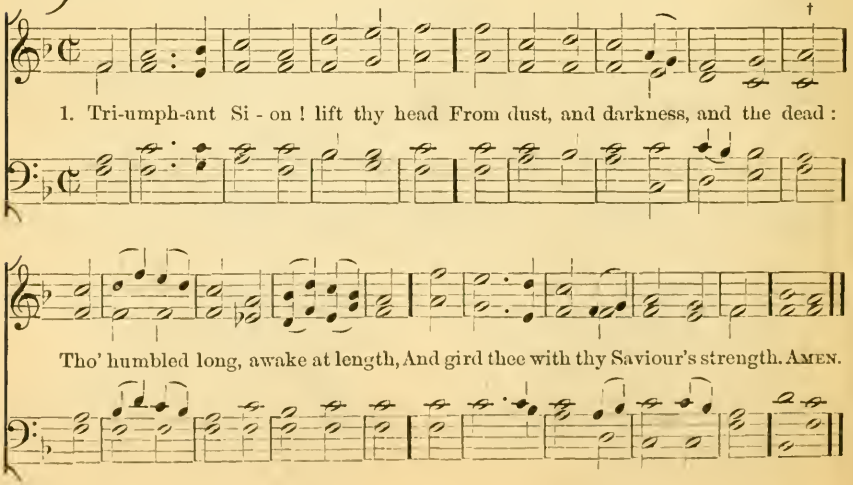
2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace. Amen.

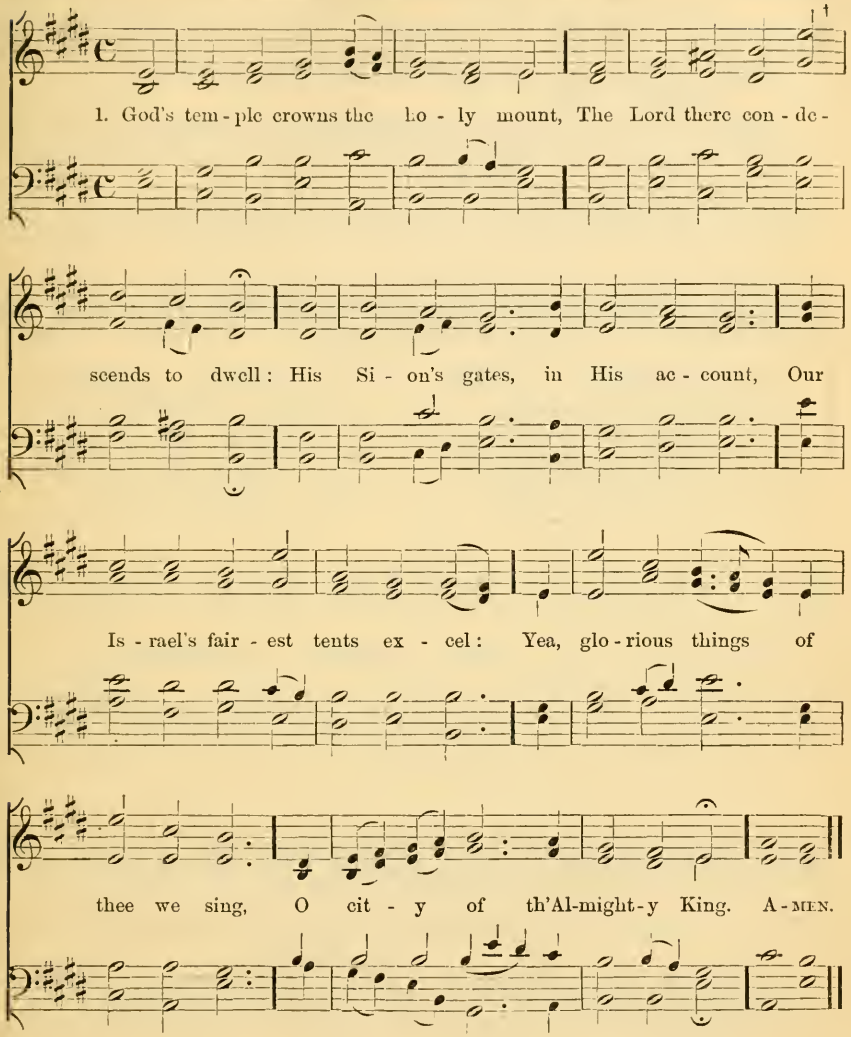
192.

Second Tune. L. M.



193. God's temple crowns the holy mount.

"Very excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God." Six 8s.

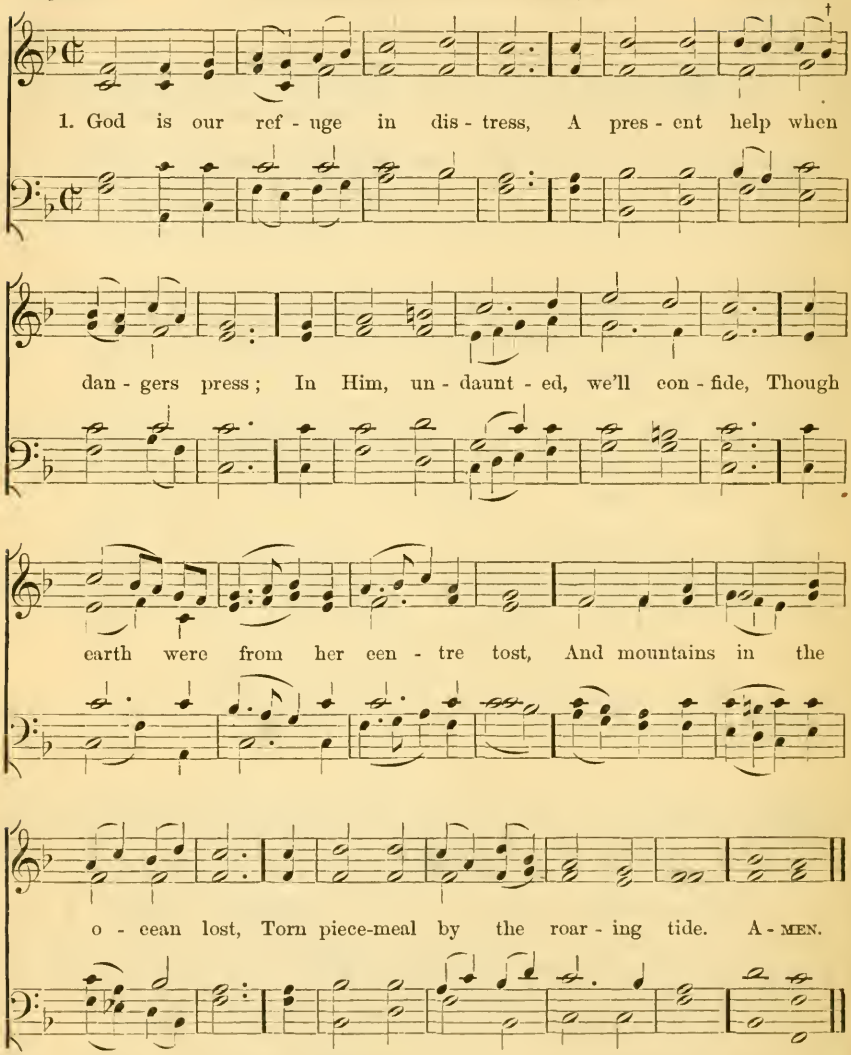


2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed;
The Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enrol her holy seed:
Yea, for His people He shall count
The children of His favour'd mount.

3 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate His matchless praise;
Who, here in alleluias skill'd,
In heaven their harps and hymns shall [raise:
O Sion, seat of Israel's King,
Be mine to drink thy living spring! AMEN.

194. God is our refuge in distress.

"God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble." Six 8s.

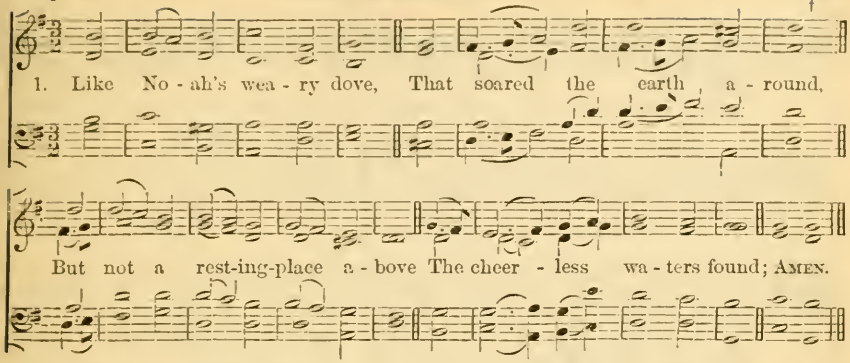


2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While His Almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's Almighty sway,
For Him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess:
The God of hosts conduct our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress. AMEN.

195. Like Noah's weary dove.

"We which have believed do enter into rest." S. M.



2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

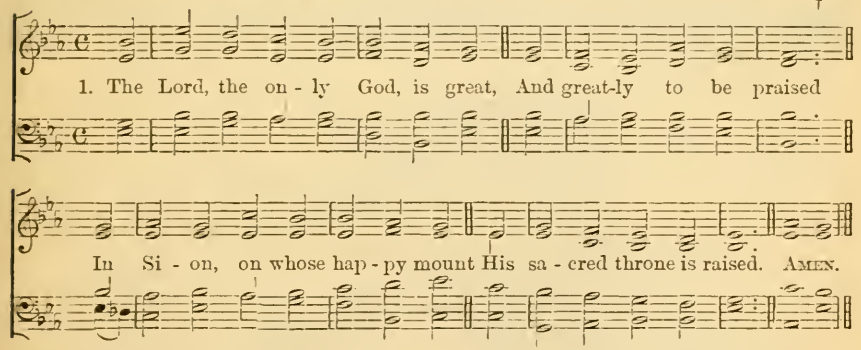
3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Sion's hill. AMEN.

196. The Lord, the only God, is great.

"The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth." C. M.



2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs His judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

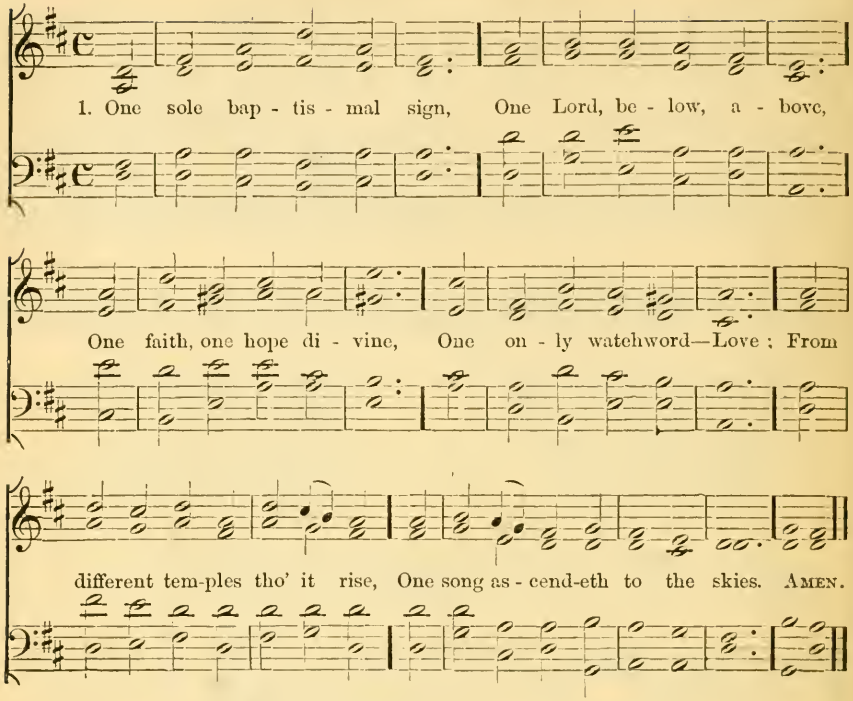
4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well,
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.

6 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in Him confide;
Who, as He has preserved us now,
Till death will be our guide. AMEN.

197. One sole baptismal sign.

"That they all may be one." 6s. 8s.



2 Our Sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one

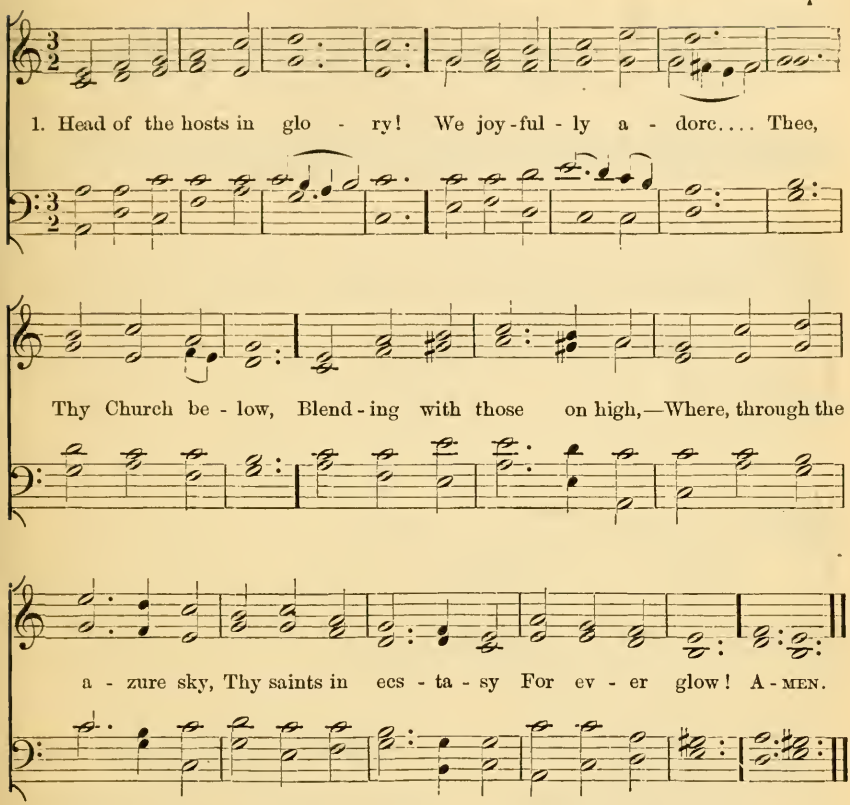
GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. AMEN.

198. Head of the hosts in glory!

"Christ is the Head of the Church."

P. M.



2 Angels! Archangels! glorious
Guards of the Church victorious!
Worship the Lamb!
Crown Him with crowns of light,
One of the Three by right—
Love, majesty, and might—
The Great I AM!

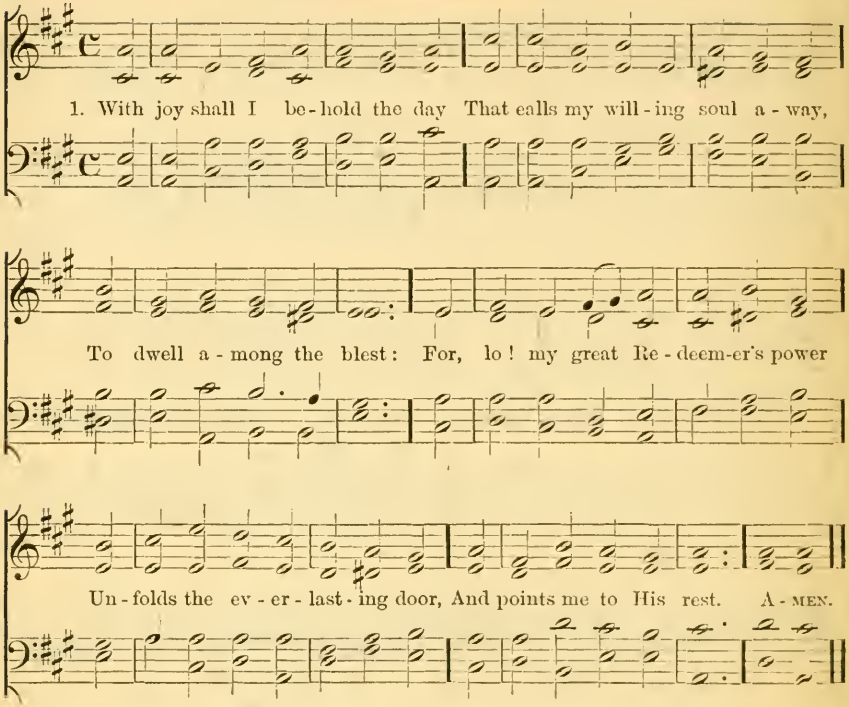
3 Martyrs! whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round:
Wave high your banners, wave!
Your God, our Saviour, clave
For death itself a grave,
In hell profound!

4 Saints! in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesus' feet,
Amidst our rude alarms,
We stretch forth suppliant arms,
That we, too, safe from harms,
In heaven may meet!

5 Saviour! in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthroned in power,
Grant, by Thy awful Name,
That we through flood and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour. AMEN.

199. With joy shall I behold the day.

"Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem." 8s.6s.



2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' Almighty King.

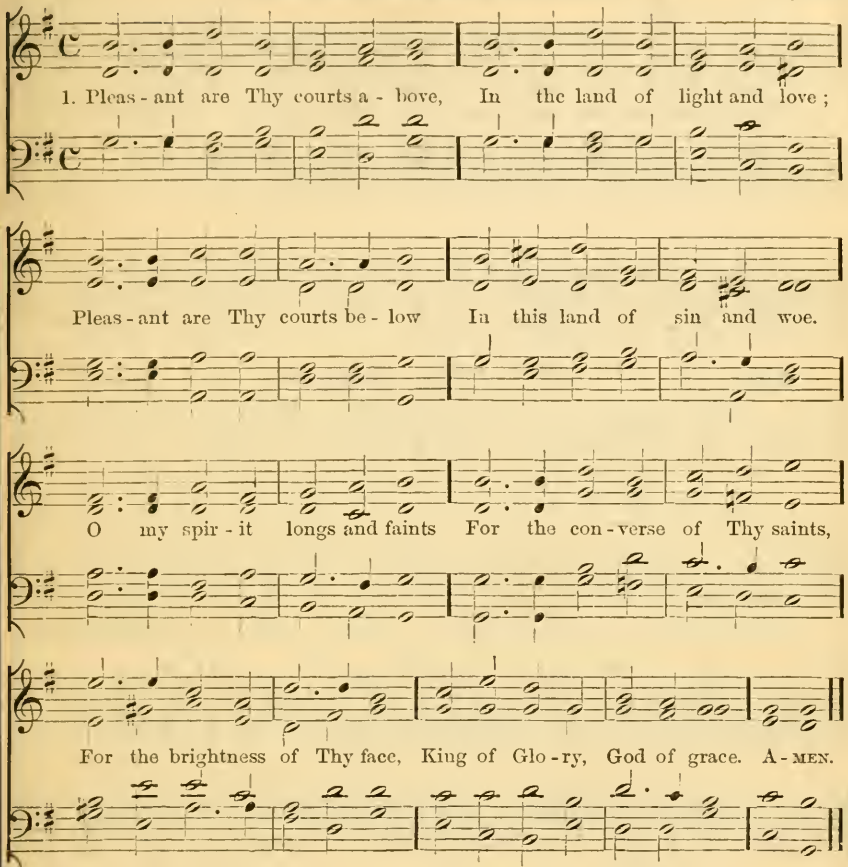
4 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is and so shall last
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

200. Pleasant are Thy courts above.

"O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts." 7s. D.



2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest,
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

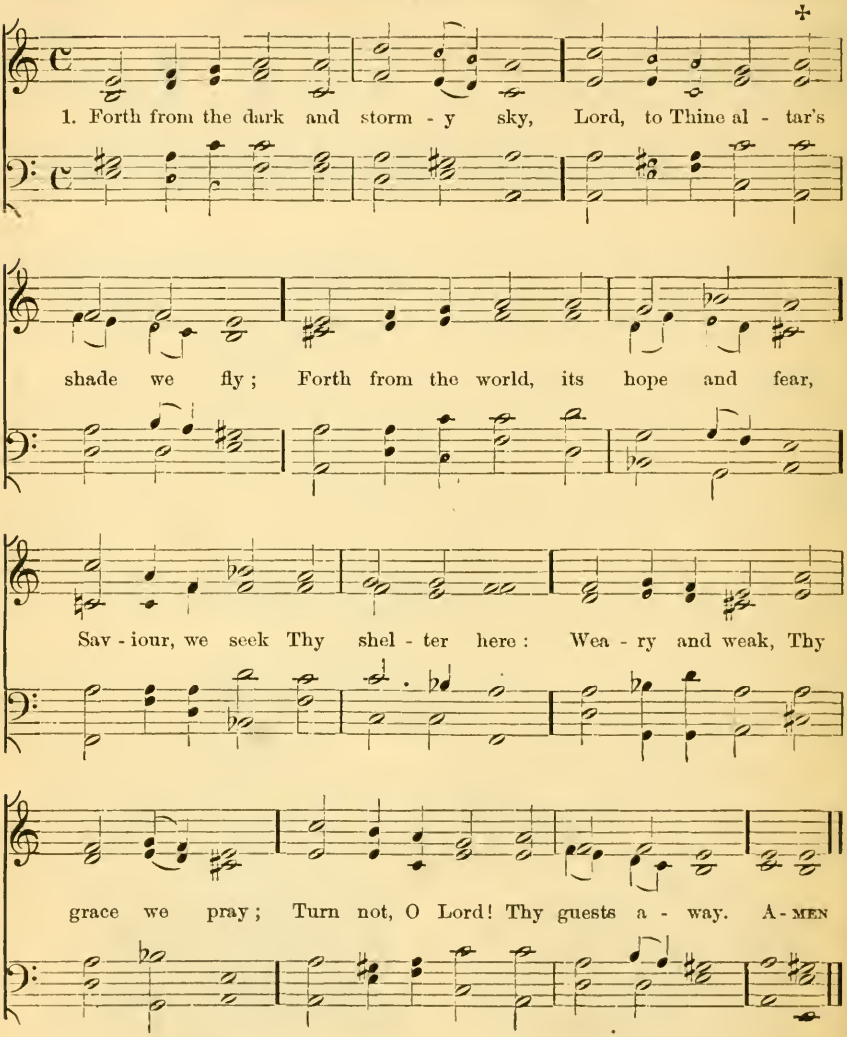
GLORIA PATRI.

HOLY Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might:
Holy Son Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord. AMEN.

201. Forth from the dark and stormy sky.

"Under the shadow of Thy wings shall be my refuge."

Six 8s.



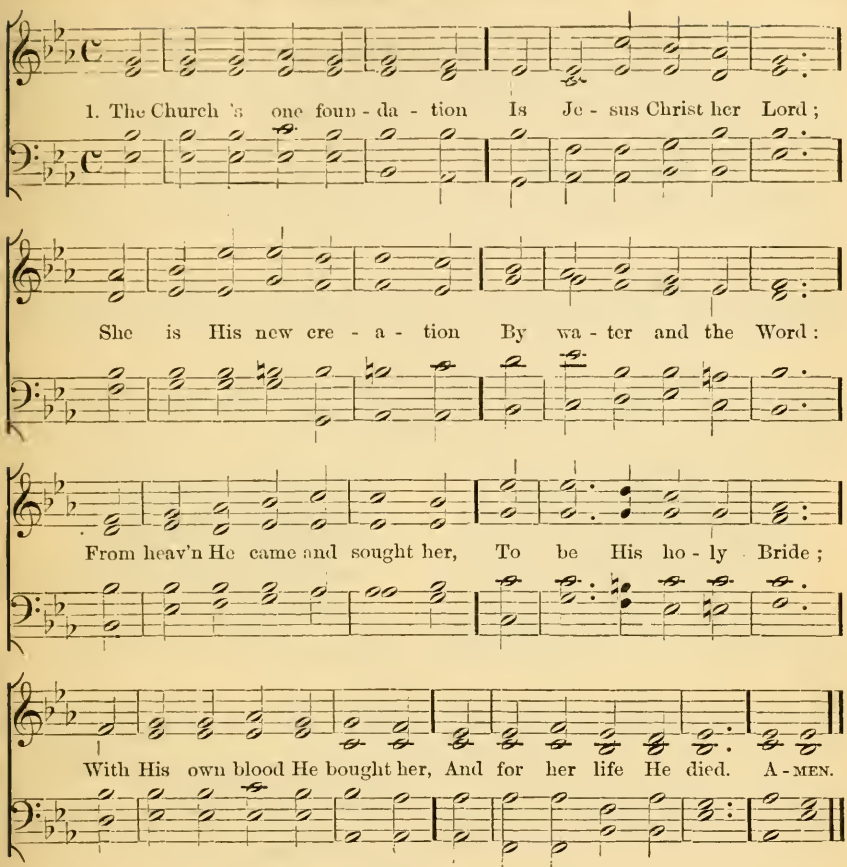
2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now and shall be evermore. AMEN.

202. The Church's one foundation.

"Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner-stone." 7s. 6s. D.



2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth.
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

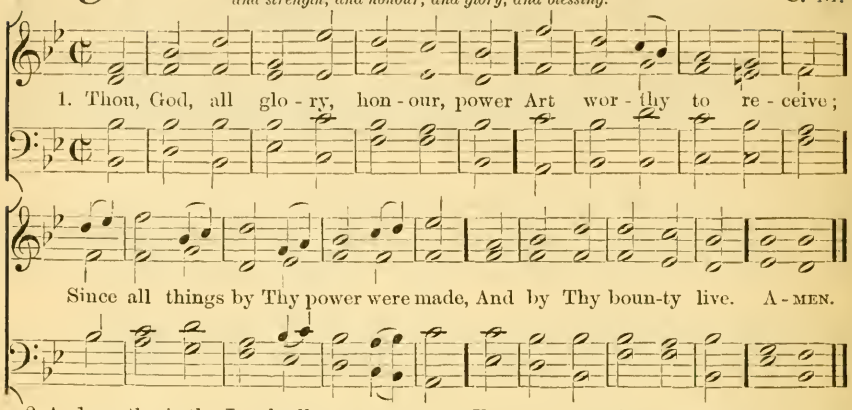
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. AMEN.

IV.—THE SACRAMENTS.

Thou, God, all glory, honour, power.

203. *"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."* C. M.



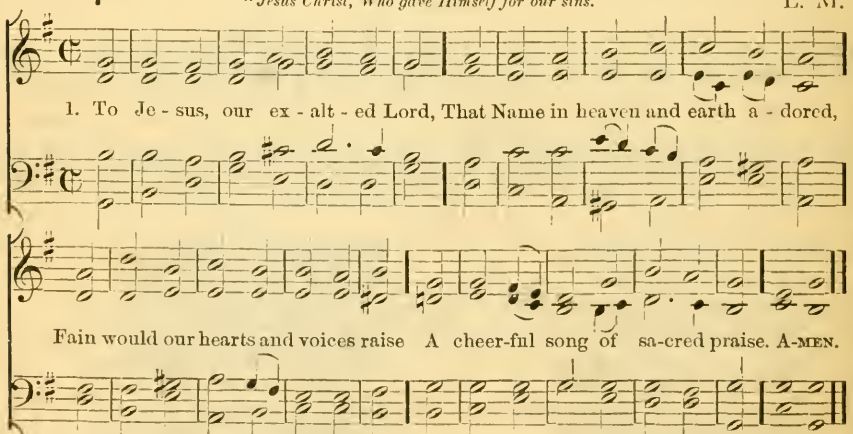
2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; Who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou, Who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him That sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given. AMEN.

To Jesus, our exalted Lord.

204. *"Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself for our sins."* L. M.



2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

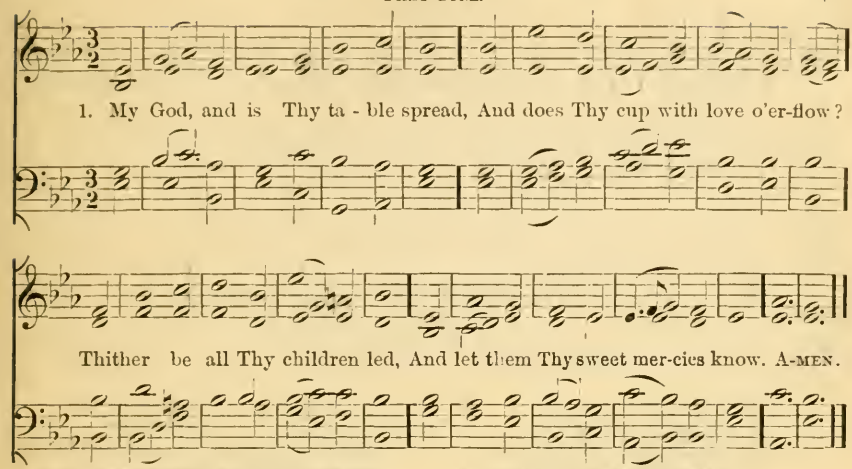
3 Yet whilst around His board we meet,
And worship at His sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love Thee more;
And, whilst we take the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine. AMEN.

205. My God, and is Thy table spread.

"Come, for all things are now ready." L. M.

First Tune.



2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

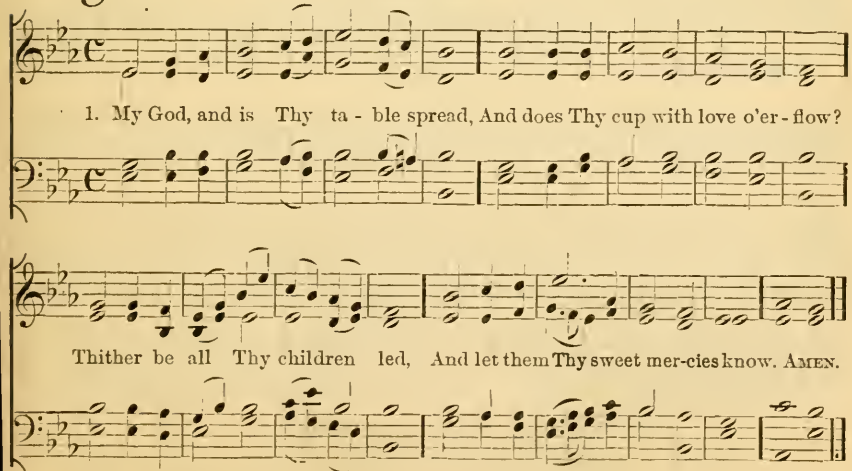
4 O let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

5 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun. Amen.

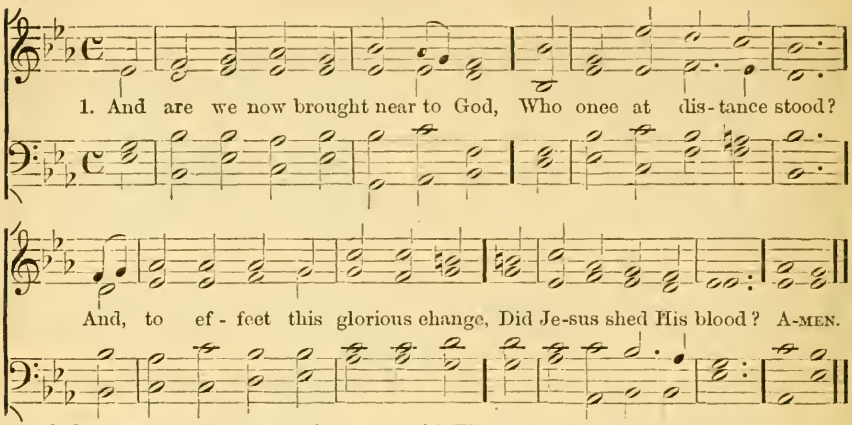
205.

Second Tune. L. M.



206. And are we now brought near to God.

"We will go into His tabernacles; we will worship at His footstool." C. M.



2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

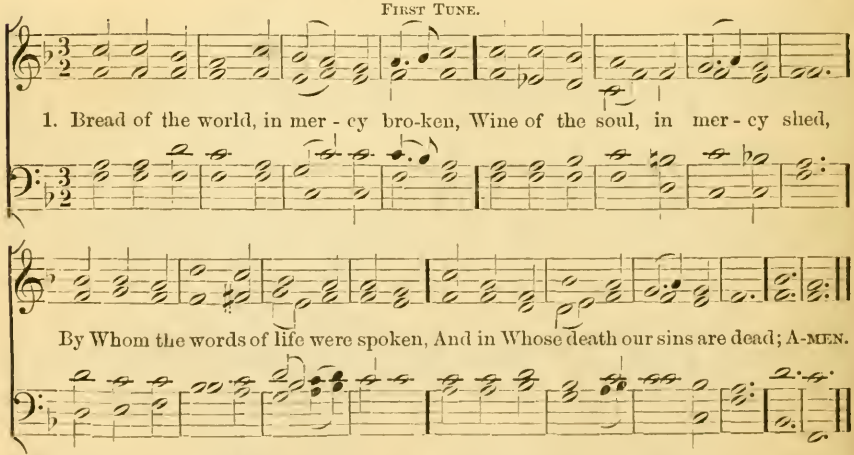
3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King:
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing:

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease." AMEN.

207. Bread of the world, in mercy broken.

"Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life." P. M.

FIRST TUNE.

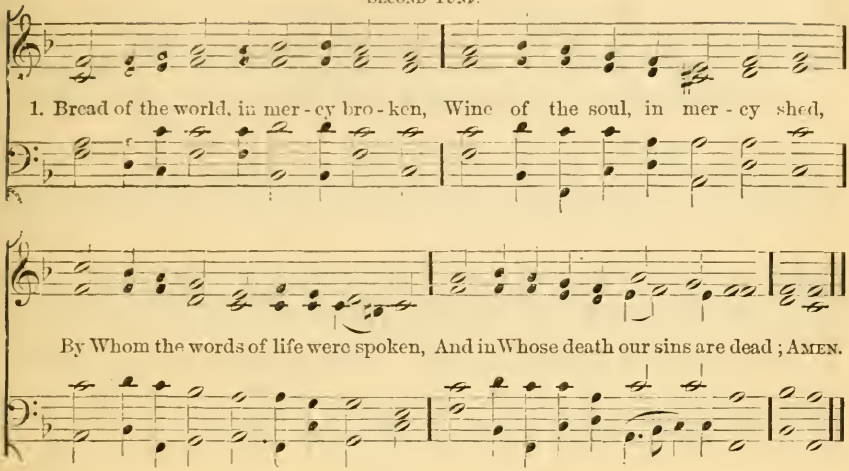


2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. AMEN.

207. Bread of the world, in mercy broken.

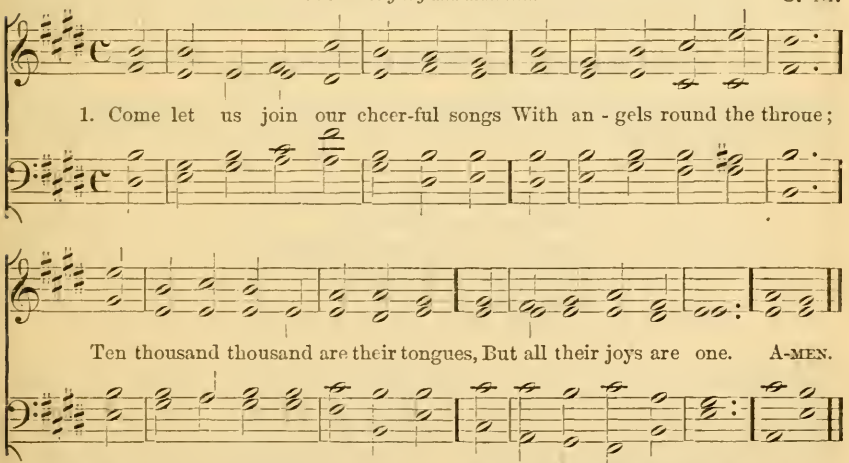
"Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life." P. M.

SECOND TUNE. †



208. Come let us join our cheerful songs.

"To Him be glory and dominion." C. M.



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

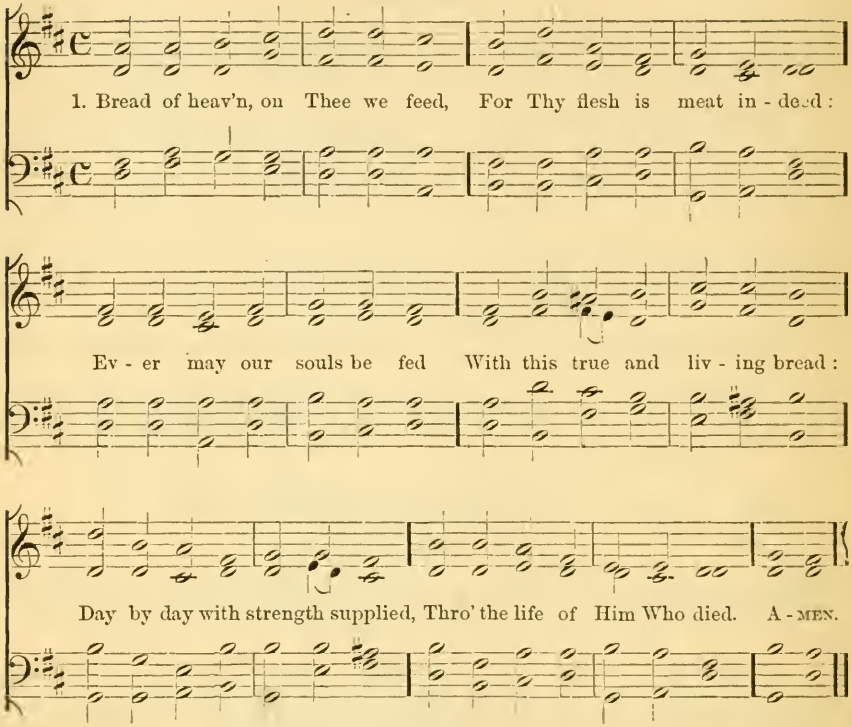
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. AMEN.

209. Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed.

"Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life." Six 7s.

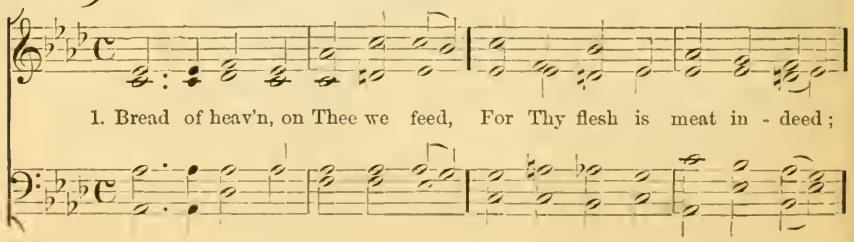
First Tune.

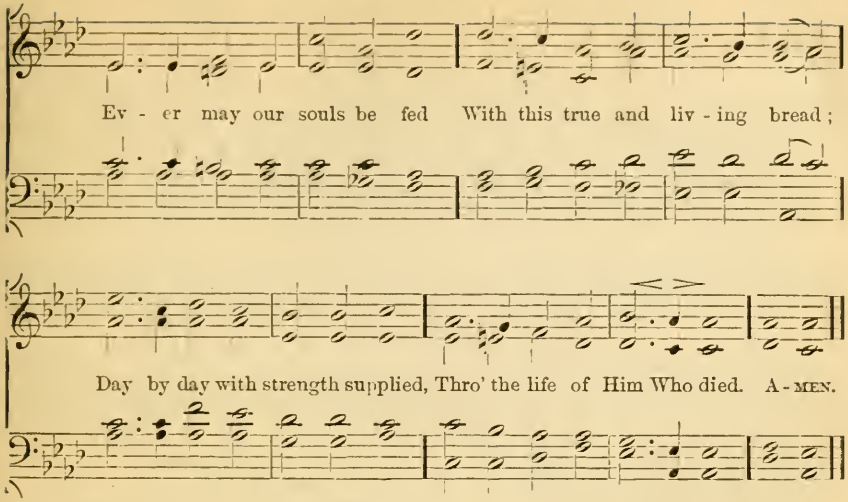


2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice,
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

209.

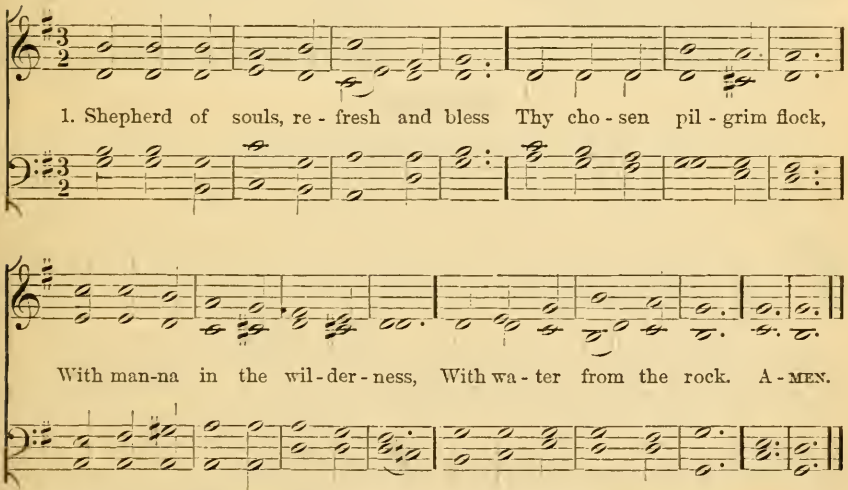
Second Tune. Six 7s.





210. Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless.

"I am that Bread of Life." C. M.



2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

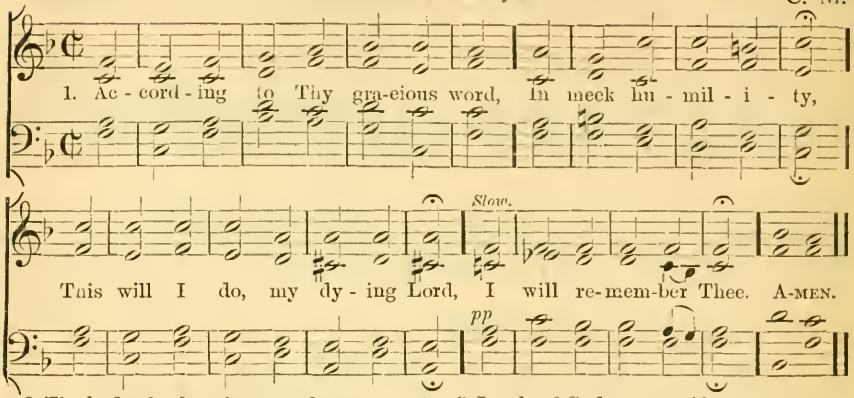
5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food. AMEN.

The Lord's Supper.

211. According to Thy gracious word.

"This do in remembrance of Me."

C. M.



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me. AMEN.

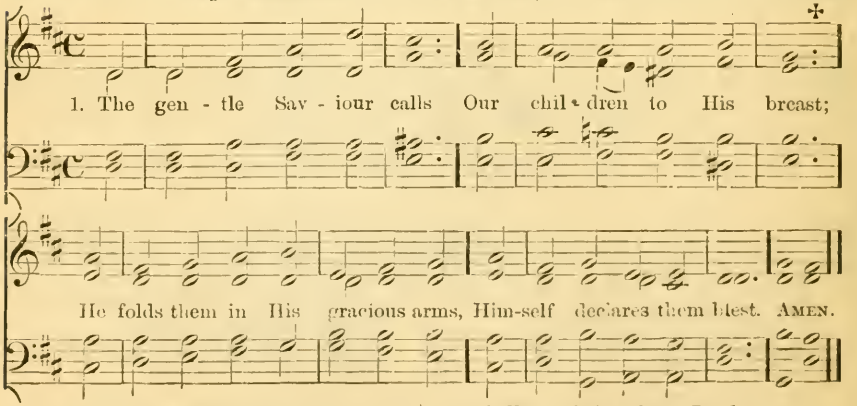
Baptism.

212. The gentle Saviour calls.

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

S. M.



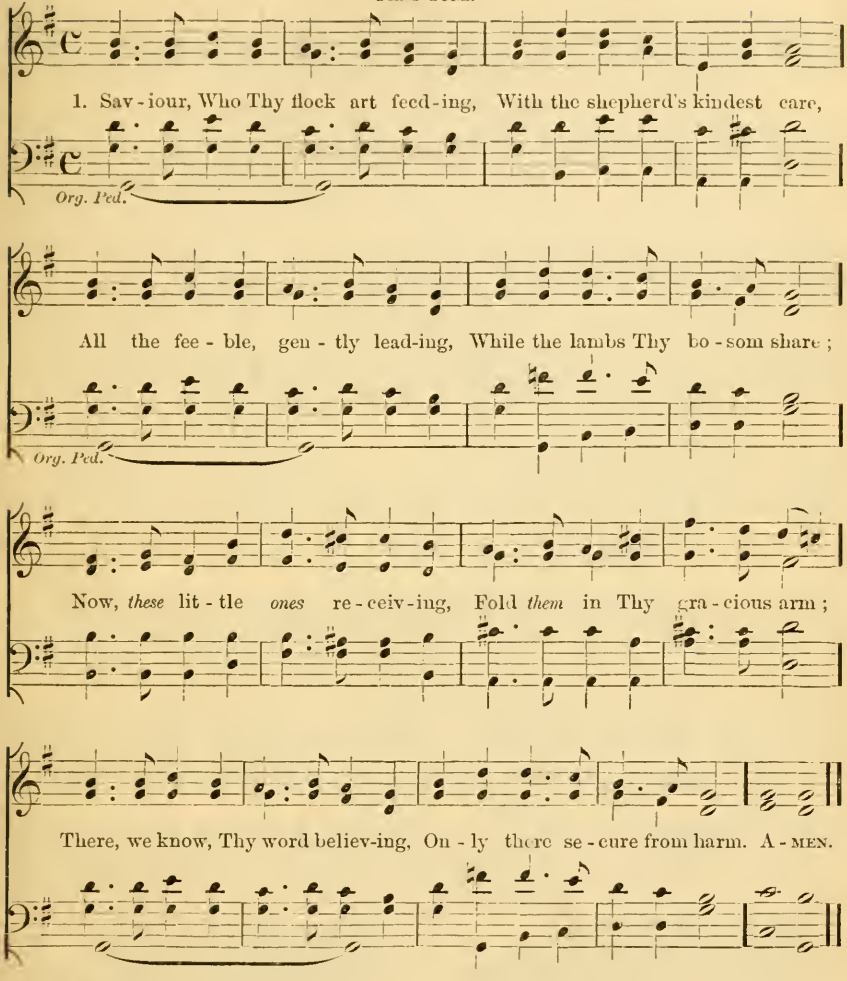
2 "Let them approach." He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring that, as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be. AMEN.

213. Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding.

"He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them." 8s. 7s.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.
Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

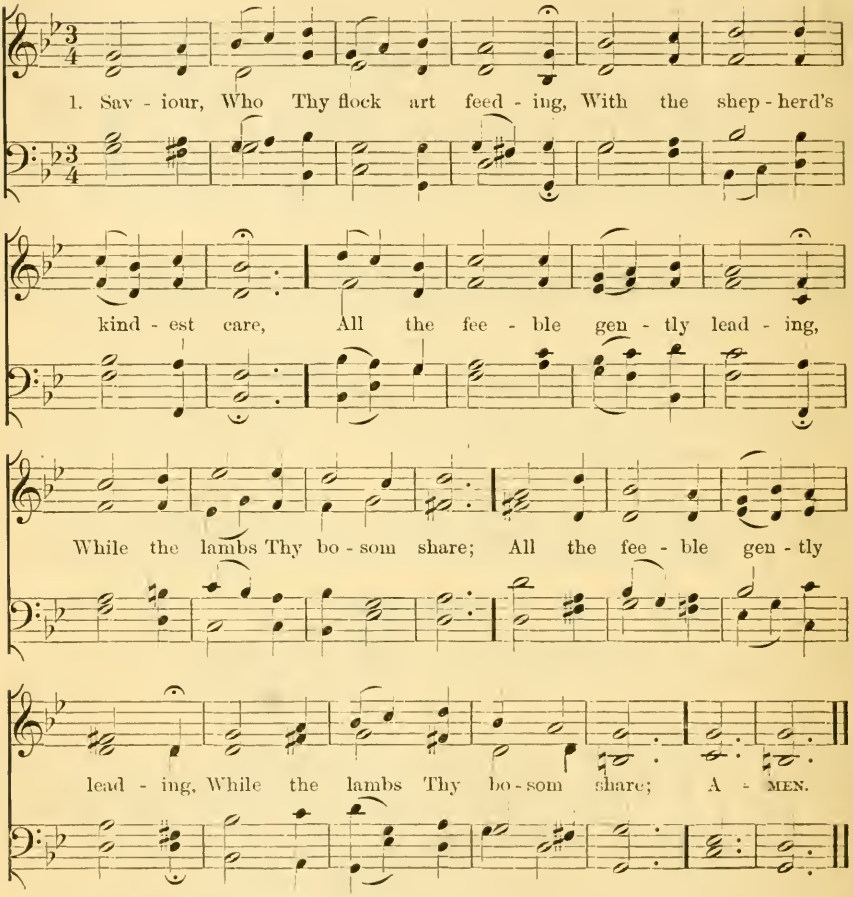
GLORIA PATRI.

LET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne,
Alleluias everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. AMEN.

213. Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding.

"He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them." 8s. 7s.

SECOND TUNE. †



2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm:
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

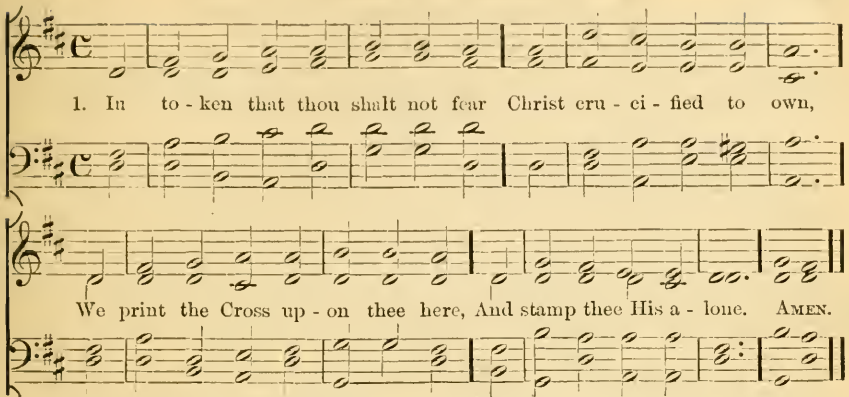
4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

GLORIA PATRI.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise.
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. AMEN.

214. In token that thou shalt not fear.

"That he may please Him Who hath chosen him to be a soldier." C. M.



2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front,
His glory and His shame.

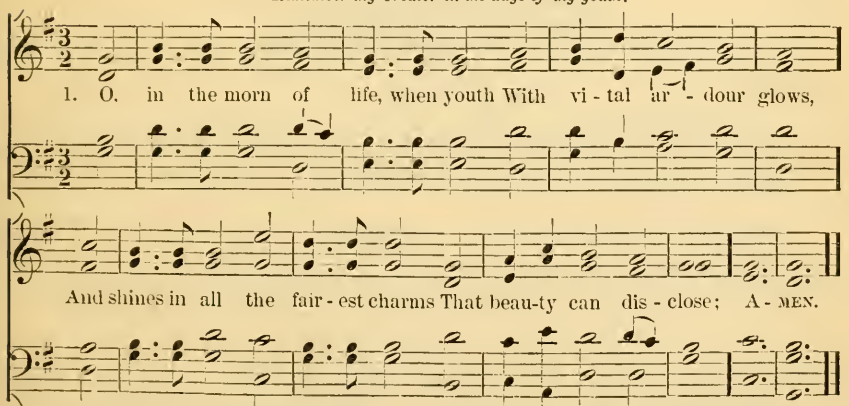
3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown. AMEN.

215. O, in the morn of life, when youth.

BAPTISM OF A YOUNG PERSON.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." C. M.



2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious Name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest:
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest. AMEN.

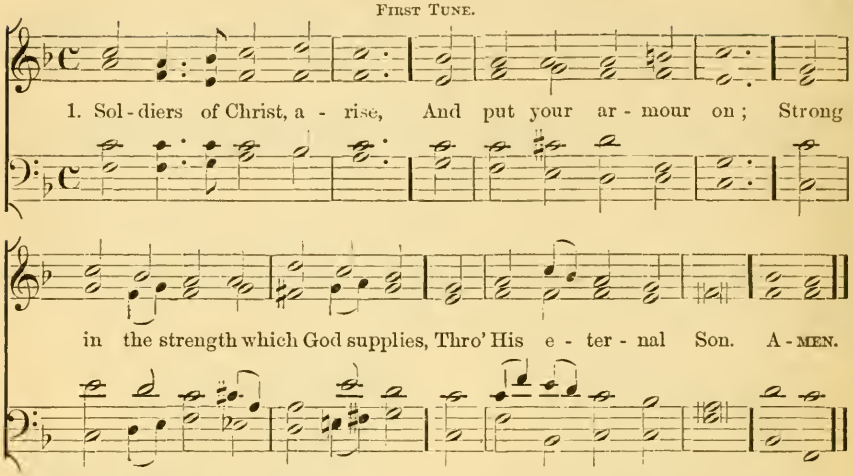
216. Soldiers of Christ, arise.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

S. M.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

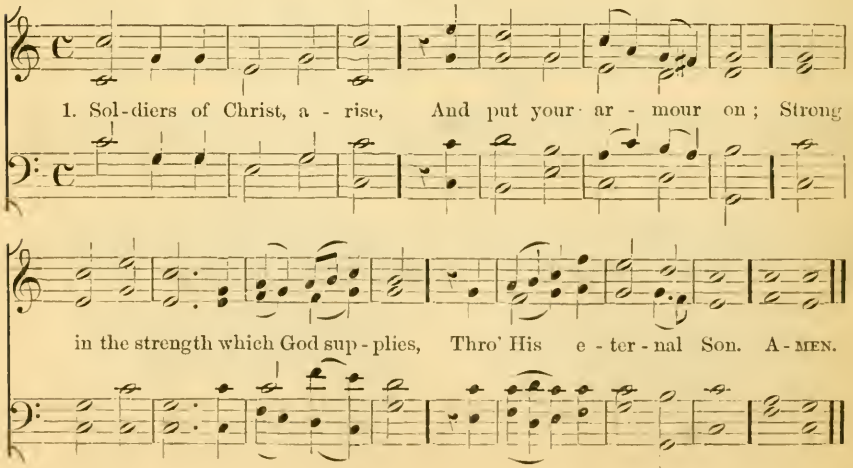
3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last. AMEN.

216.

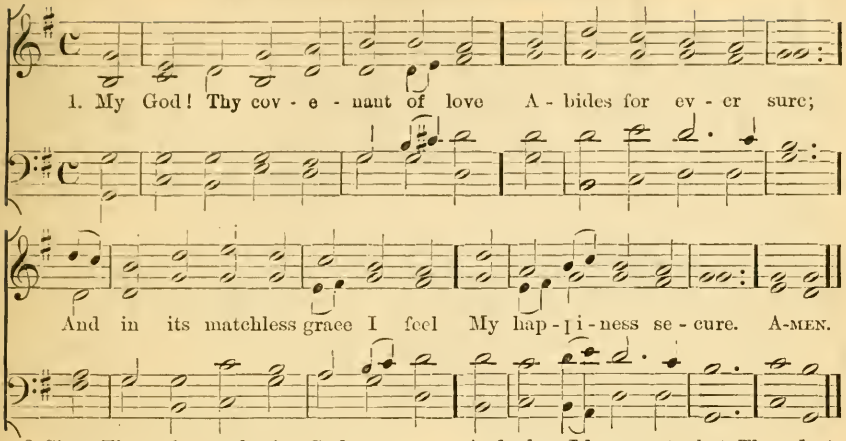
SECOND TUNE.

S. M.



217. My God! Thy covenant of love.

"Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." C. M.



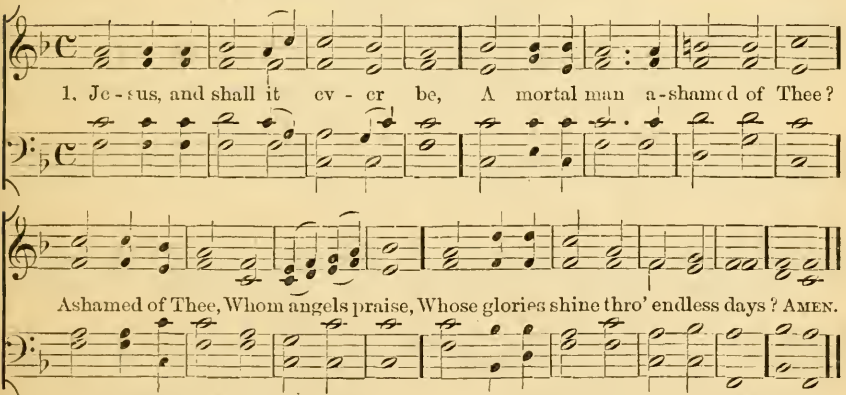
2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home,—

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart. AMEN.

218. Jesus, and shall it ever be.

"I am not ashamed, for I know Whom I have believed." L. M.



2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

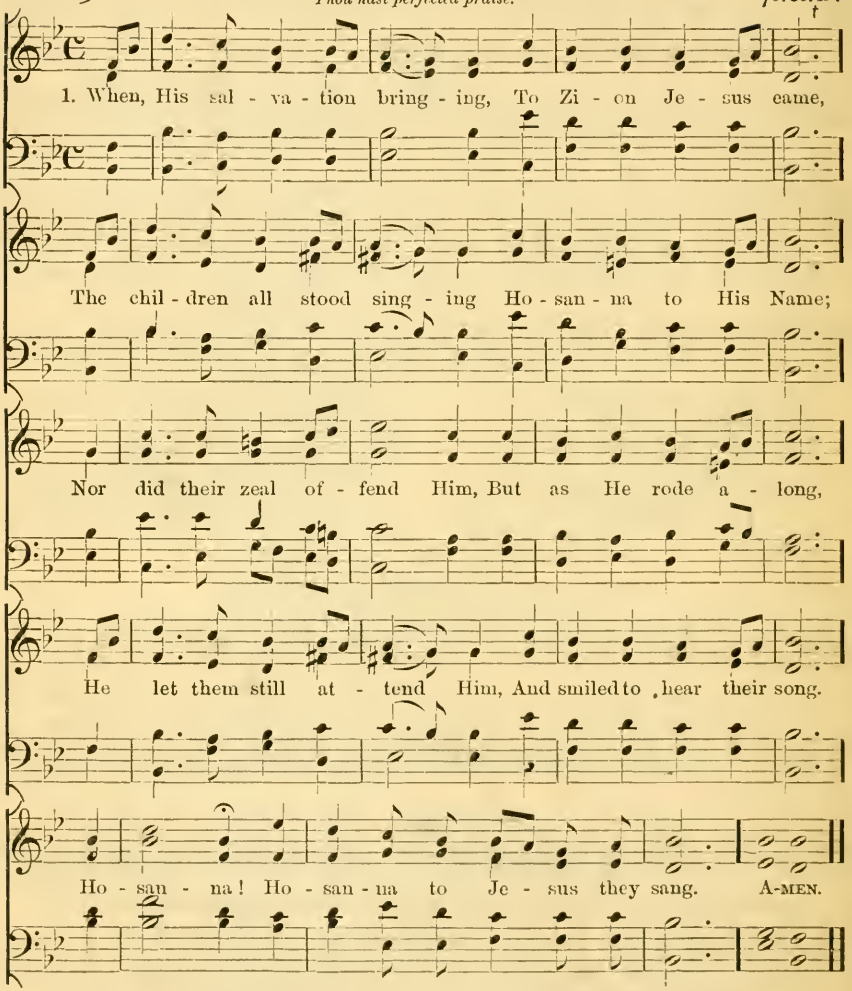
4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me. AMEN.

V.—OFFICES OF THE CHURCH.

When, His salvation bringing.

219. *"Jesus saith, Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."* 7s. 6s. D.

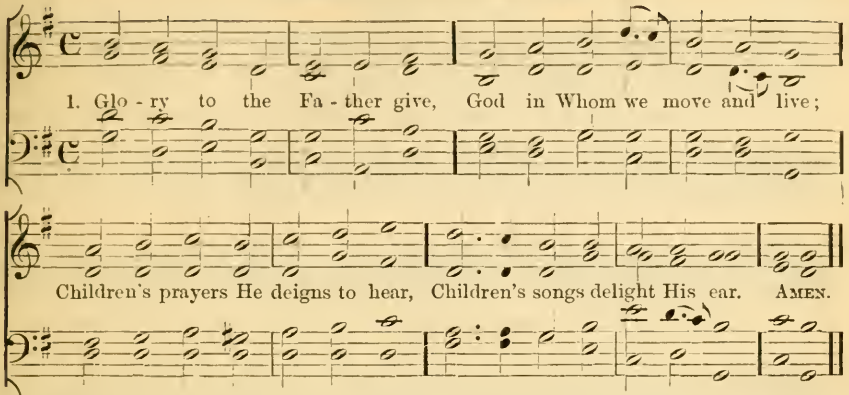


2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth,
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus, our King. AMEN.

220. Glory to the Father give.

"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name." 7s.



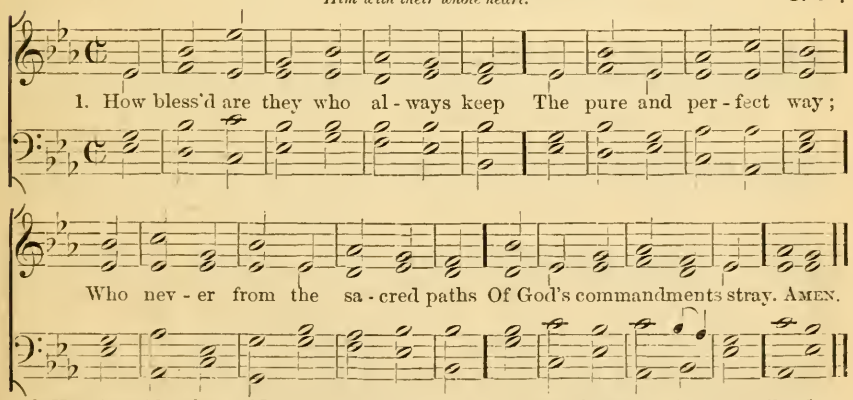
2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessèd Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love." AMEN.

221. How bless'd are they who always keep.

"Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and seek Him with their whole heart." C. M.



2 How bless'd, who to His righteous laws
Have still obedient been;
And have with fervent, humble zeal
His favour sought to win!

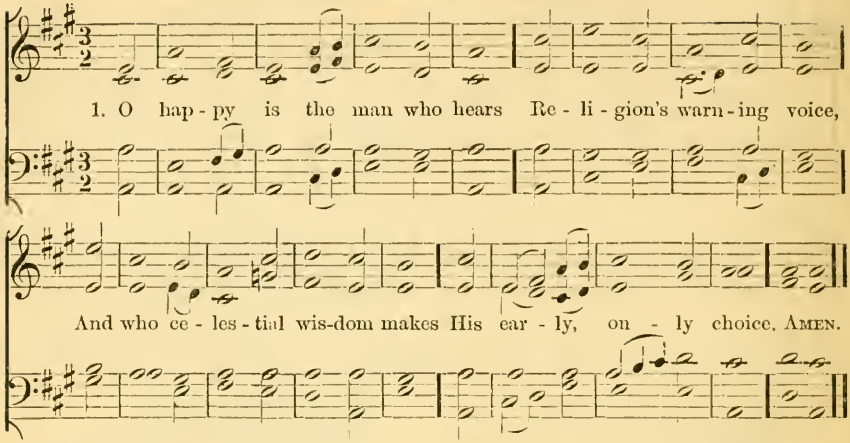
3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which He directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn Thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfill.

5 O then that Thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By Thy direction guide! AMEN.

222. O happy is the man who hears.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." C. M.



2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

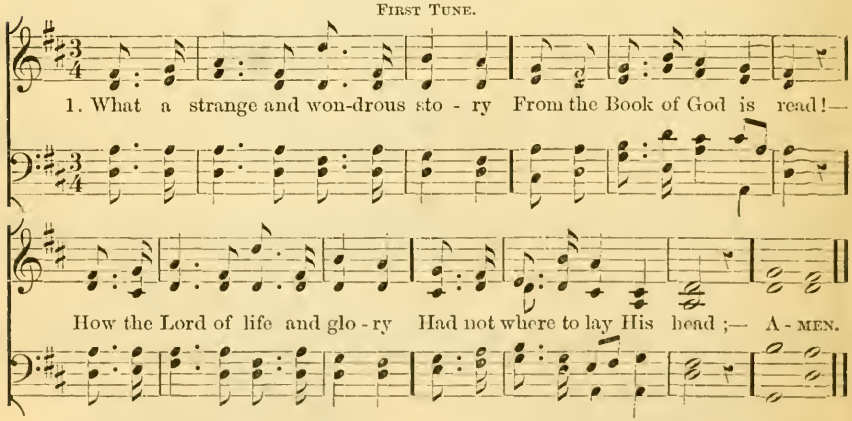
3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace. AMEN.

223. What a strange and wondrous story.

"That signs and wonders may be done by the Name of the holy Child Jesus." 8s. 7s.

FIRST TUNE.



2 How He left His throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high!

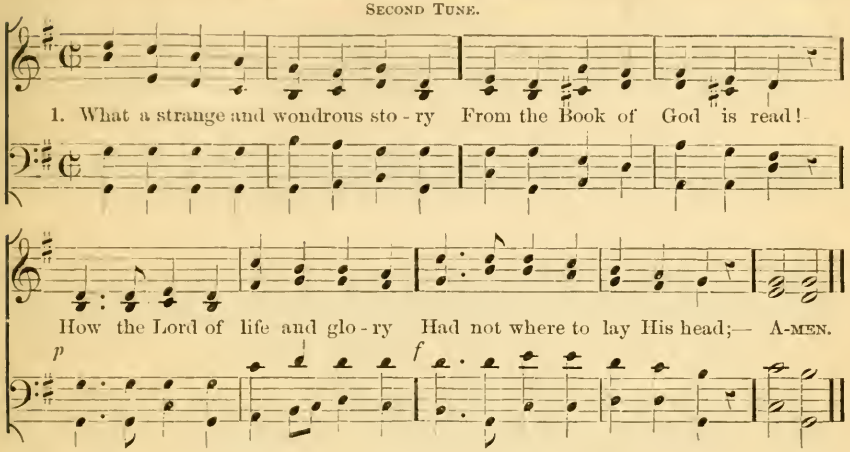
3 Father! let Thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where He reigns above.

4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of His Name. AMEN.

223. What a strange and wondrous story

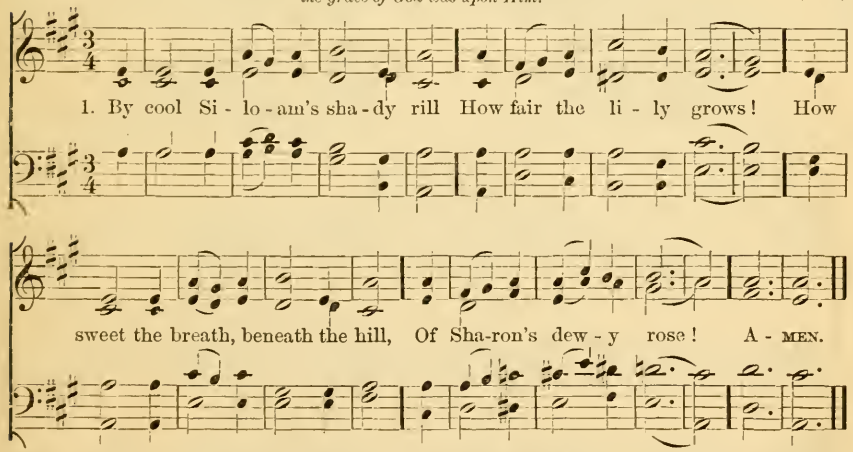
"That signs and wonders may be done by the Name of the holy Child Jesus." 8s. 7s.

SECOND TUNE.



224. By cool Siloam's shady rill.

"The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him." C. M.



2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose sacred heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

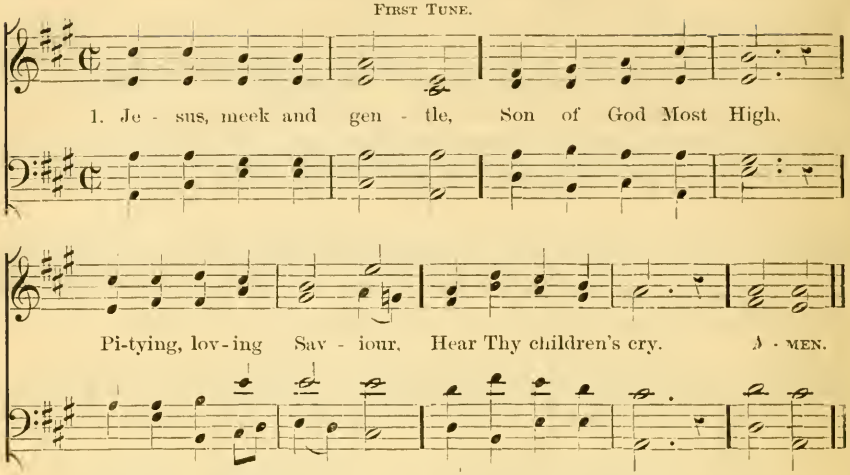
5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own. AMEN.

225. Jesus, meek and gentle.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols." 6s. 5s.

First Tune.



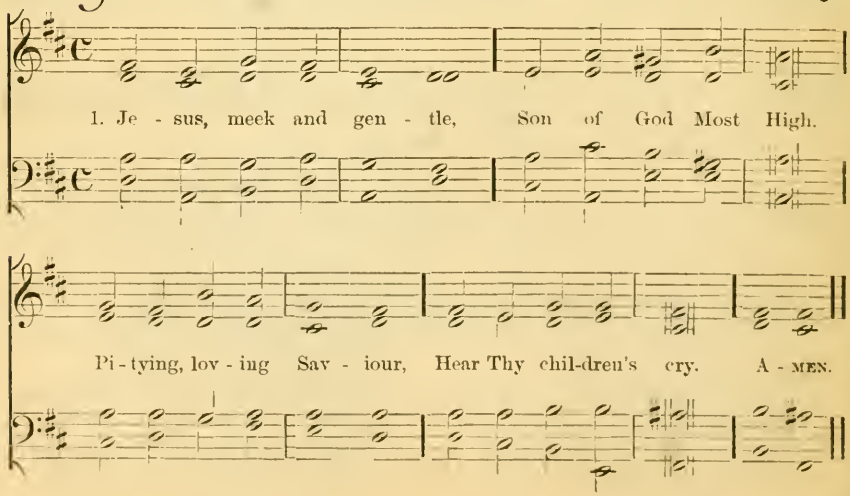
2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestial darkness
To celestial day.

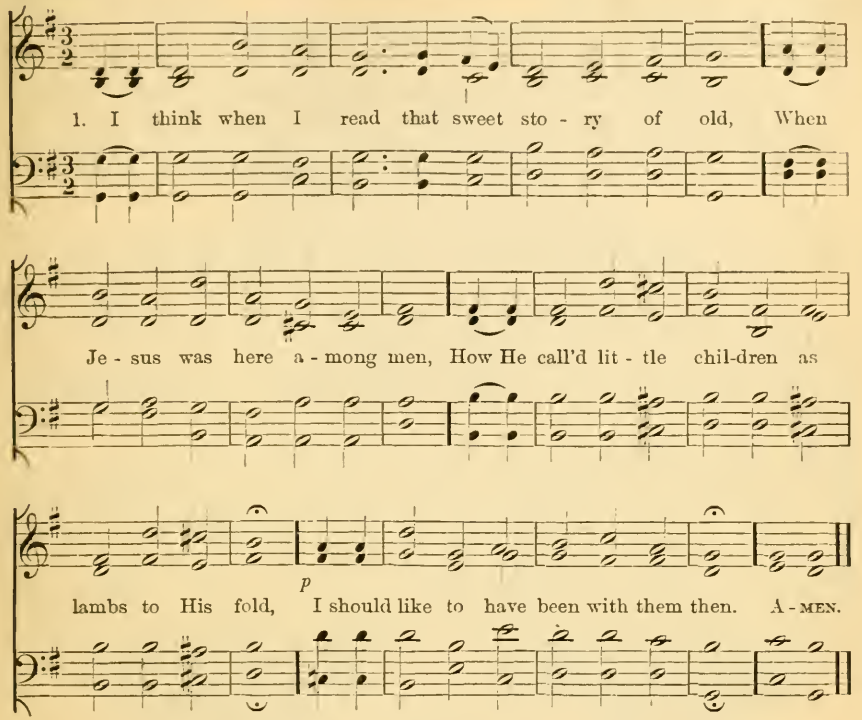
5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

225. Second Tune. 6s. 5s.



226. I think when I read that sweet story of old.

"Of such is the kingdom of God." P. M.



2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto Me.

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

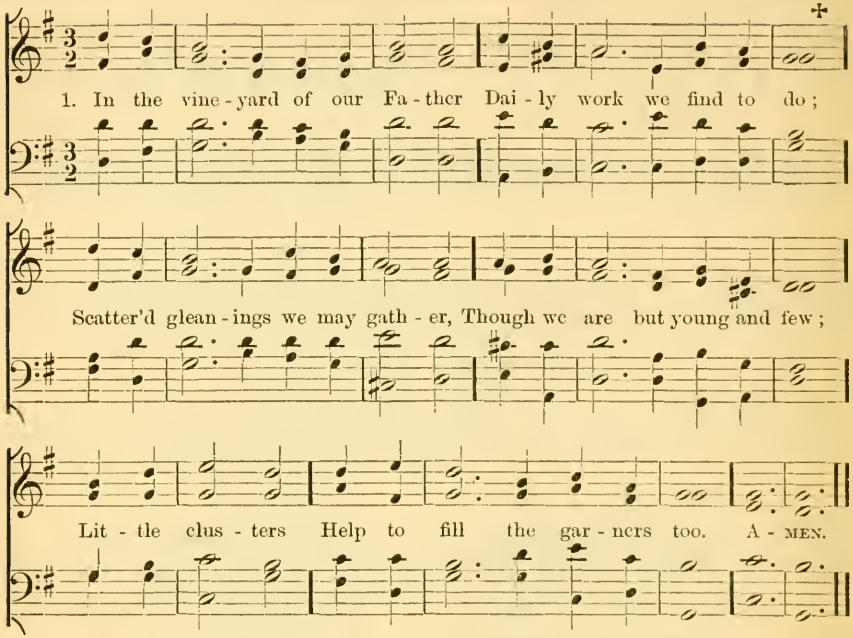
4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. AMEN.

227. In the vineyard of our Father.

"Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit."

8s.7s.4.



2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessèd story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

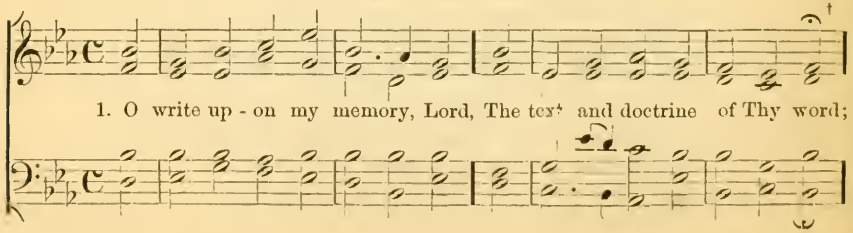
4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

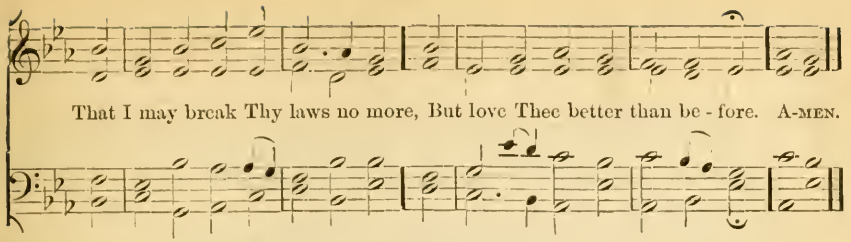
5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia
Singing, all eternity. AMEN.

228. O write, upon my memory, Lord.

"Write them upon the table of thine heart."

L. M.



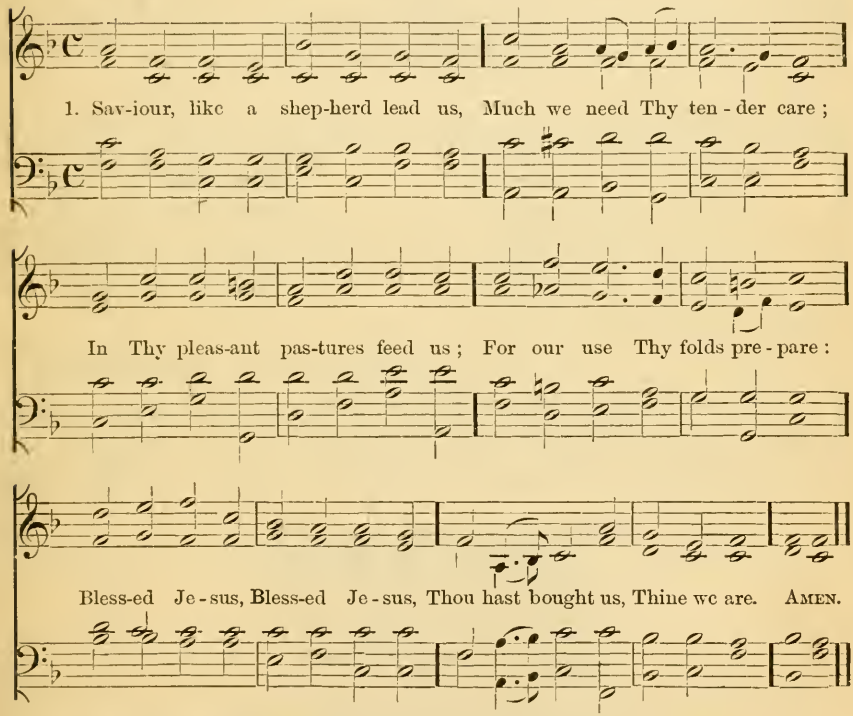


2 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God. AMEN.

229. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

8s.7s.4.

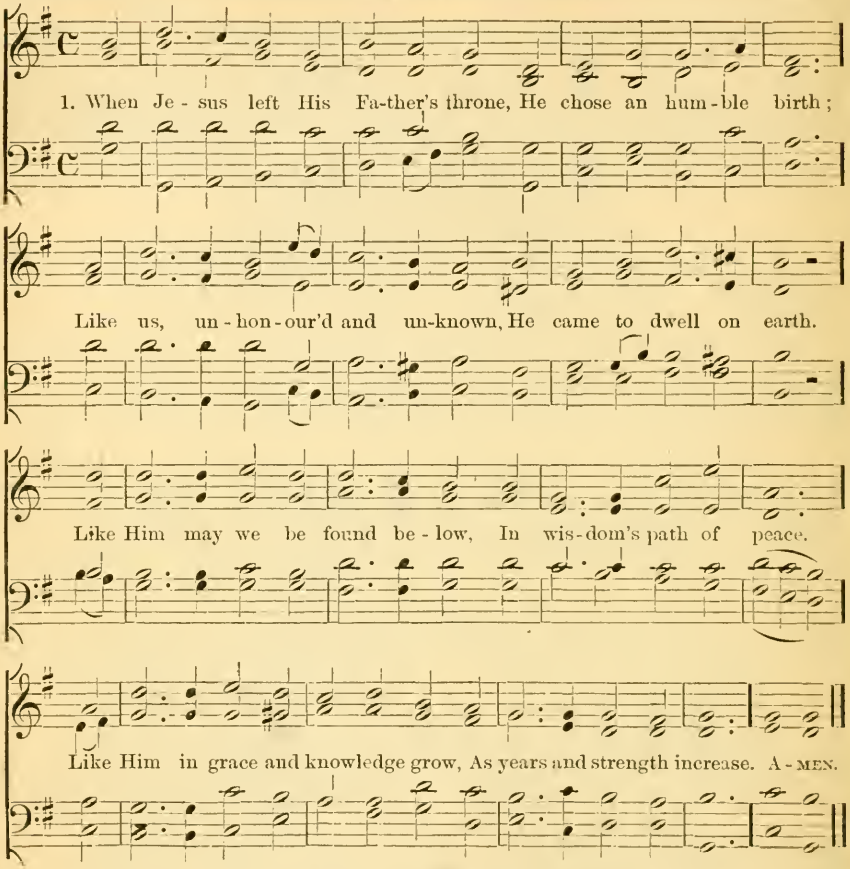


2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us,—love us still. AMEN.

230. When Jesus left His Father's throne.

"He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant. C. M. D.



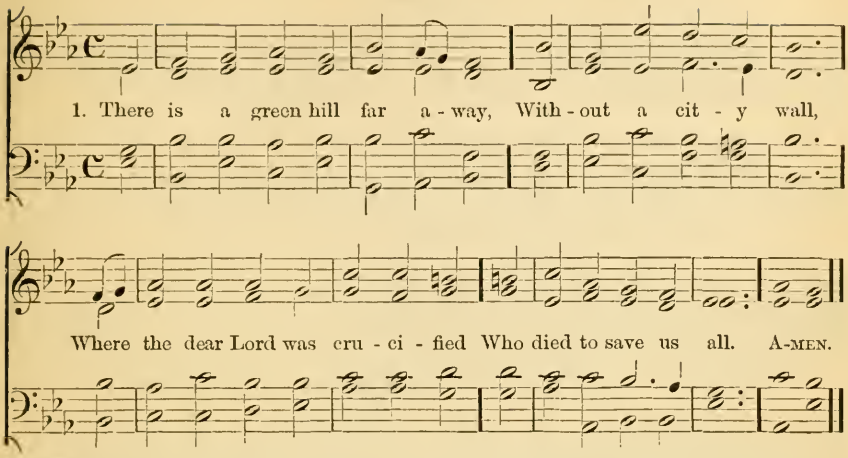
2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him press'd;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom bless'd.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing. AMEN.

231. There is a green hill far away.

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." C. M.

FIRST TUNE.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

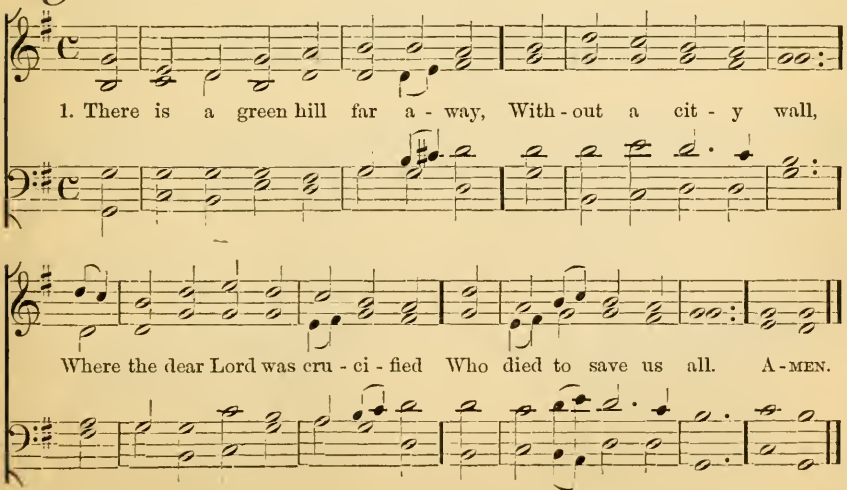
3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. AMEN.

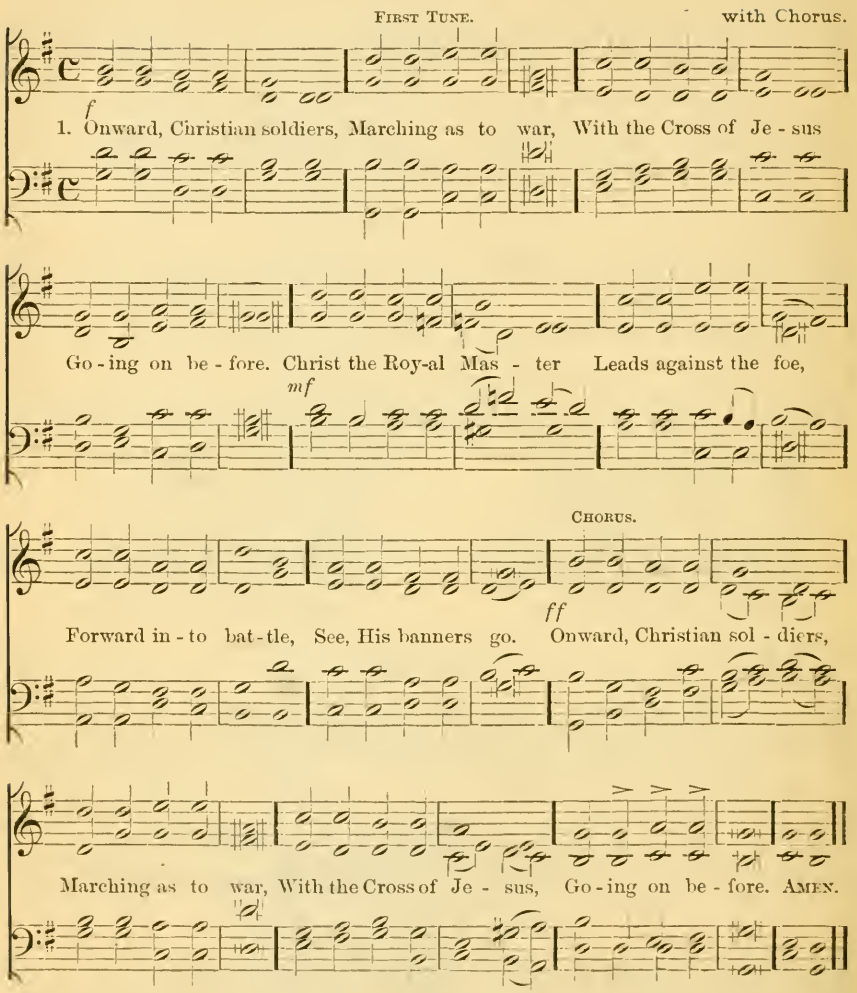
231. C. M.

SECOND TUNE.



Onward, Christian soldiers.

232. *"Be strong and of a good courage . . . And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee."* 6s. 5s.



2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

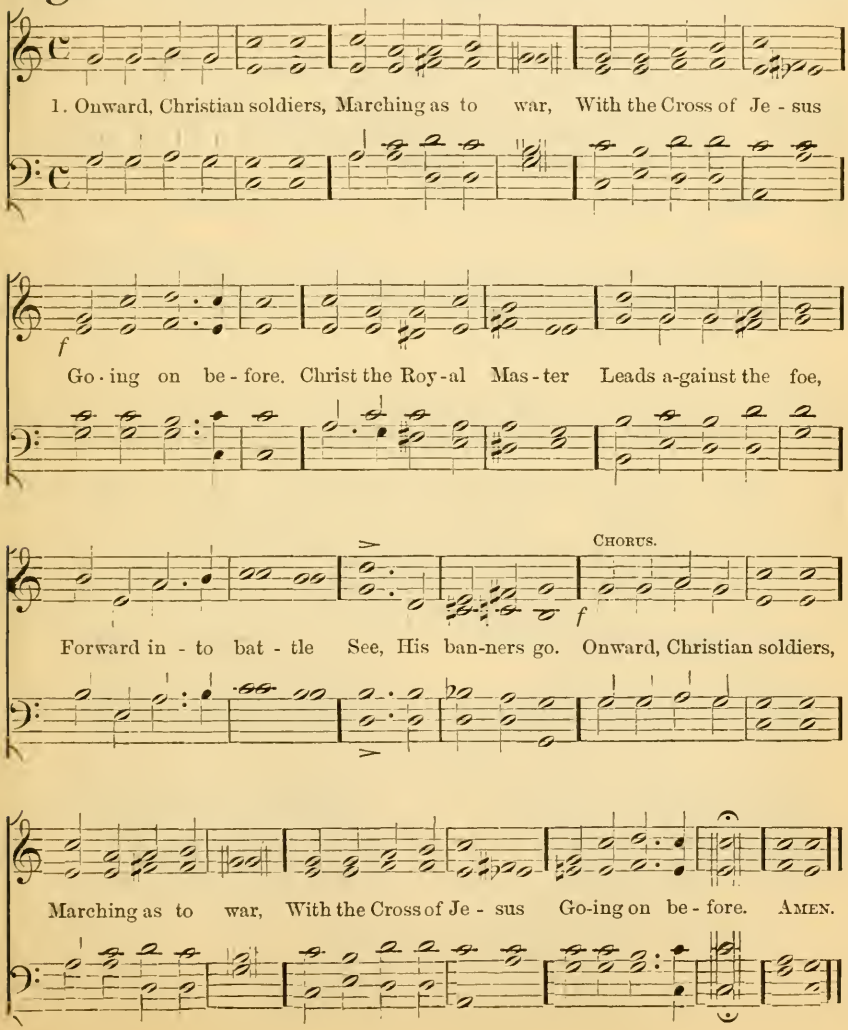
3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, &c. AMEN.

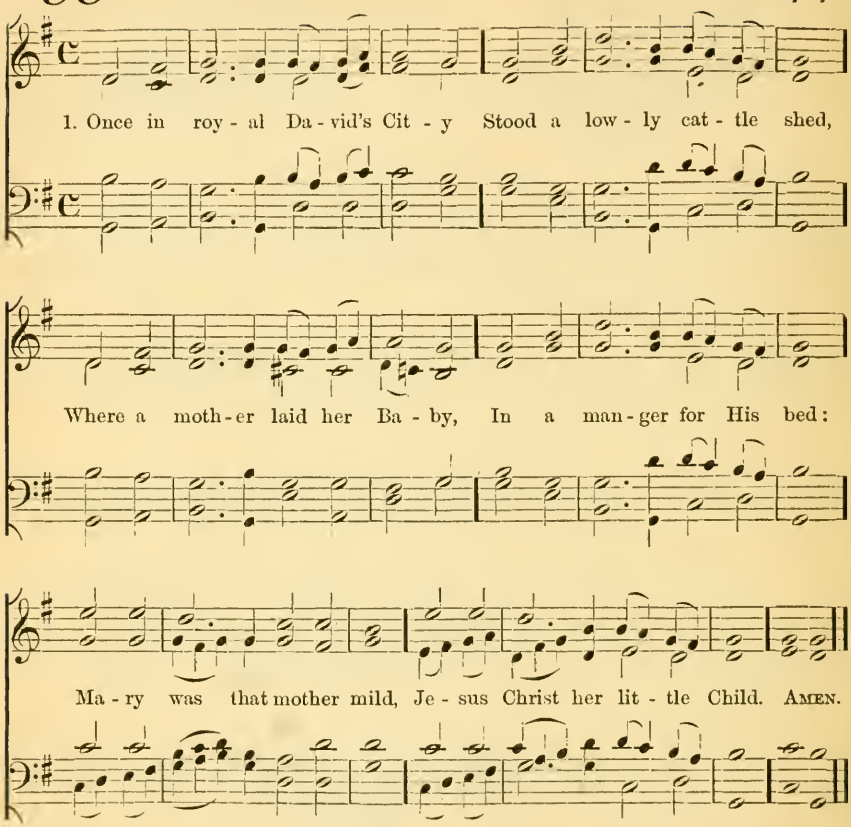
232.

SECOND TUNE. 6s.5s.



233. Once in royal David's City.

"The child Jesus." 8s.7s.7s.



2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

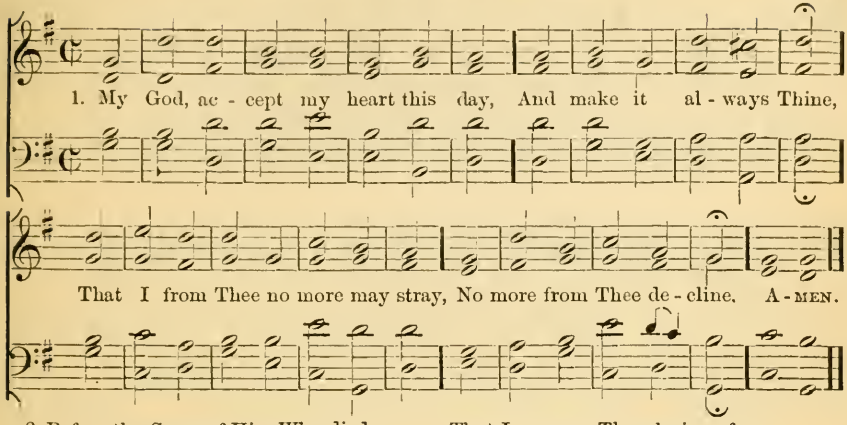
4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

234. My God, accept my heart this day.

"With my whole heart have I sought Thee." C. M.



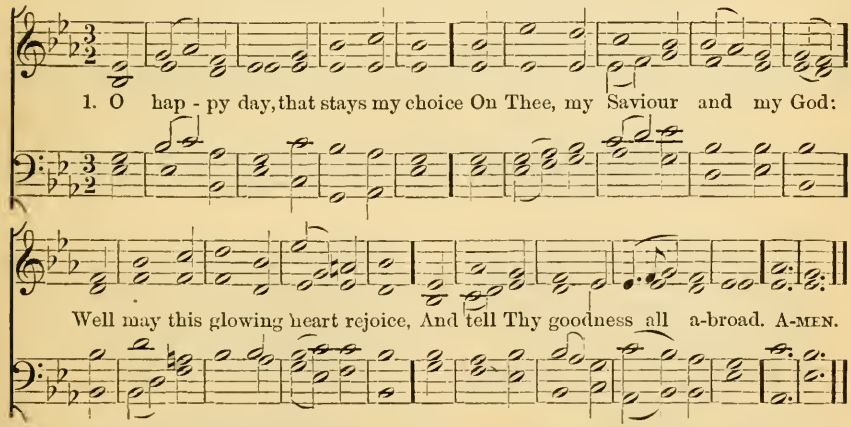
2 Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven! AMEN.

235. O happy day, that stays my choice.

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed." L. M.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.

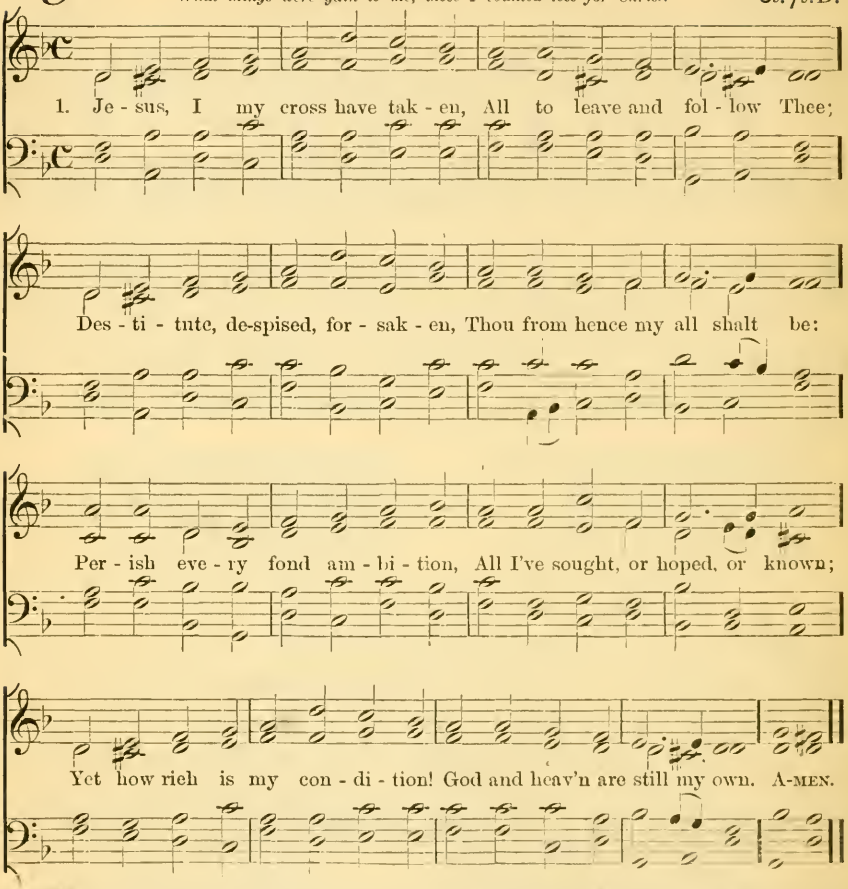
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess Thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When call'd on angel's food to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. AMEN.

236. Jesus, I my cross have taken.

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." 8s. 7s. D.



2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

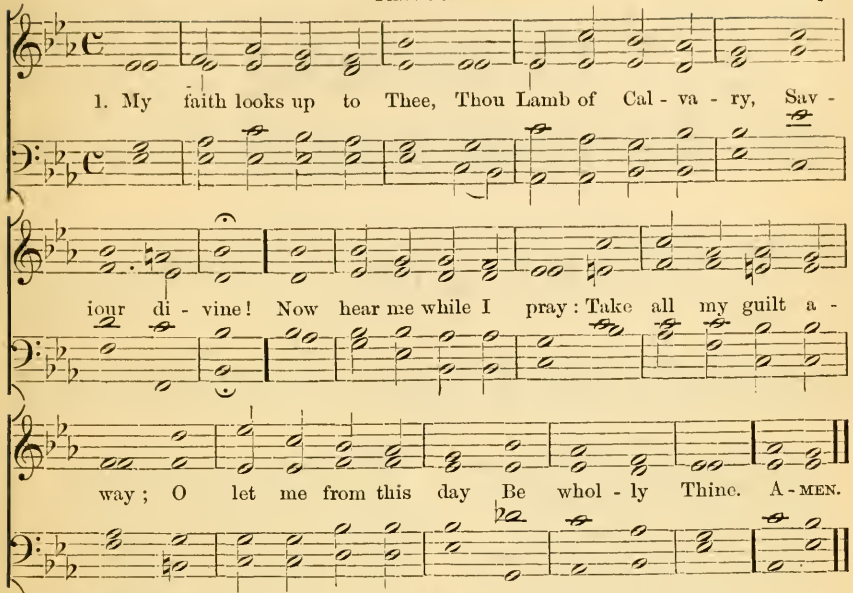
GLORIA PATRI.

Let the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:
Allelulas everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. AMEN.

237. My faith looks up to Thee.

"My grace is sufficient for thee." 6s. 4s.

FIRST TUNE.



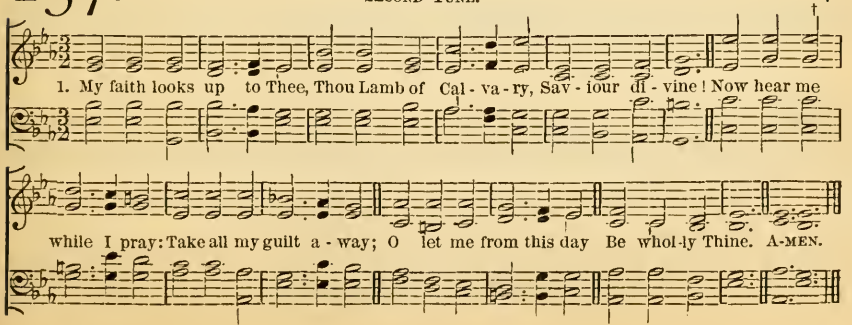
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul. AMEN.

237.

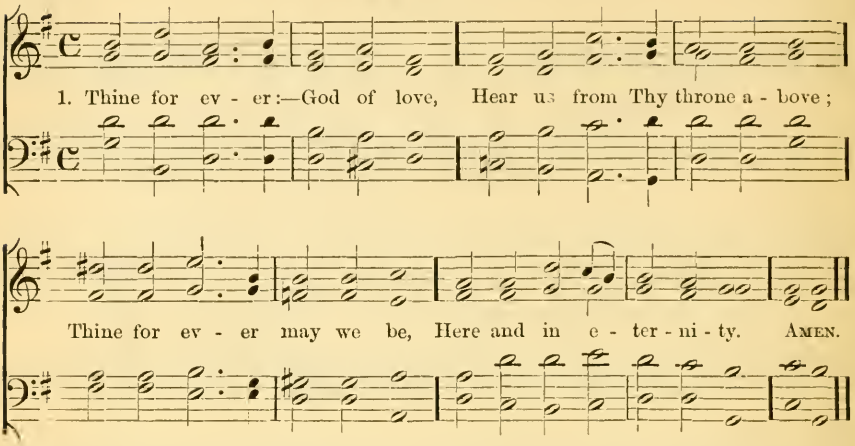
SECOND TUNE. 6s. 4s.



238. Thine for ever:—God of love.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My Jewels."

7s.



2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:—O how bless'd
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

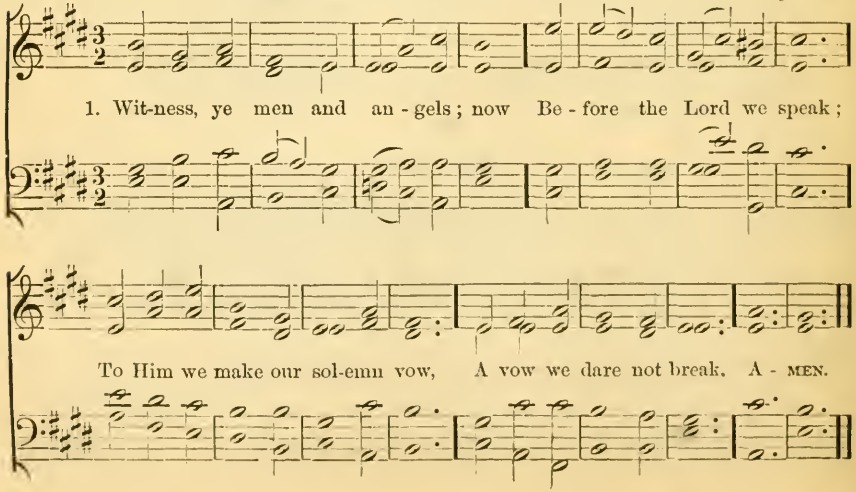
4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. AMEN.

239. Witness, ye men and angels; now.

"Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God."

C. M.



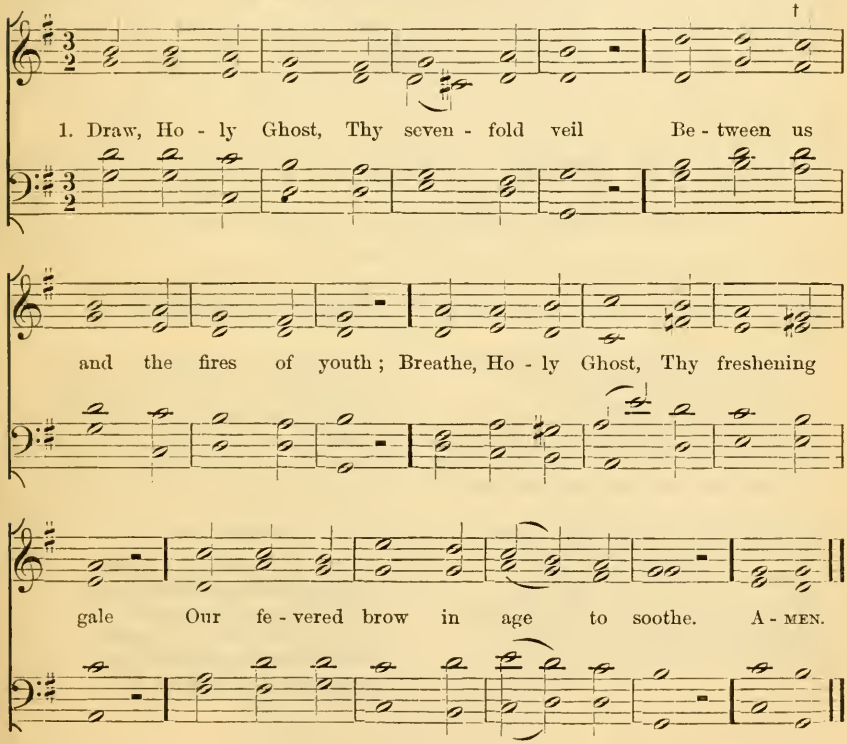
2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our needs supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise. AMEN.

240. Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy seven fold veil.

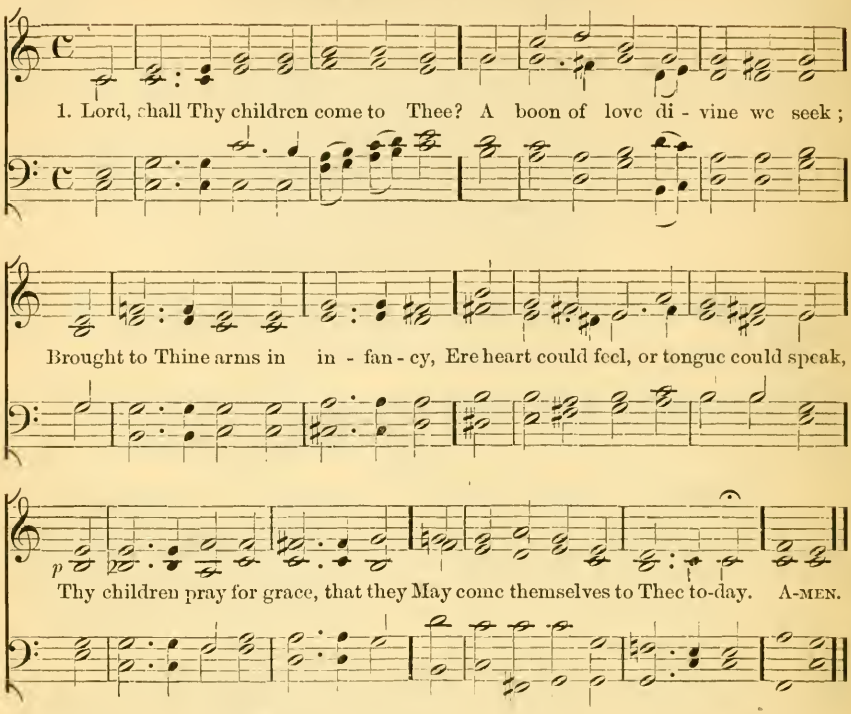
"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. L. M.



2 For ever on our souls be traced
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land. AMEN.

241. Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee.

"He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Six 8s.



2 Lord, shall we come? and come again,
Oft as we see Thy table spread,
And tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone
At holy time, or solemn rite;
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

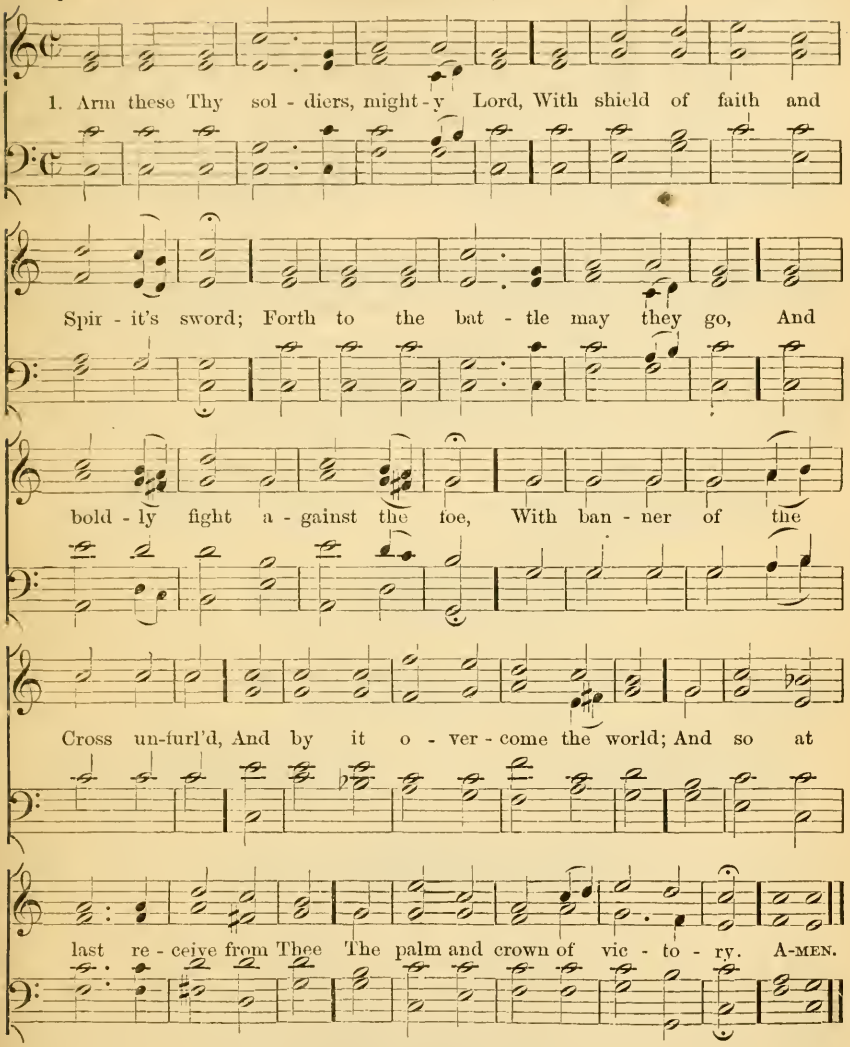
4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more:
To come, not now alone;- but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirm'd by Thee.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now and shall be evermore.

242. Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord.

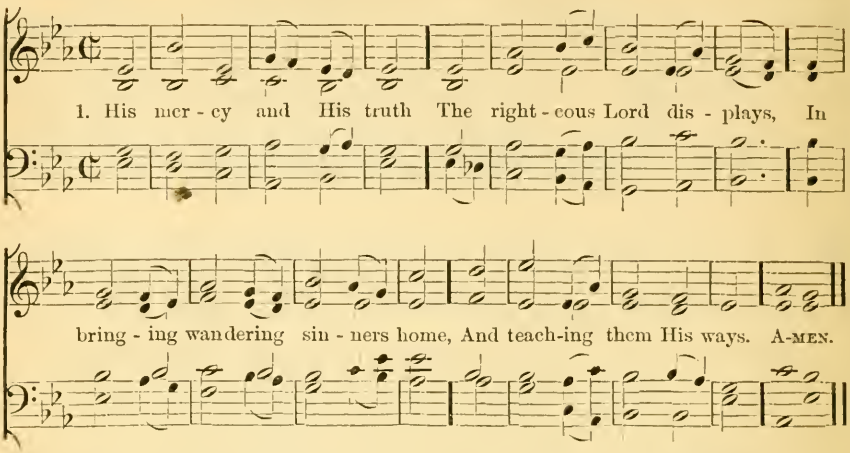
"Put on the whole armour of God." L. M. D.



2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' heart Thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallow'd for ever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness. AMEN.

243. His mercy and His truth.

"Show me Thy ways, O God, and teach me Thy paths." S. M.



2 He those in justice guides
Who His direction seek;
And in His sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

3 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To His blest will incline.

4 For God to all His saints
His secret will imparts,
And does His gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts. AMEN.

244. May God accept our vow.

"And I will accept thee, saith the Lord." S. M.

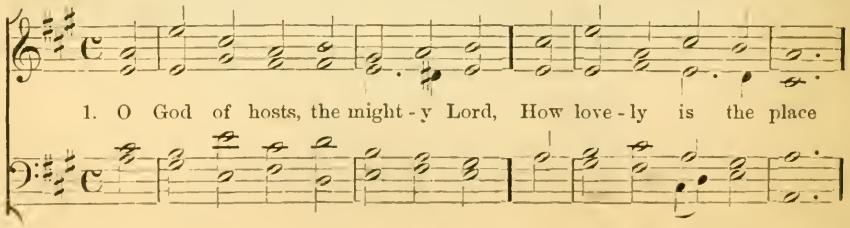
1. May God accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give!

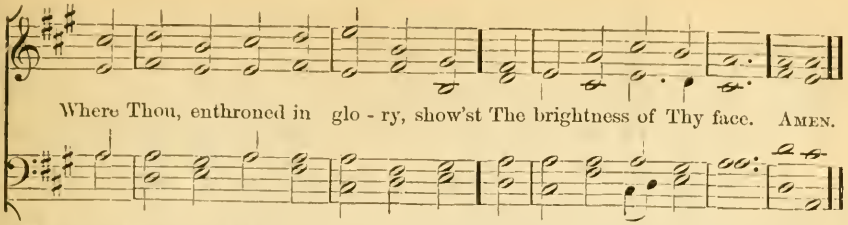
2 O Lord, Thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in Thy Name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

3 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend. AMEN.

245. O God of hosts, the mighty Lord.

"O Lord God of Hosts, blessed is the man that putteth his trust in Thee." C. M.





2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

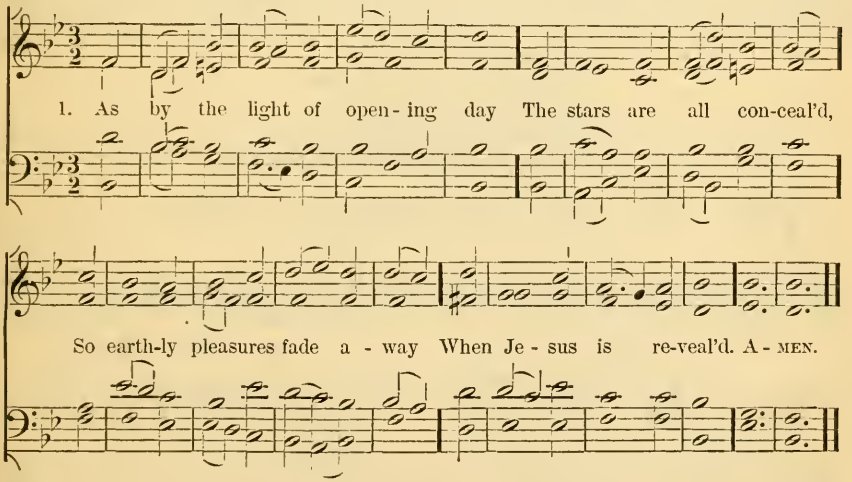
4 Thus they proceed from strength to [strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

5 For God, Who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

6 Thou God, Whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Are still reposed on Thee! AMEN.

246. As by the light of opening day.

"What shall separate us from the love of Christ?" C. M.

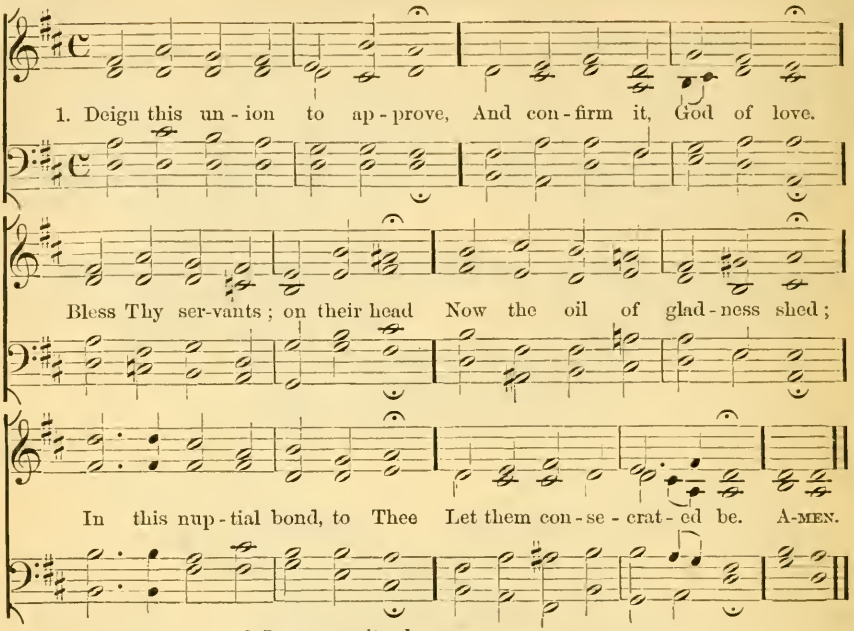


2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His Name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

3 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
Yet worthless still myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea. AMEN.

247. Deign this union to approve.

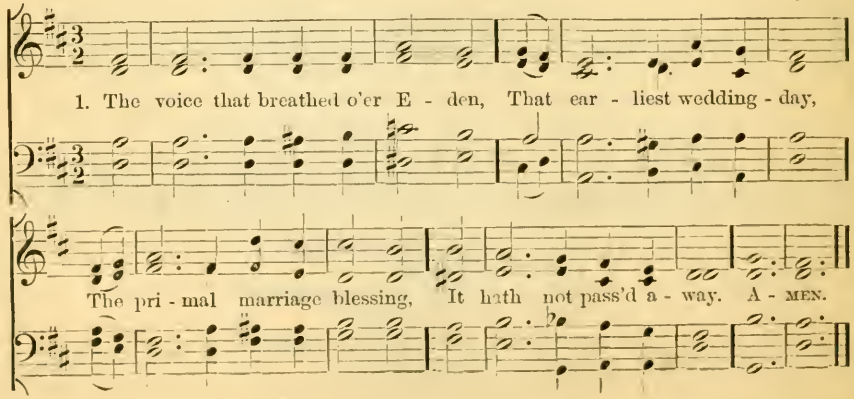
"God blessed them." Six 7s.



2 In prosperity, be near,
To preserve them in Thy fear;
In affliction, let Thy smile
All the woes of life beguile;
And when every change is past,
Take them to Thyself at last. AMEN.

248. The voice that breathed o'er Eden.

"A threefold cord is not quickly broken." 7s. 6s.



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal!

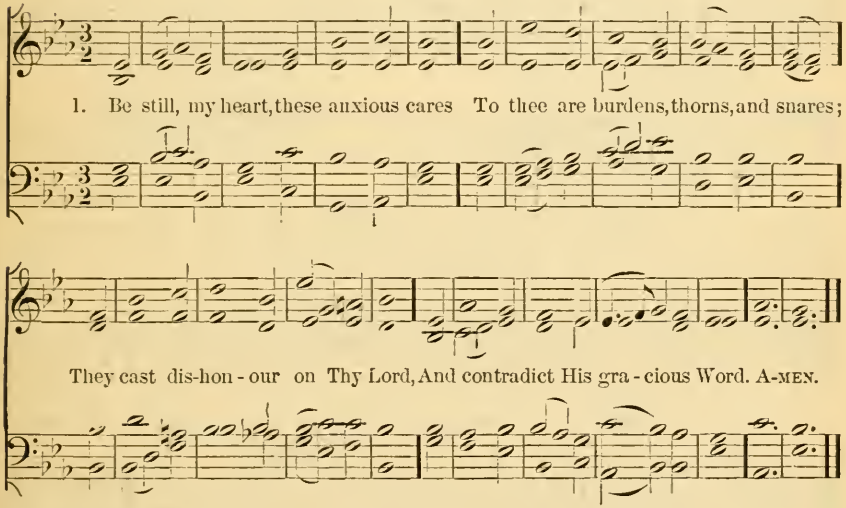
6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallow'd path they trace.

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise. AMEN.

Visitation of the Sick.

249. Be still, my heart, these anxious cares.

"*I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for Him; in His word is my trust.*" L. M.



2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before His mercy-seat,
Thou didst to Him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

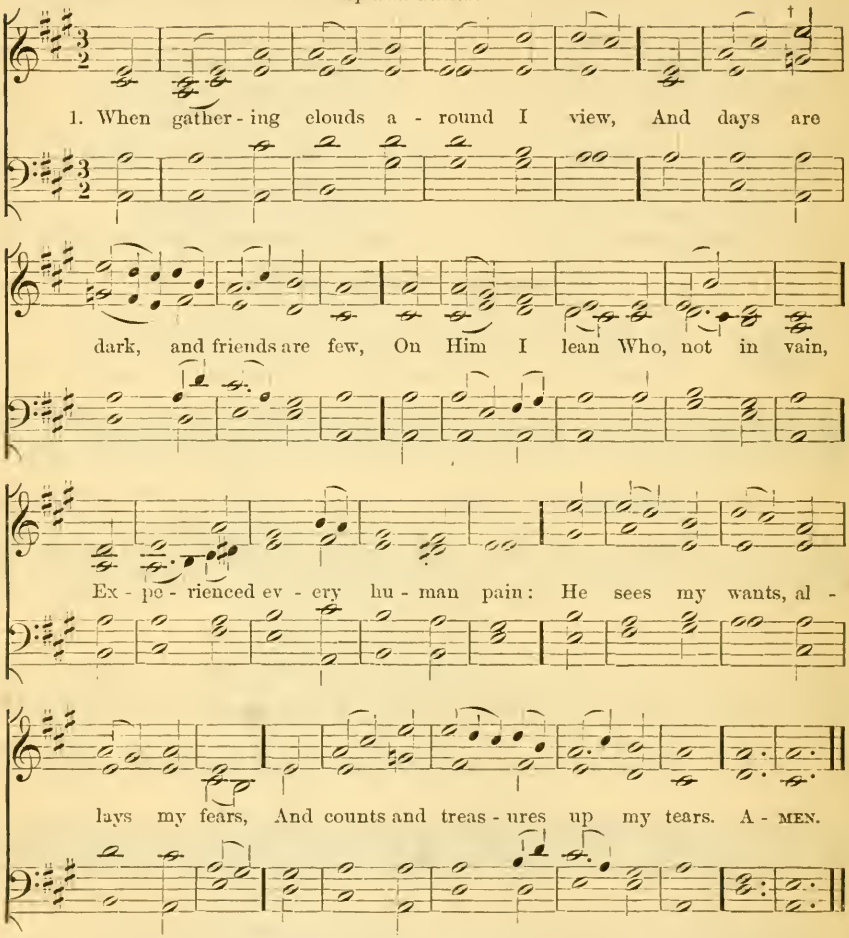
5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

AMEN.

250. When gathering clouds around I view.

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?"

Six 8s.



2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

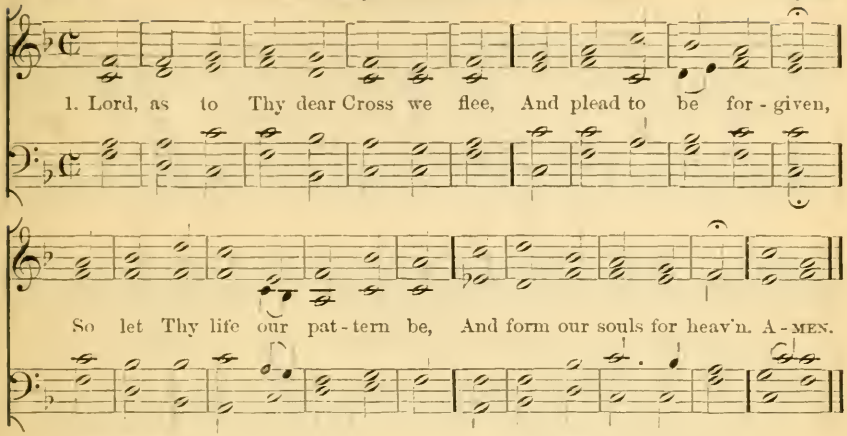
3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Still He Who once vouchsafed to bear
Such bitter conflict with despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry.
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. AMEN.

251. Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." C. M.



2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear:
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

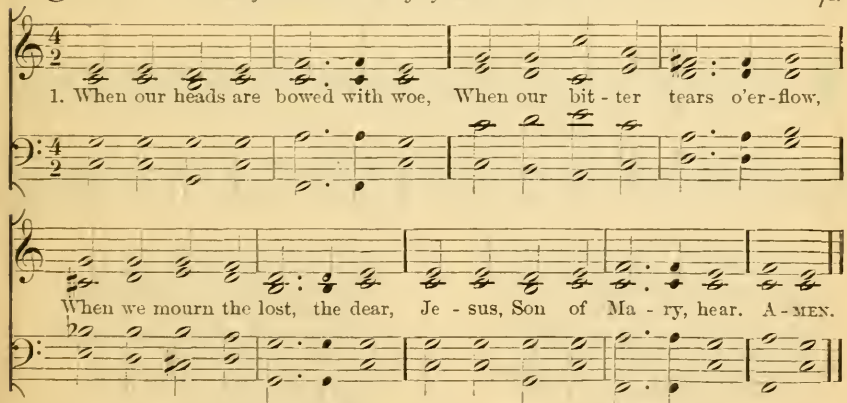
3 Let grace our selfishness expel
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. AMEN.

252. When our heads are bowed with woe.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." 7s.



2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

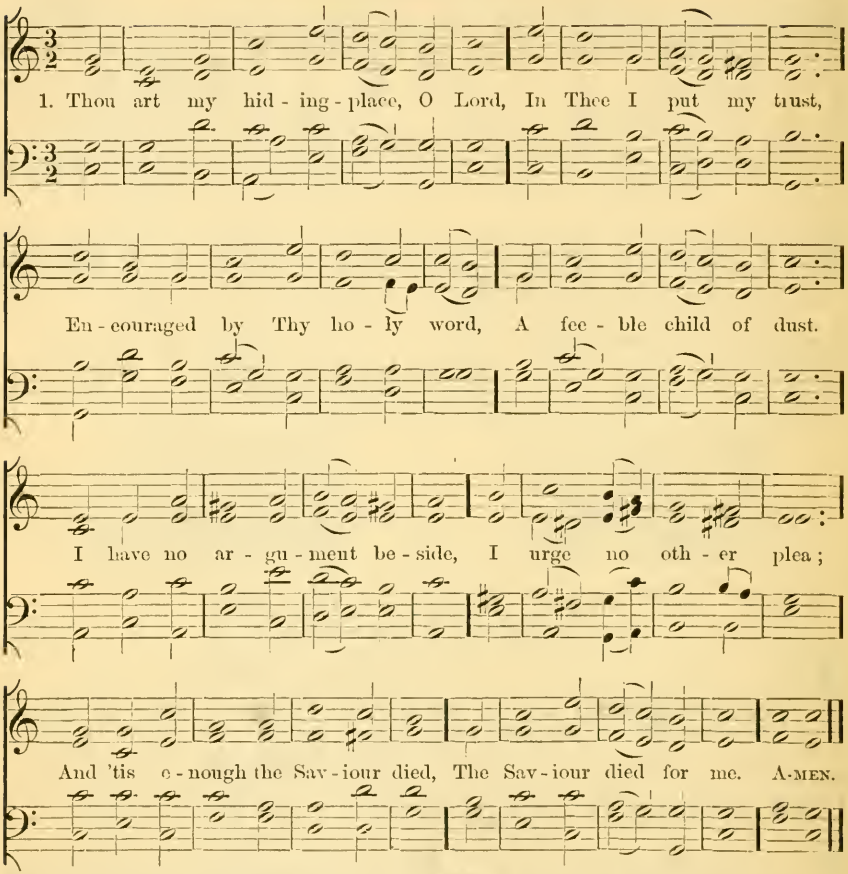
4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear. AMEN.

253. Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!

"Thou art my hiding-place." C. M. D.



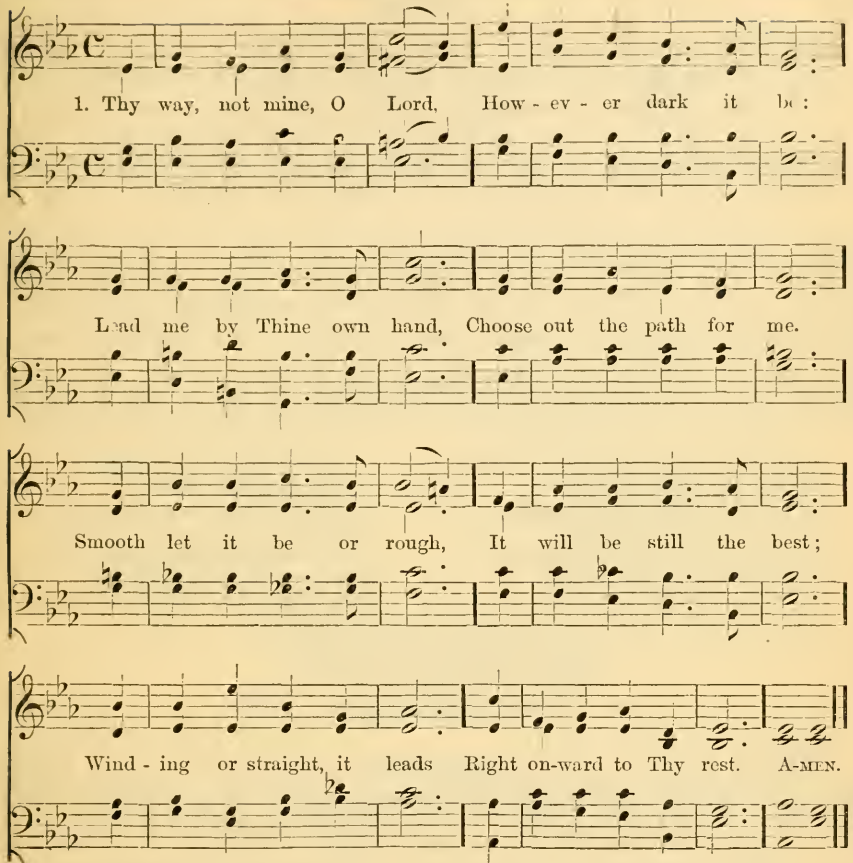
2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

3 Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body rack'd with pain,—
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me. AMEN.

254. Thy way, not mine, O Lord.

"Make Thy way straight before my face." 6s.D.



2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

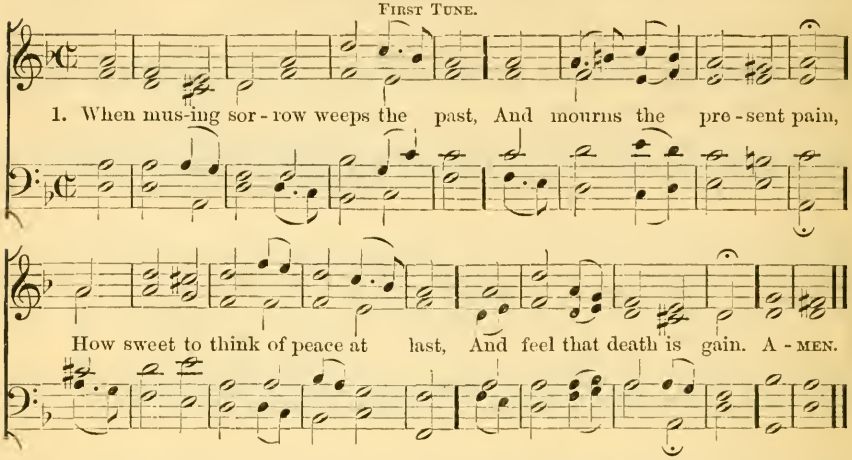
GLORIA PATRI.

To Father and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow
And Thee our God adore. AMEN.

255. When musing sorrow weeps the past.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." C. M.

First Tune.



2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

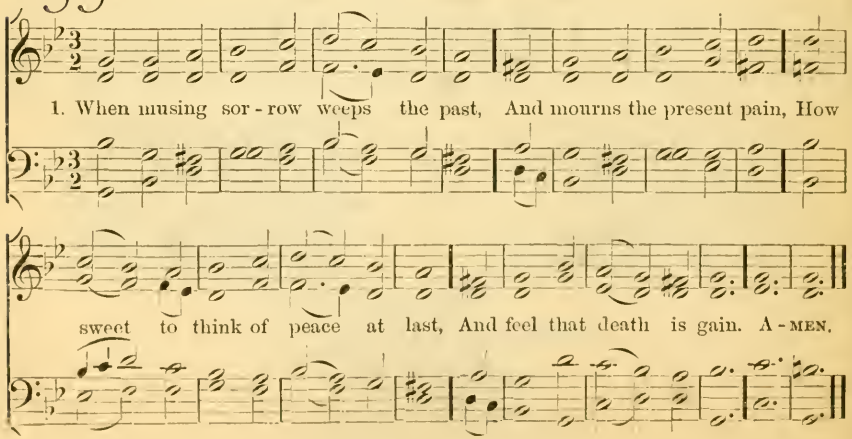
4 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that tortur'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night
My Saviour's bliss to share! AMEN.

255.

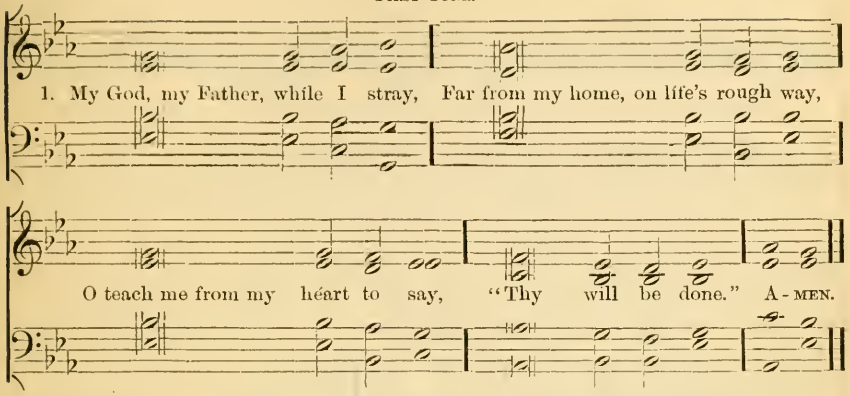
Second Tune. C. M.



256. My God, my Father, while I stray.

"Thy will be done." P. M.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

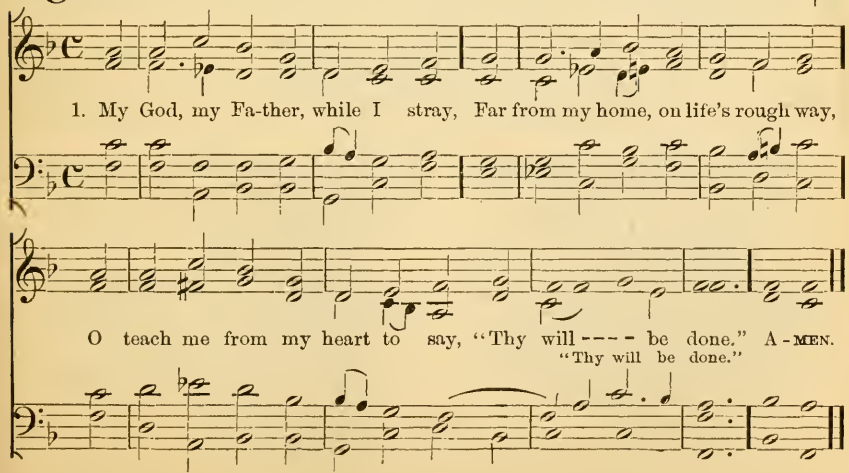
4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
"Thy will be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done." AMEN.

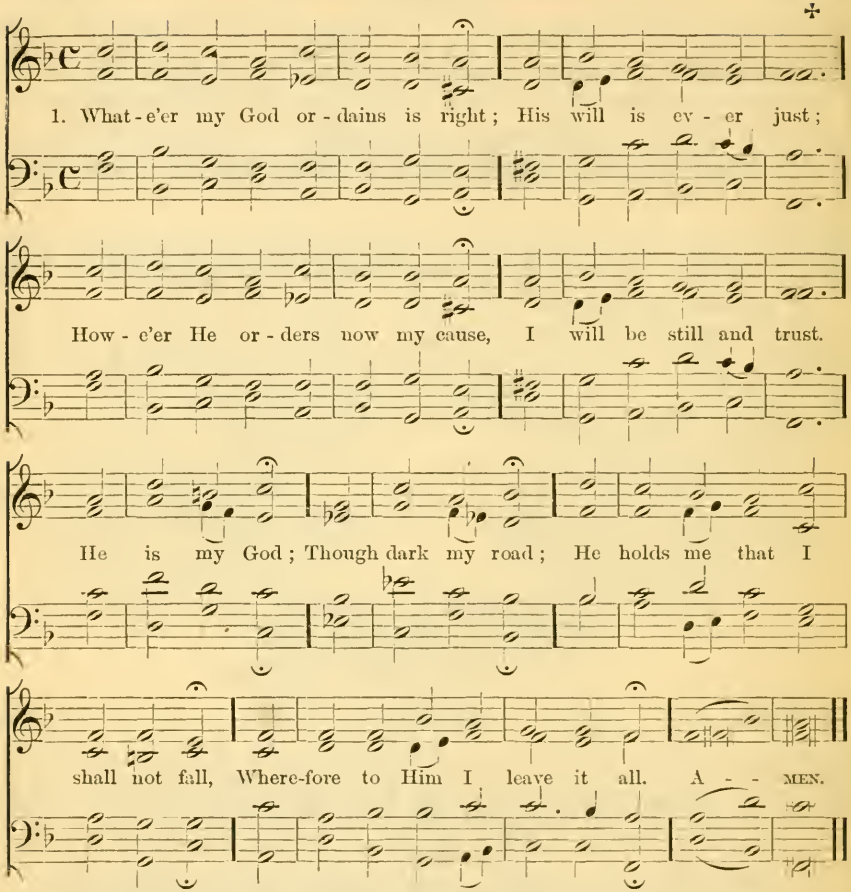
256.

SECOND TUNE. P. M.



257. Whate'er my God ordains is right.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet." P. M.



2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

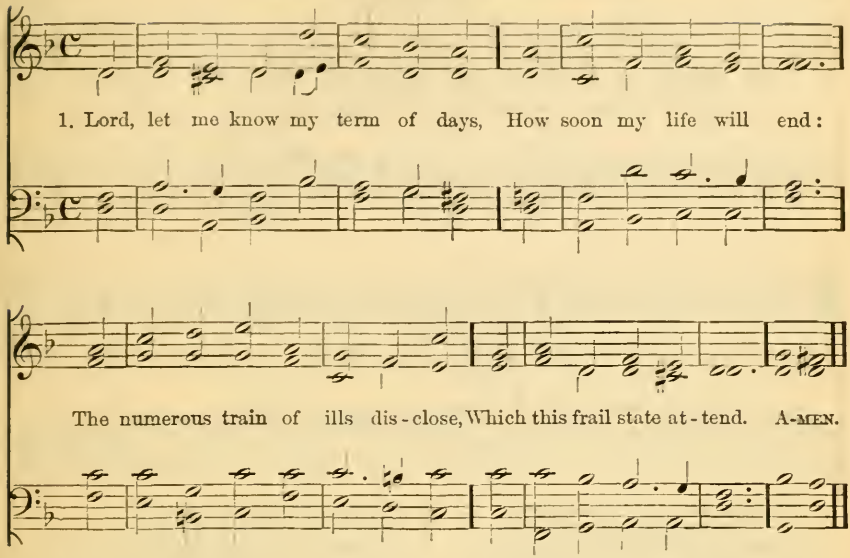
3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My Light, my Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all. AMEN.

258. Lord, let me know my term of days.

"Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days." C. M.



2 My life, Thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On Thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more. AMEN.

259. Hear what the voice from heaven declares.

"Ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope." C. M.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die:
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with Him on high.

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to His arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our ransom, died.

4 The grave of all His saints He bless'd
When in the grave He lay:
And, rising thence, their hopes He raised
To everlasting day.

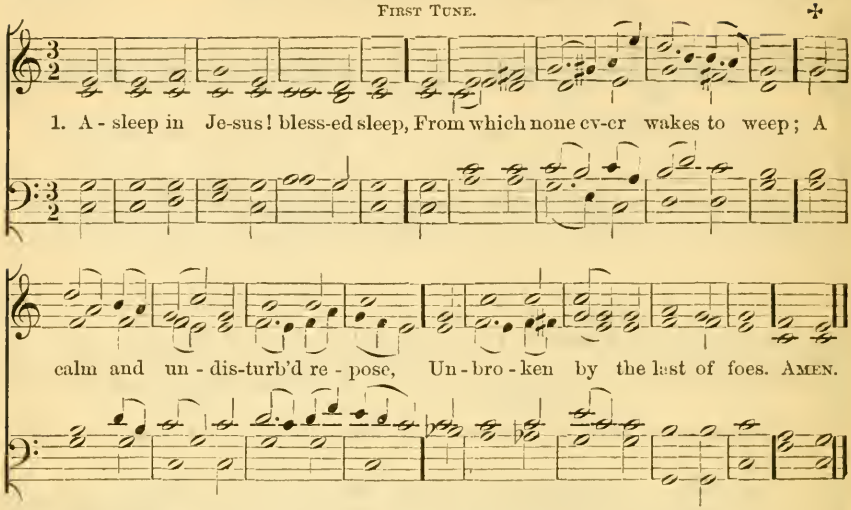
5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?" AMEN.

260. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!

"They which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him."

L. M.

First Tune.



2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

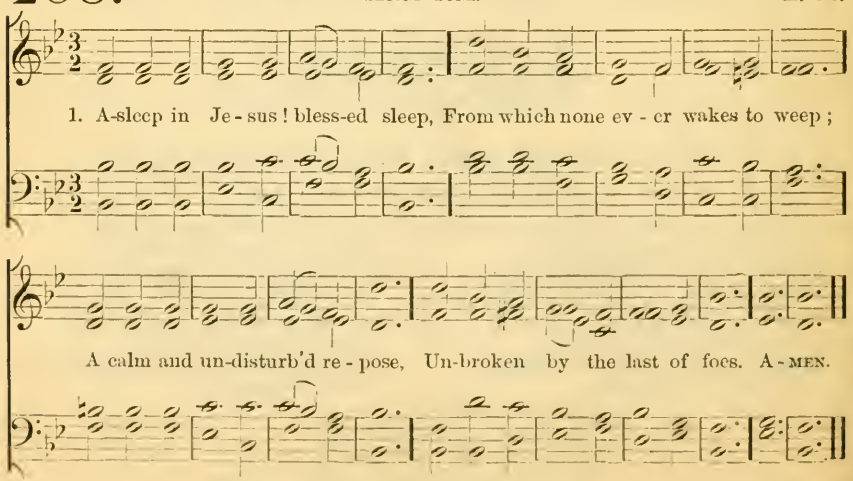
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
Amen.

260.

Second Tune.

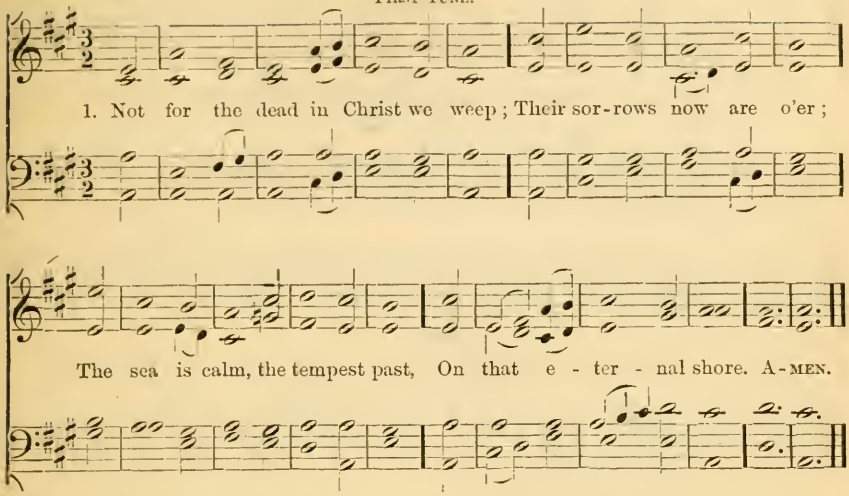
L. M.



261. Not for the dead in Christ we weep.

"He shall enter into peace." C. M.

First Tune.



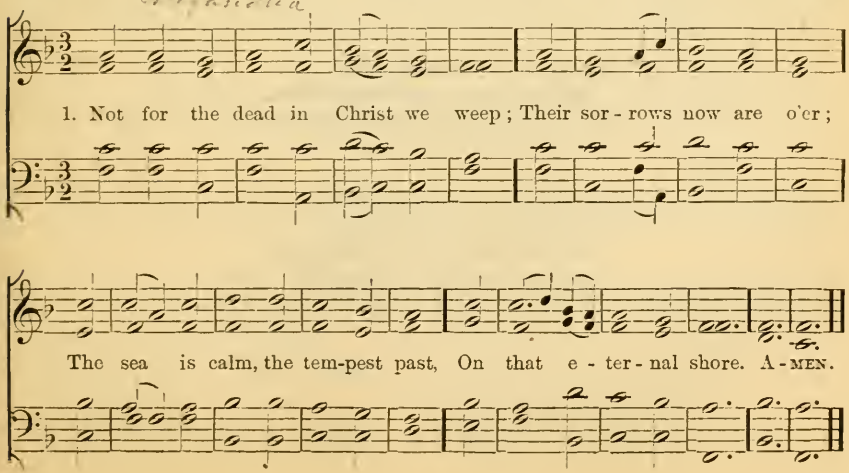
2 Their peace is seal'd, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
A while we weep and linger here.
Then follow to the tomb.

3 And though no vision'd dream of bliss
Nor trance of rapture show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe;

4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chasten'd mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resign'd. Amen.

261. Arcadia

Second Tune. C. M.



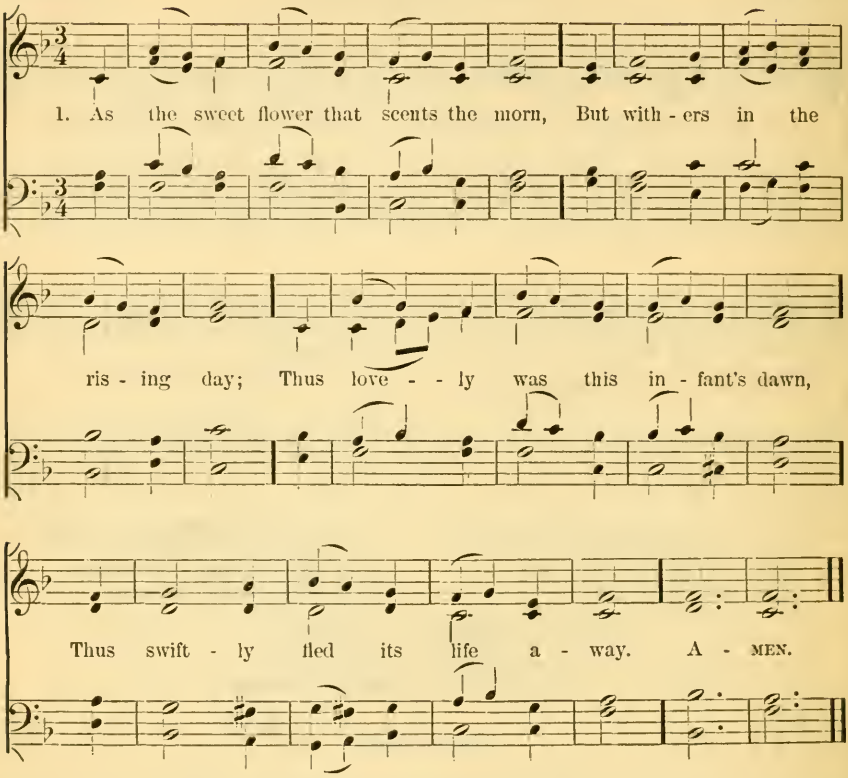
As the sweet flower that scents the morn.

262.

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

L. M.



2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod:
O mourner, such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God. AMEN.

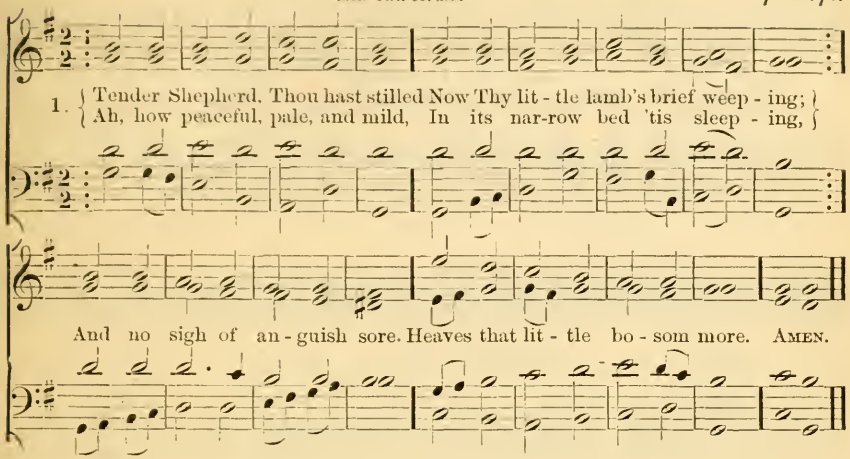
Burial of the Dead.

263. Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd.

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

"There is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border."

7s. 8s. 7s.



2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

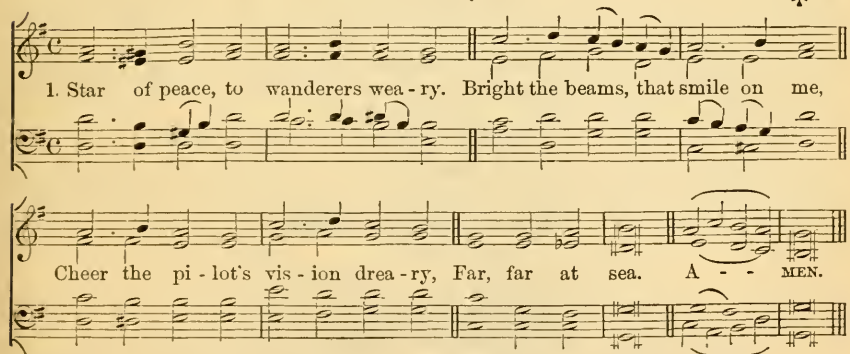
3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove, [AMEN.
Though Thou take what most we love.

For those at Sea.

264. Star of peace, to wanderers weary.

"The bright and morning star."

P. M.



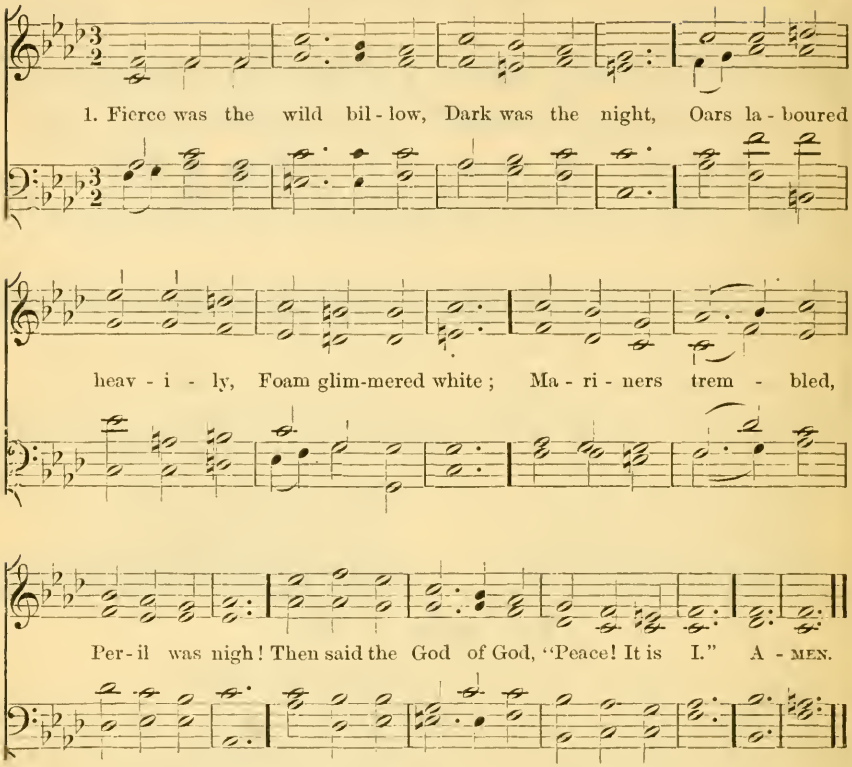
2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea. AMEN.

265. Fierce was the wild billow.

"Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." P. M.



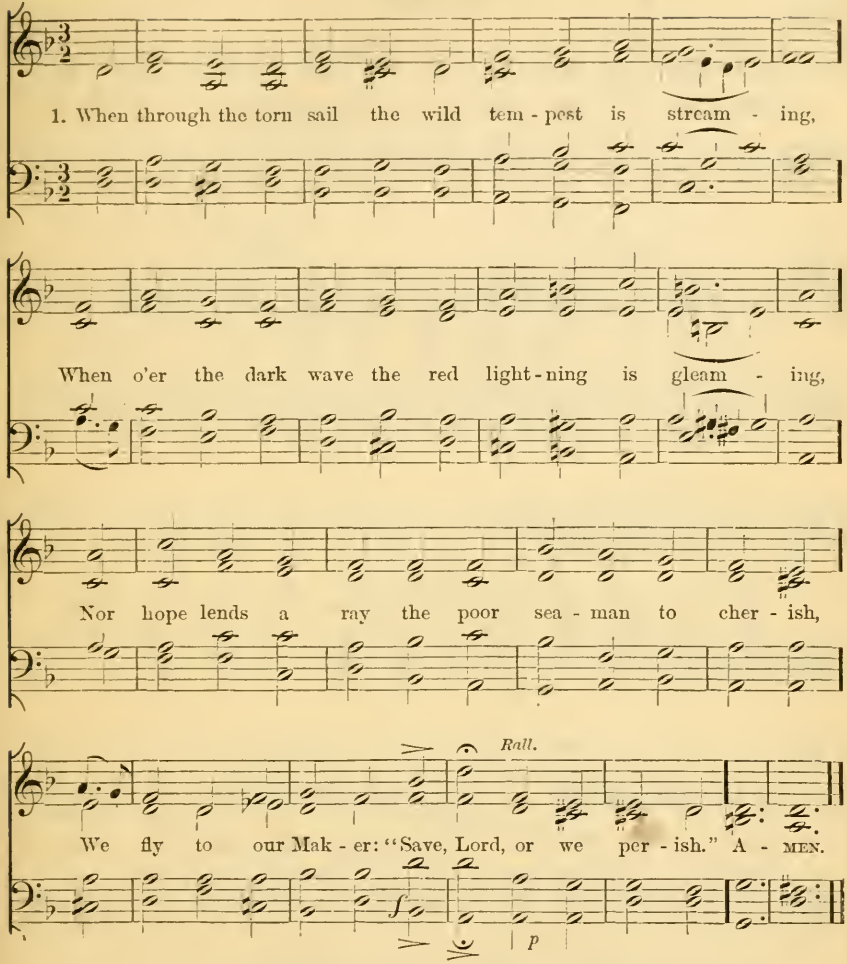
2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly—
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth—
"Peace! It is I!" AMEN.

266. When through the torn sail.

"Save, Lord, or we perish." 12s.

First Tune. ✣



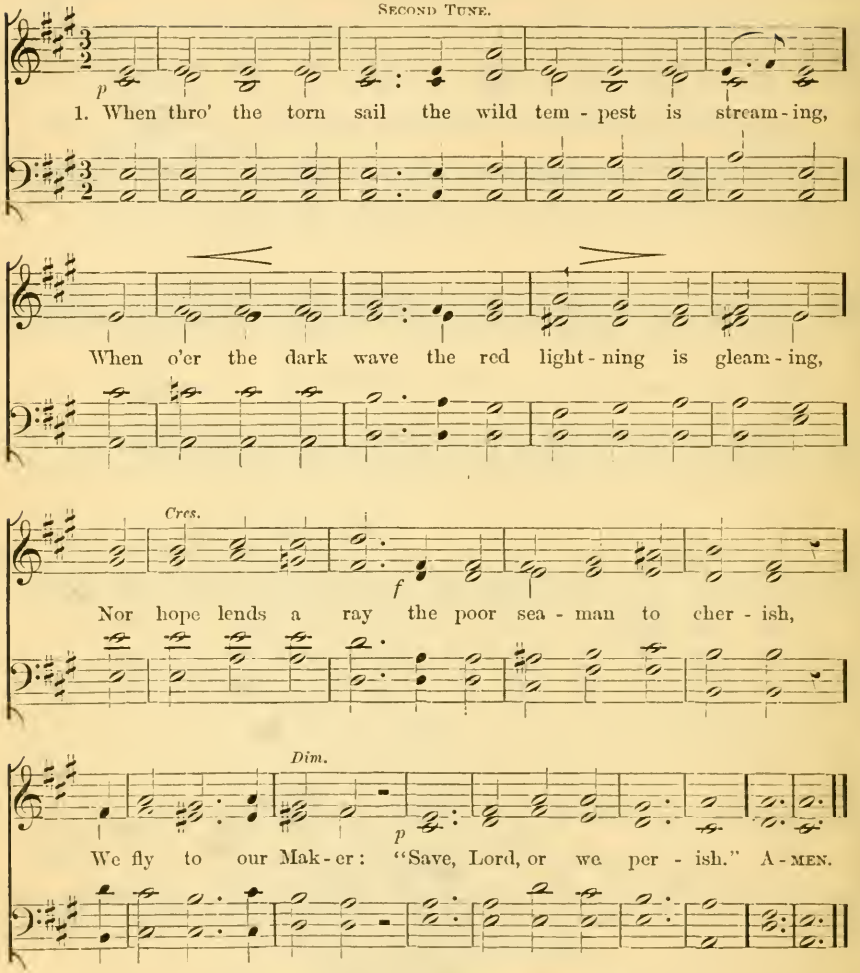
2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy Spirit Thy redeemèd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish." Amen.

266. When through the torn sail.

"Save, Lord, or we perish." P. M.

SECOND TUNE.

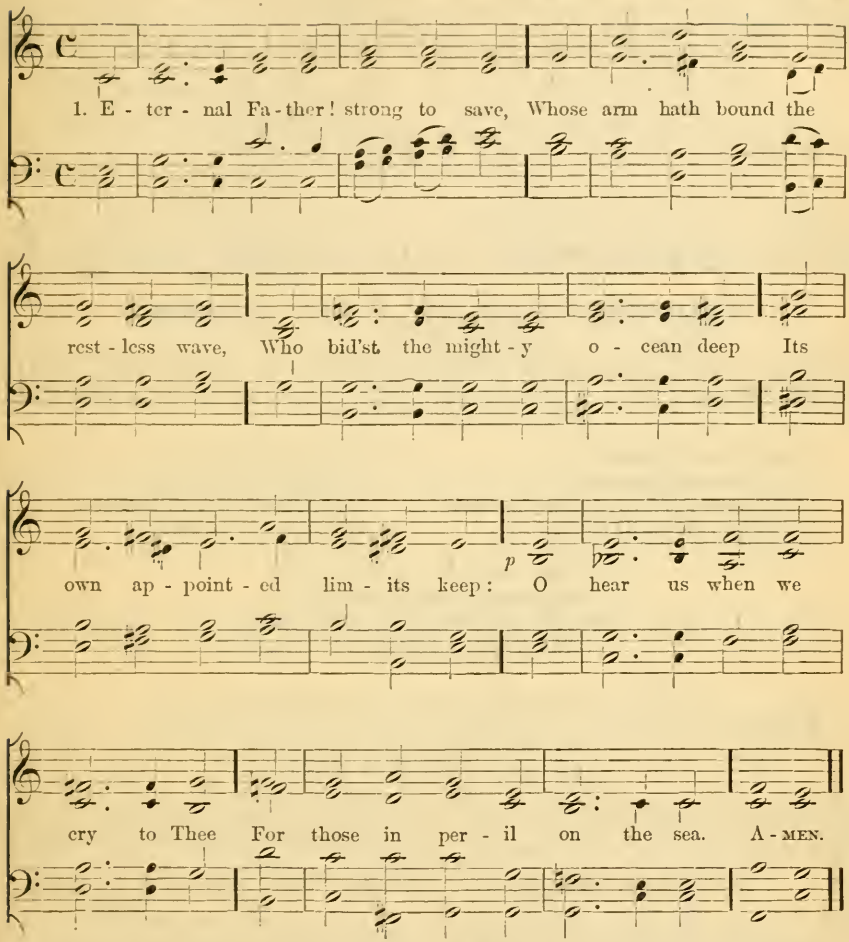


2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy Spirit Thy redeemèd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish." AMEN.

267. Eternal Father! strong to save.

"These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." Six 8s.



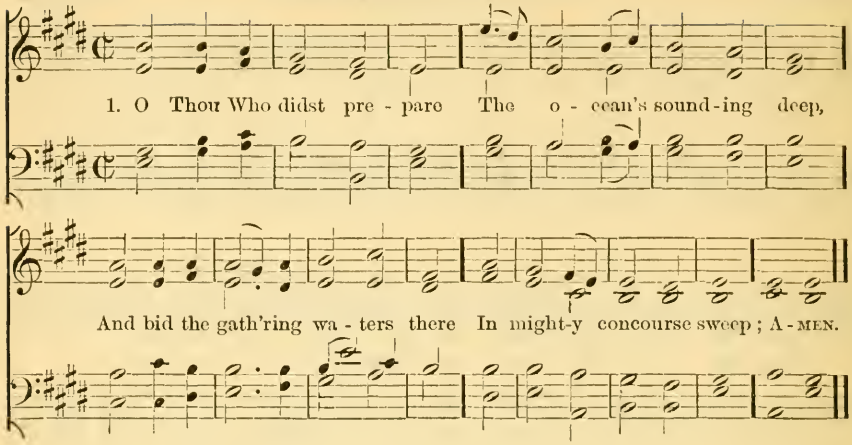
2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. AMEN.

268. O Thou Who didst prepare.

"Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea." S. M.



2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to Thee.

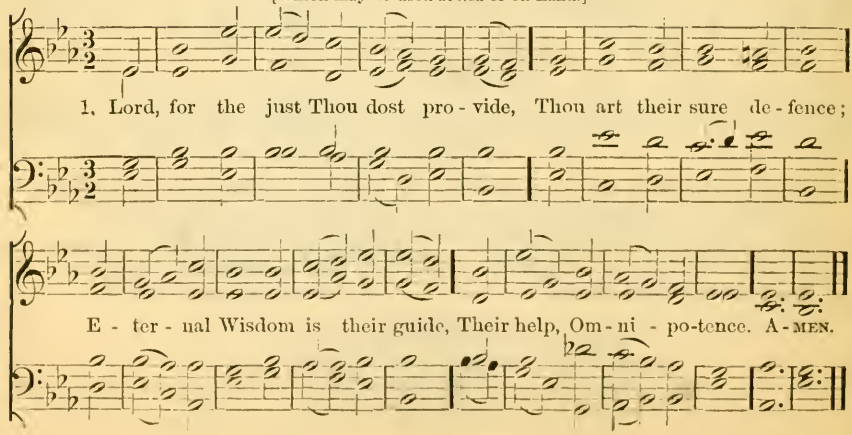
3 Jesus is nigh, Who trod
Of old that foaming spray,
Whose billows own'd th' Incarnate God,
And died in calm away.

4 Though swells the threatening tide,
Mounting to heaven above,
We know in Whom our souls confide,
And fearless trust His love. AMEN.

269. Lord, for the just Thou dost provide.

"I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." C. M.

[Which may be used at Sea or on Land.]



For those at Sea.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet Thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

4 When waves on waves, to heaven uprear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To Thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found Thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short Thine arm to save.

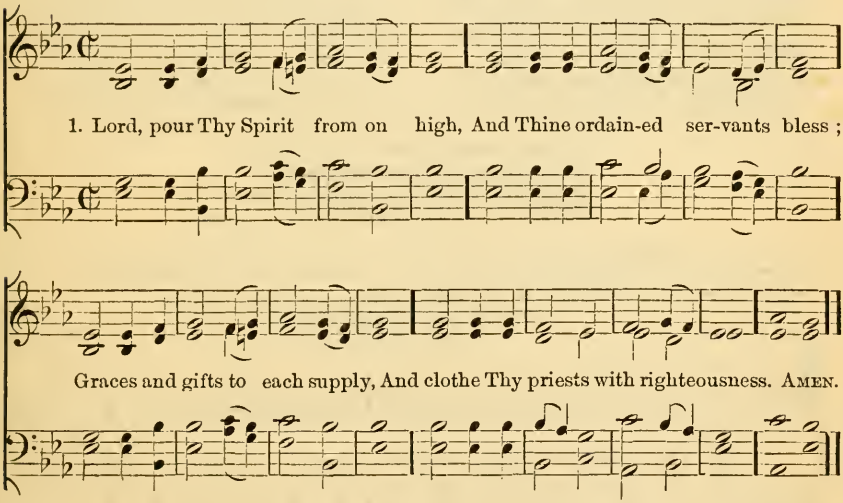
6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease
The storms obey'd Thy will,
The raging sea was hushed in peace,
And every wave was still.

7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to Thee. AMEN.

Ordination or Institution of Ministers.

270. Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high.

"Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness." L. M.



2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

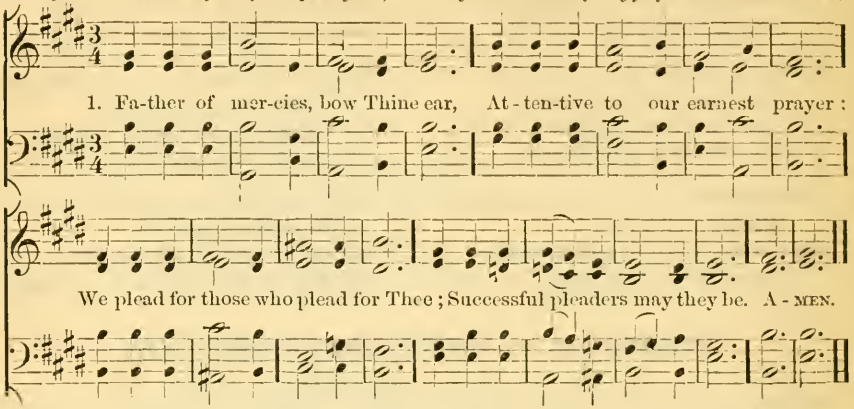
3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.
AMEN.

271. Father of mercies, bow Thine ear.

"Unto every one of us is given grace; according to the measure of the gift of Christ." L. M.



2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

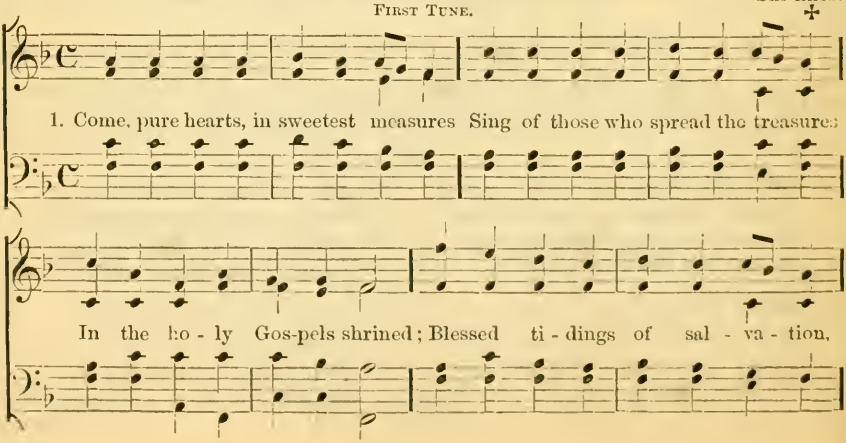
6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressèd souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head. AMEN.

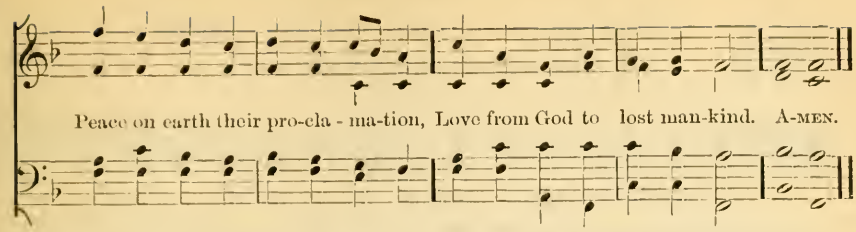
272. Come pure hearts, in sweetest measures.

"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads."

8s. 7s. Six lines. ✢

FIRST TUNE.





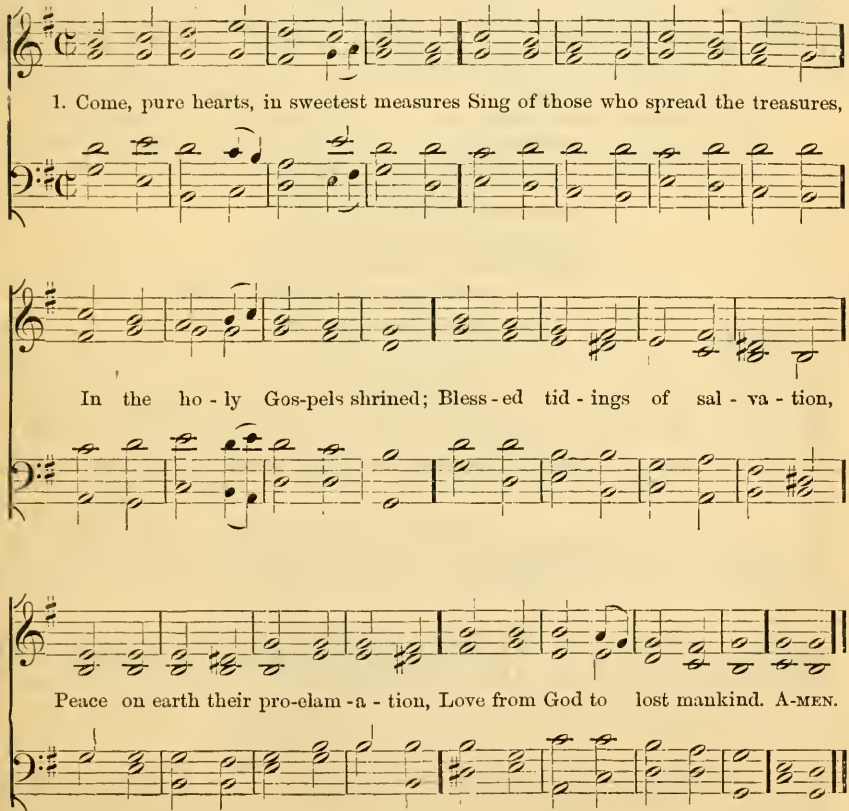
2 See the Rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the Fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 O that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may Thy love adore;
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore. AMEN.

272.

SECOND TUNE.

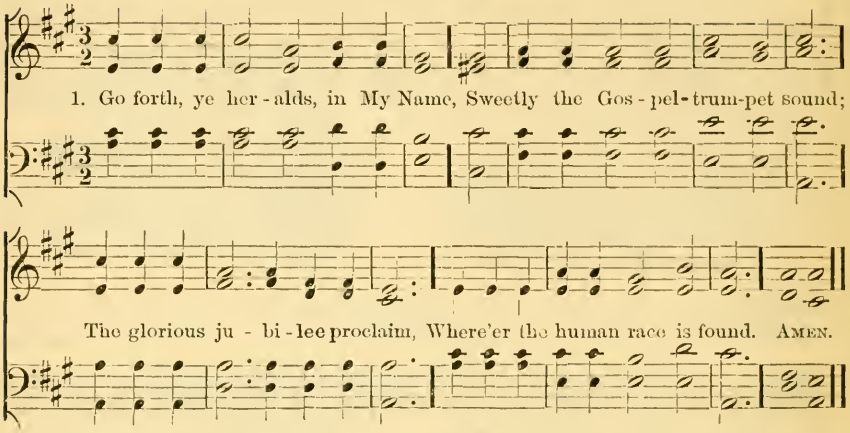
8s. 7s.
Six lines.



273. Go forth, ye heralds, in My Name.

"To proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ." L. M.

First Tune.



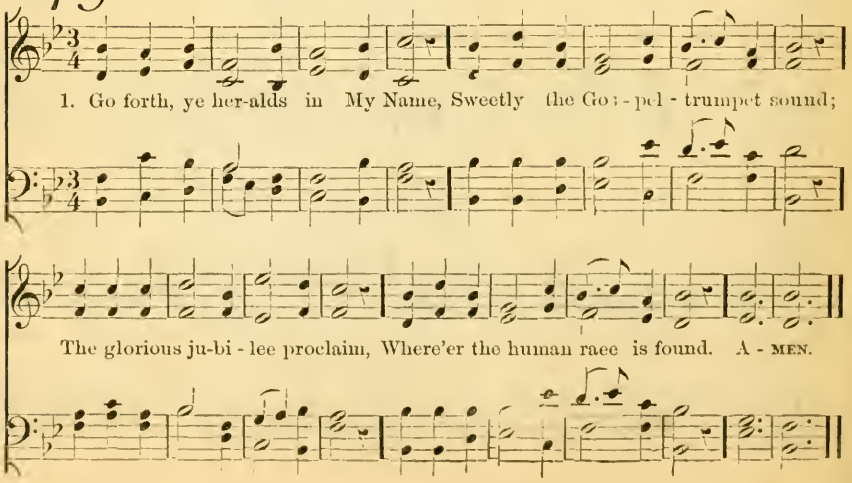
2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from Me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live. Amen.

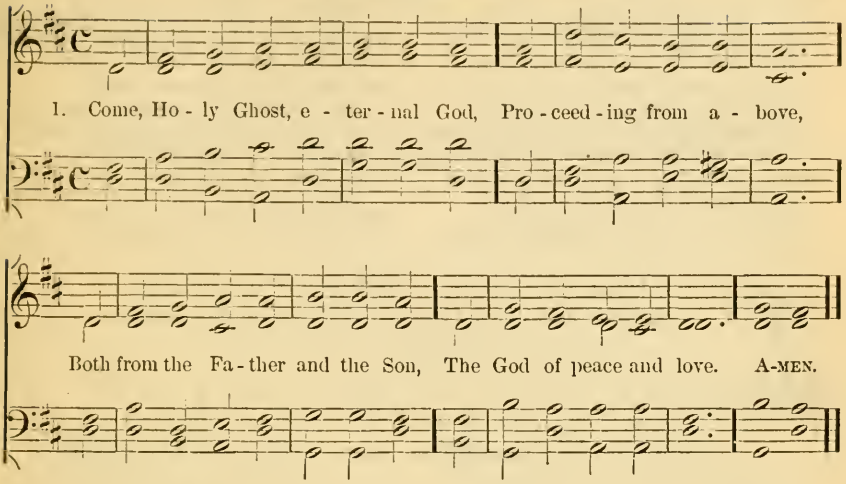
273.

Second Tune. L. M.



274. Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God.

"And He breathed on them, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." C. M.



2 Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

3 Thou in Thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's Church doth stand:
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,
The finger of God's hand.

4 According to Thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace;
That, through Thy help, God's praises may
Resound in every place.

5 O Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light;
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve God day and night.

6 Of strife and of dissension
Dissolve, O Lord, the bands,
And knit the knots of peace and love
Throughout all Christian lands.

7 Grant us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might,
That we of His beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight;

8 And that we may with perfect faith
Ever acknowledge Thee,
The Spirit of Father and of Son,
One God in Persons Three. AMEN.

275. This stone to Thee in faith we lay.

"May Thine eyes be opened toward this house night and day." L. M.

1 This stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great Name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

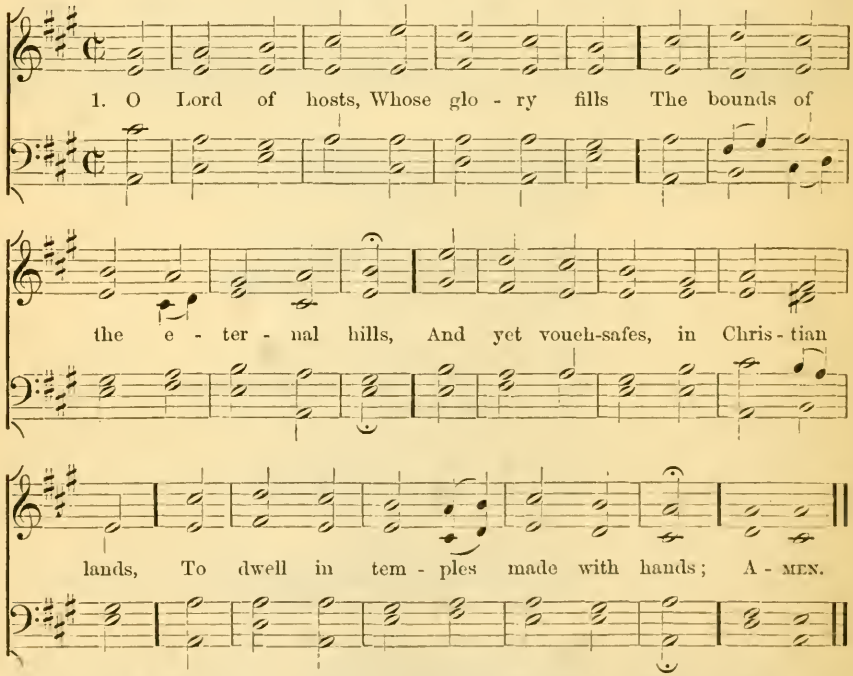
4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing [long.
And heaven with earth the strain pro-

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne. AMEN.

276. O Lord of Hosts, Whose glory fills.

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto Thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary." L. M.



2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

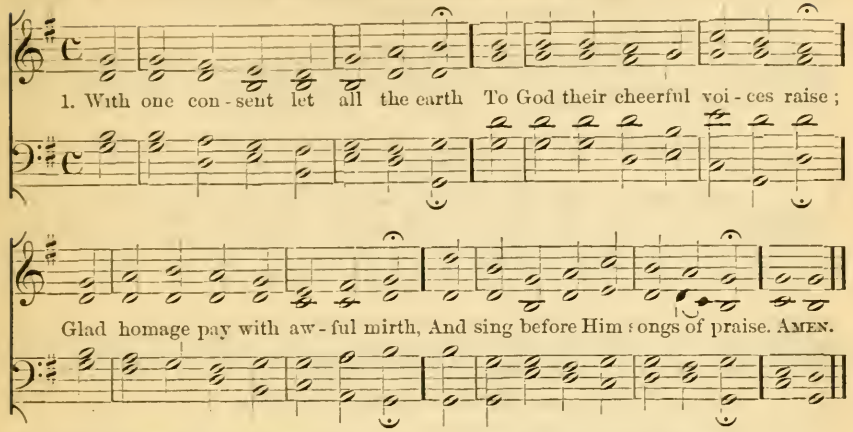
3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all pertain; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day. AMEN

277. With one consent let all the earth.

"O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise." L. M.



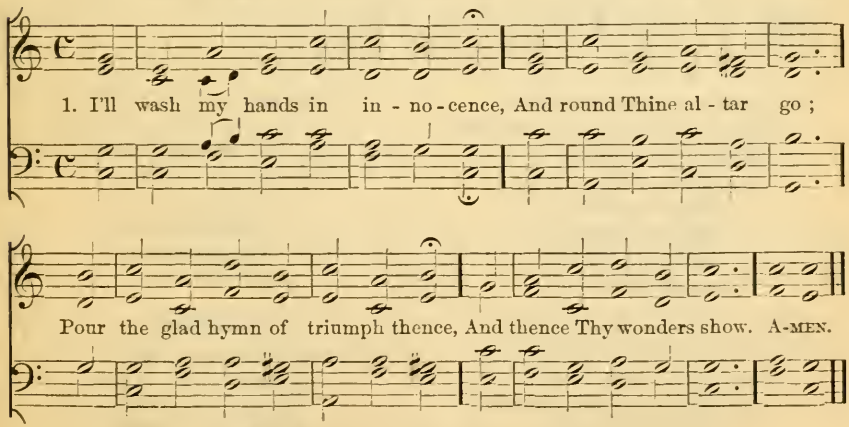
2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure. AMEN.

278. I'll wash my hands in innocence.

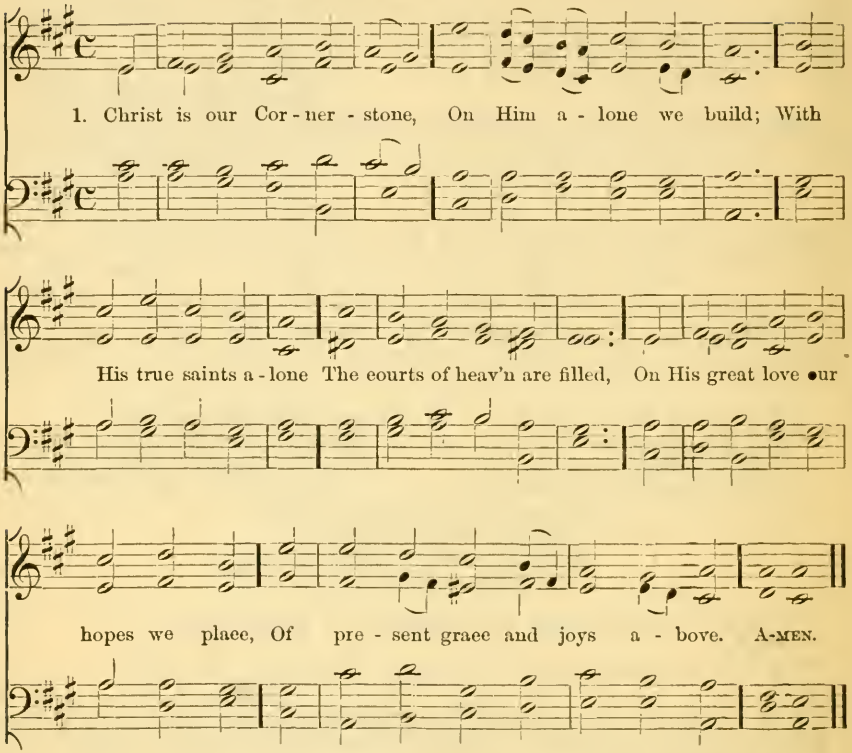
"I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord; and so will I go to Thine altar." C. M.



2 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How Thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which Thine honour dwells. AMEN.

Christ is our Corner-stone.

279. *"The Lord said unto him, I have hallowed this house to put My Name there for ever, and Mine Eyes and Mine Heart shall be there perpetually."* 6s. 4s.



2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessing pour.

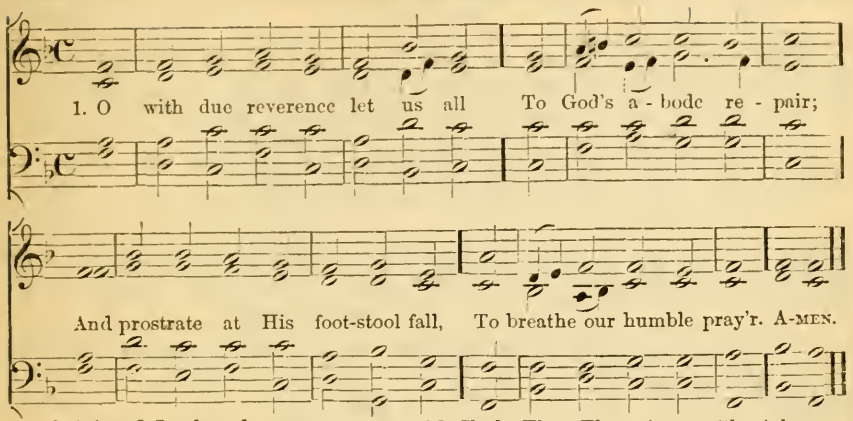
4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. AMEN.

280. O with due reverence let us all.

"Arise, O Lord, into Thy resting-place." C. M.

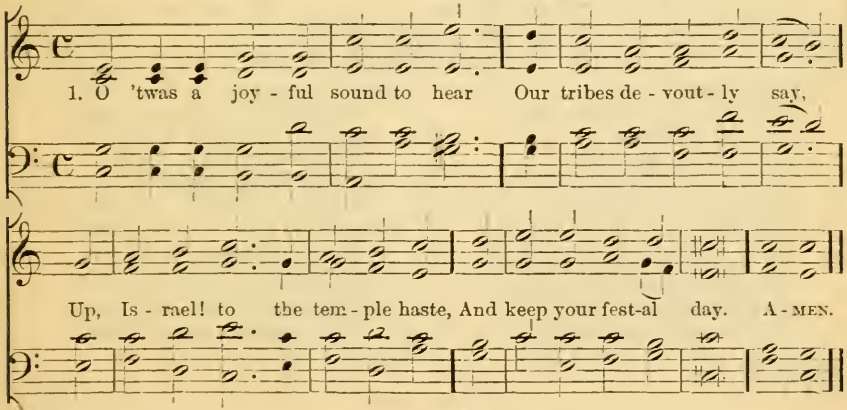


2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with Thy ark,
But with Thy presence bless'd.

3 Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteous-[ness,
Make Thou Thy saints rejoice:
And, for Thy servant David's sake,
Hear Thy Anointed's voice. AMEN.

281. O 'twas a joyful sound to hear.

"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee." C. M.



2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

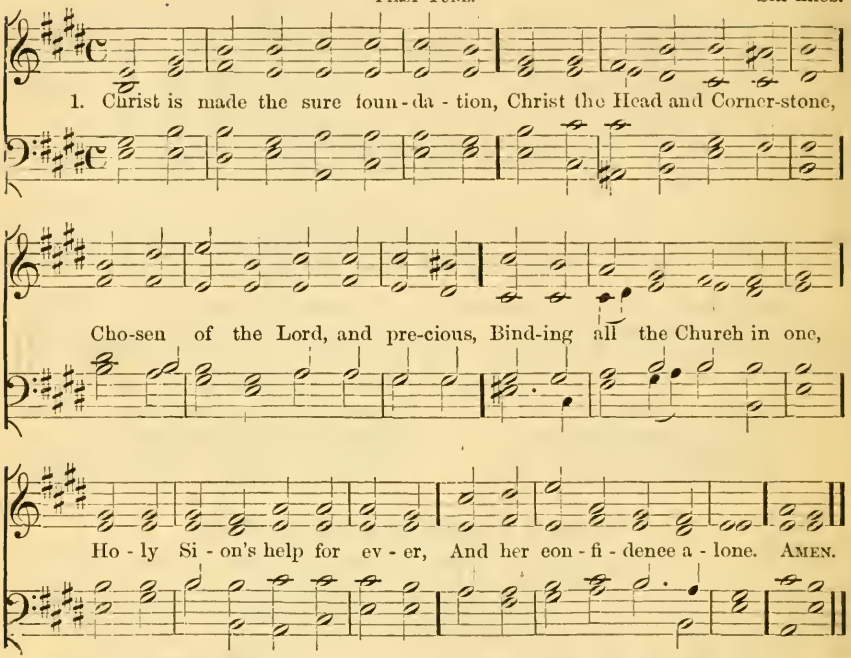
6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell. AMEN.

282. Christ is made the sure foundation.

"Behold I lay in Sion a chief Corner-stone, elect, precious."

8s.7s.
Six lines.

First Tune.



2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

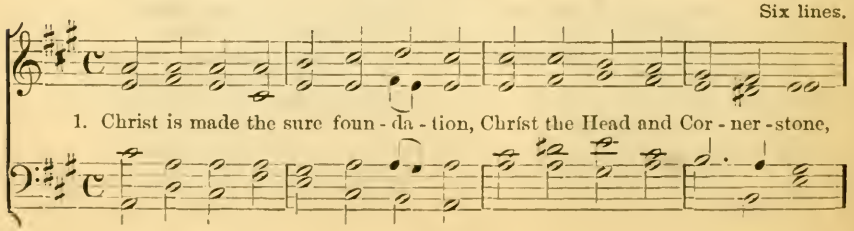
4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

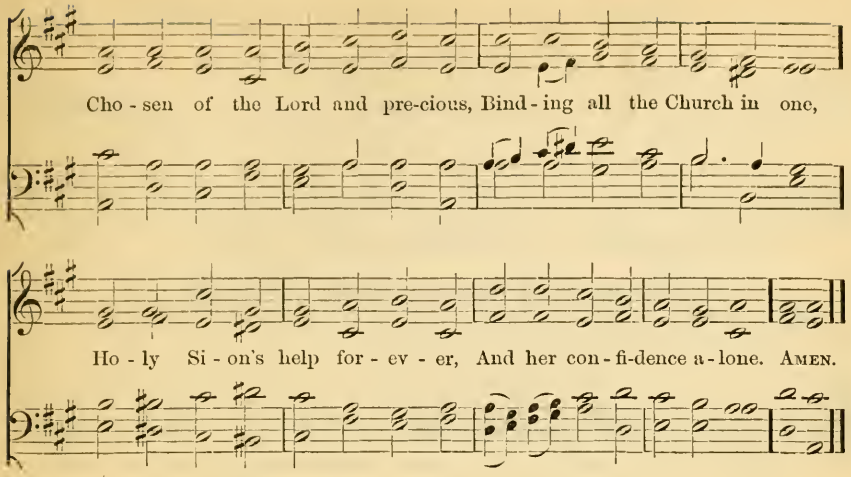
5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

282.

Second Tune.

8s.7s.
Six lines.

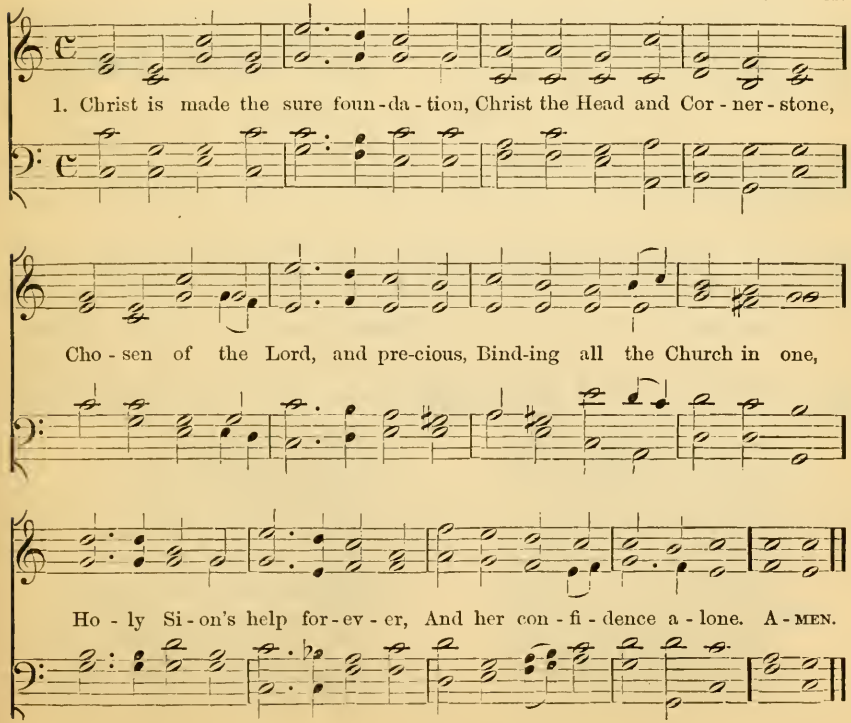




282.

THIRD TUNE.

8s. 7s.
Six lines.

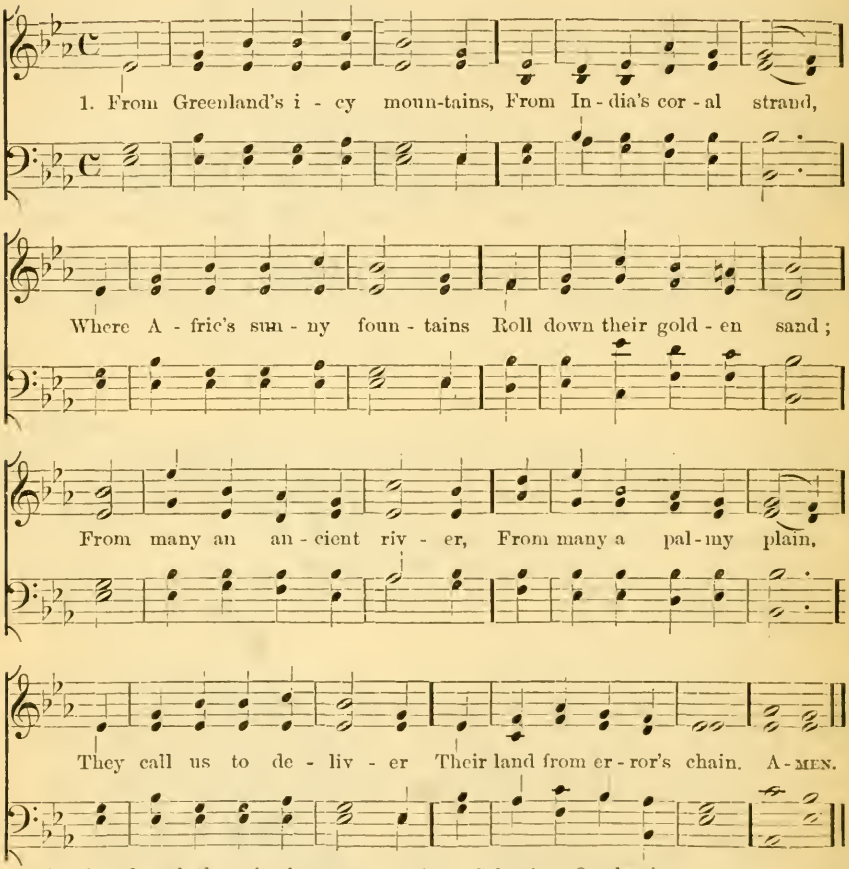


VI.—MISSIONS AND CHARITIES.

283. From Greenland's icy mountains.

"Come over and help us."

7s. 6s D.*



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

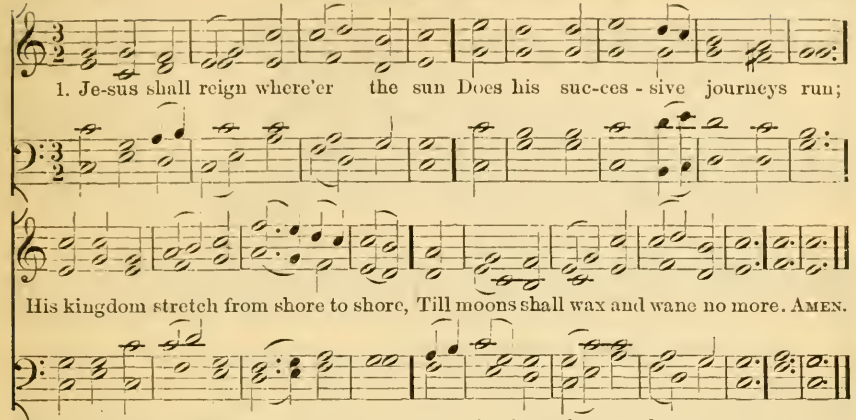
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. AMEN.

* For other tunes of this metre, see Hymns 5, 10, 34, 72, 105, 160, 291, 362, 493.

284. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea." L. M.



2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

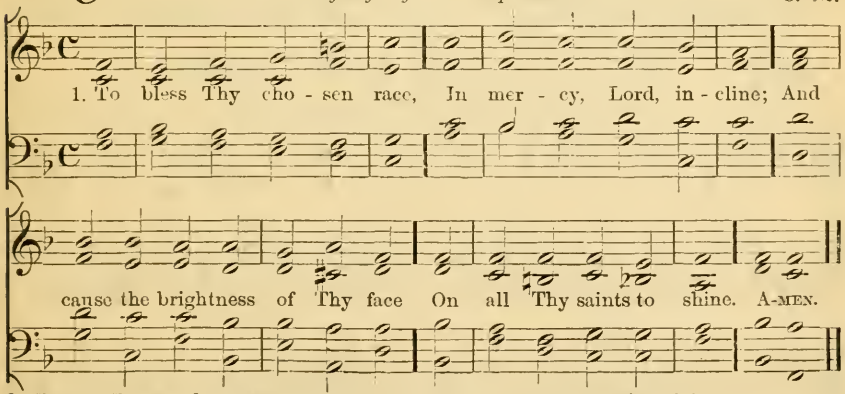
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. AMEN.

285. To bless Thy chosen race.

"That Thy way may be known upon earth." S. M.



2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

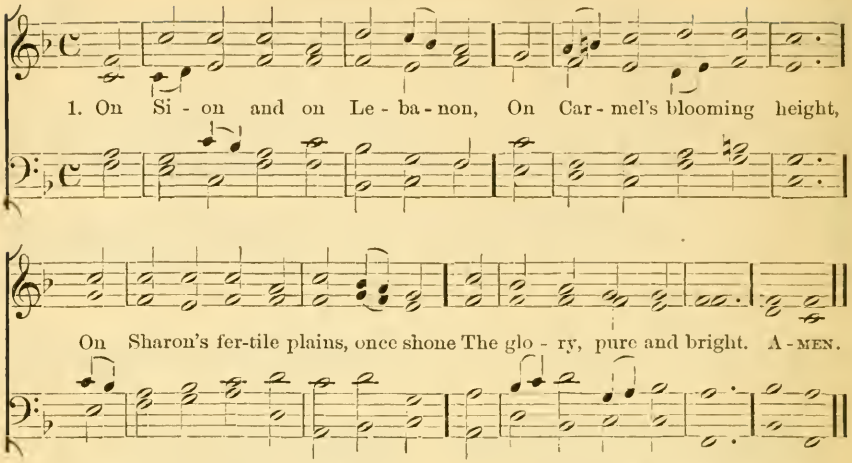
3 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power. AMEN.

286. On Sion and on Lebanon.

"They shall see the glory of the Lord." C. M.



2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom.

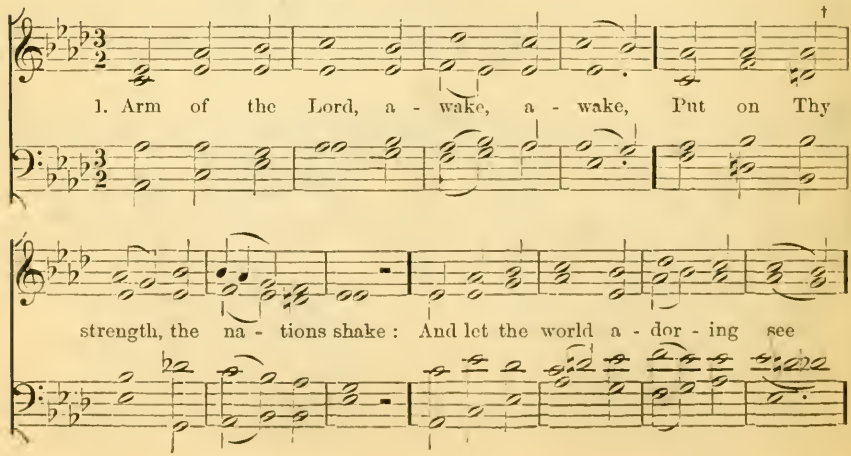
4 But ah! our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

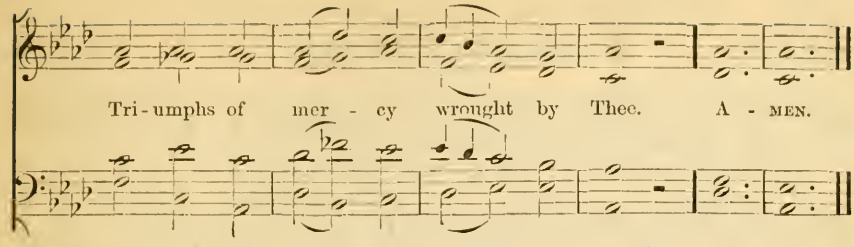
5 Thou, Who didst lighten Sion's hill,
On Carmel Who didst shine,
Our deserts let Thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide
Like Sharon's fruitful soil. AMEN.

287. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake.

"Awake, awake; put on strength, O Arm of the Lord." L. M.





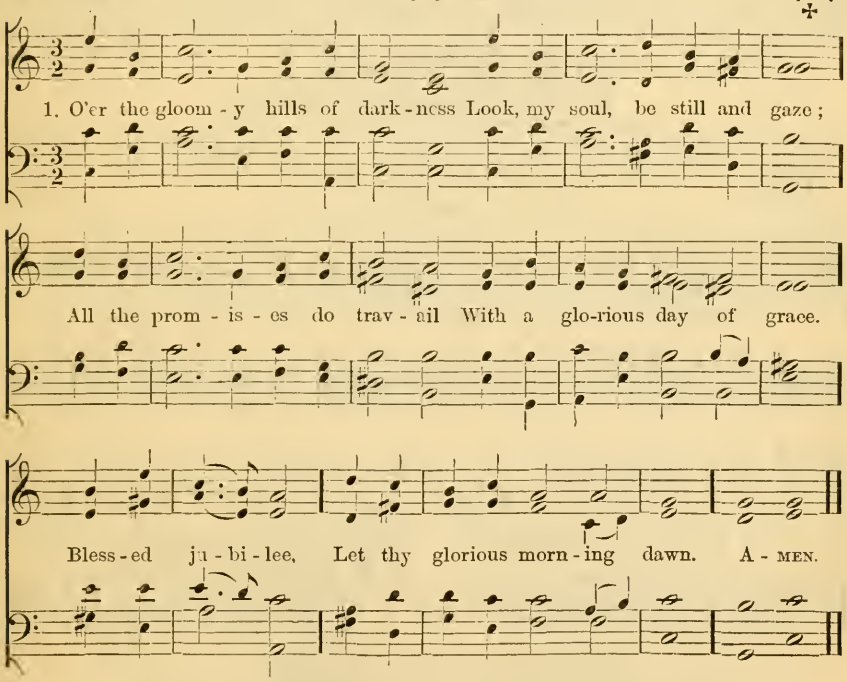
2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. AMEN.

288. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.

"O send out Thy light and truth." 8s. 7s. 4.

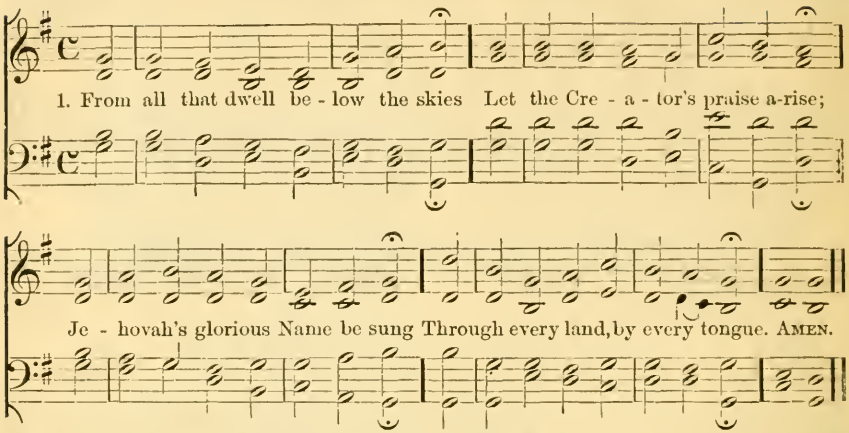


2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night:
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.
AMEN.

289. From all that dwell below the skies.

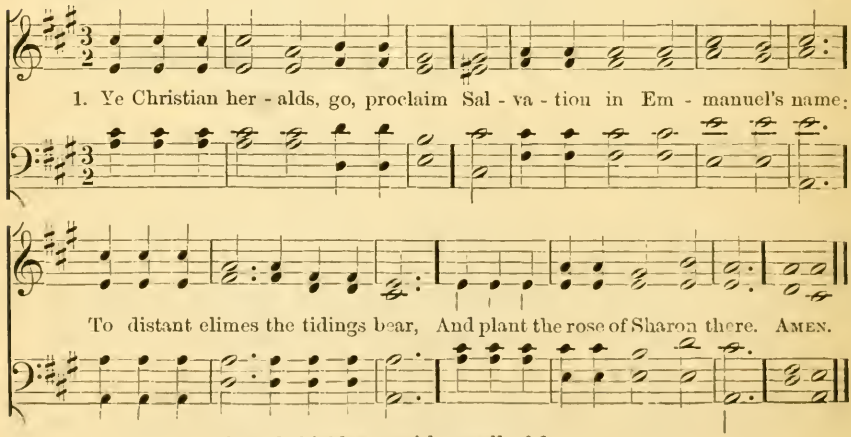
"O praise ye the Lord, all ye nations." L. M.



2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. AMEN.

290. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim.

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord." L. M.



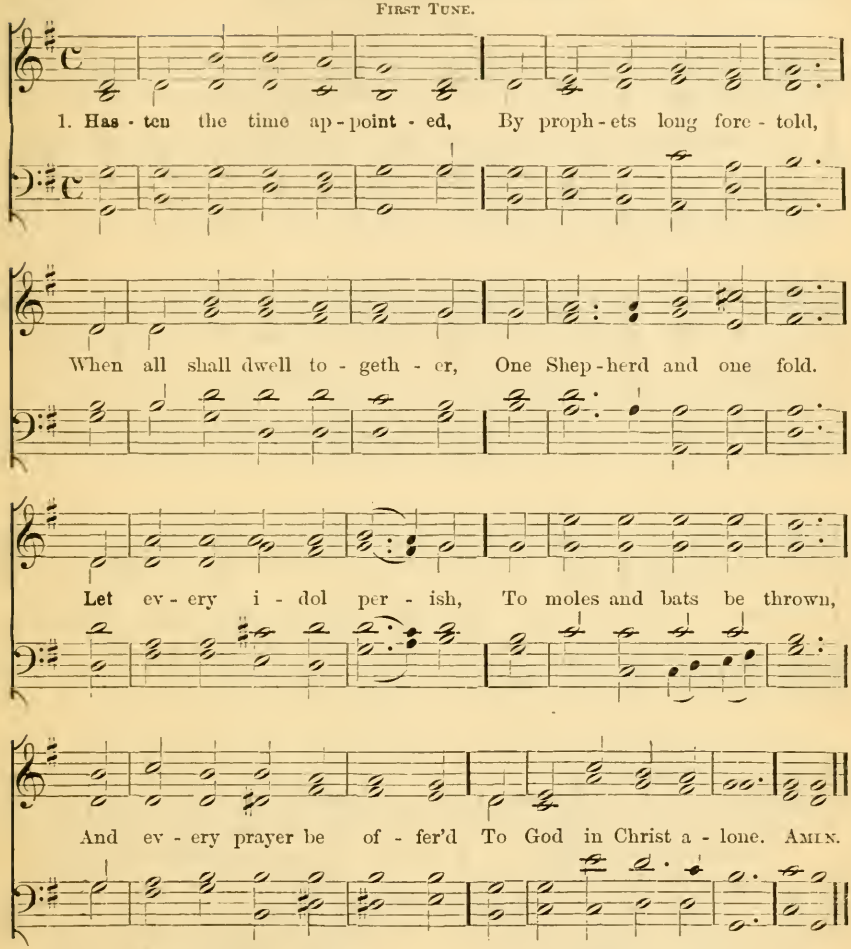
2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labours are all o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. AMEN.

291. Hasten the time appointed.

"And there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." 7s. 6s. D.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore.
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.

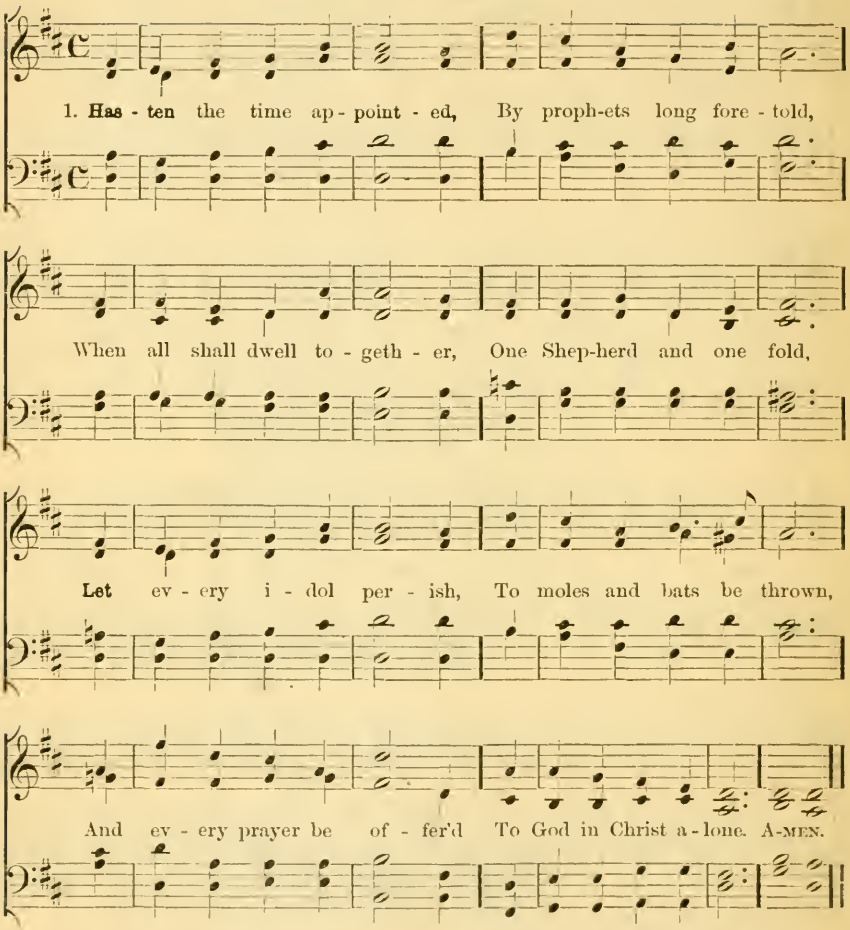
3 Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.
Let war be learn'd no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone. AMEN.

291. Hasten the time appointed.

"And there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." 7s. 6s. D.

SECOND TUNE.



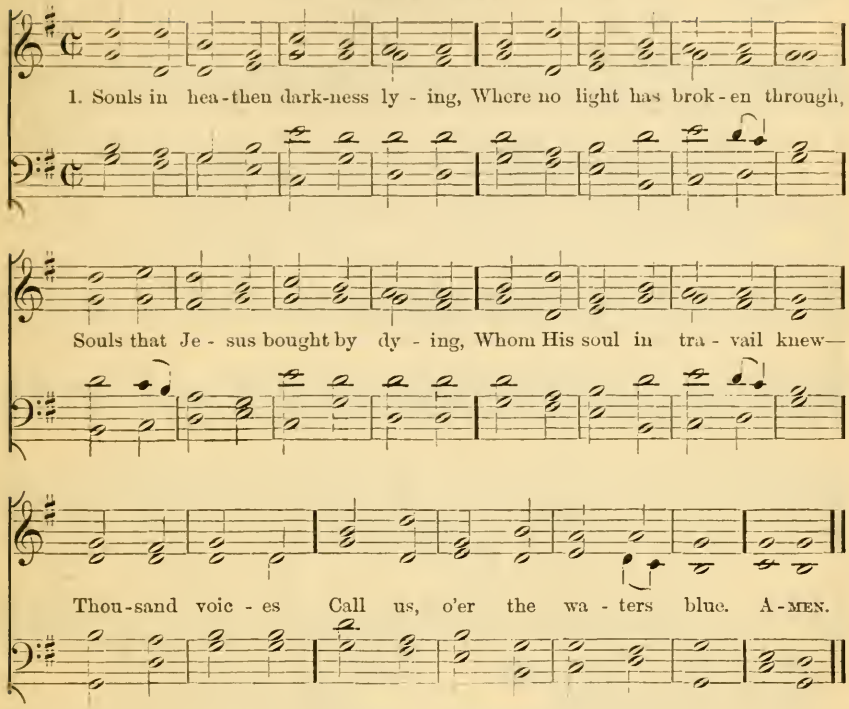
2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore.
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.

3 Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.
Let war be learn'd no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone. AMEN.

292. Souls in heathen darkness lying.

"And I will set My glory among the heathen." 8s. 7s. 4.



2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten,
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

GLORIA PATRI.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory,
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

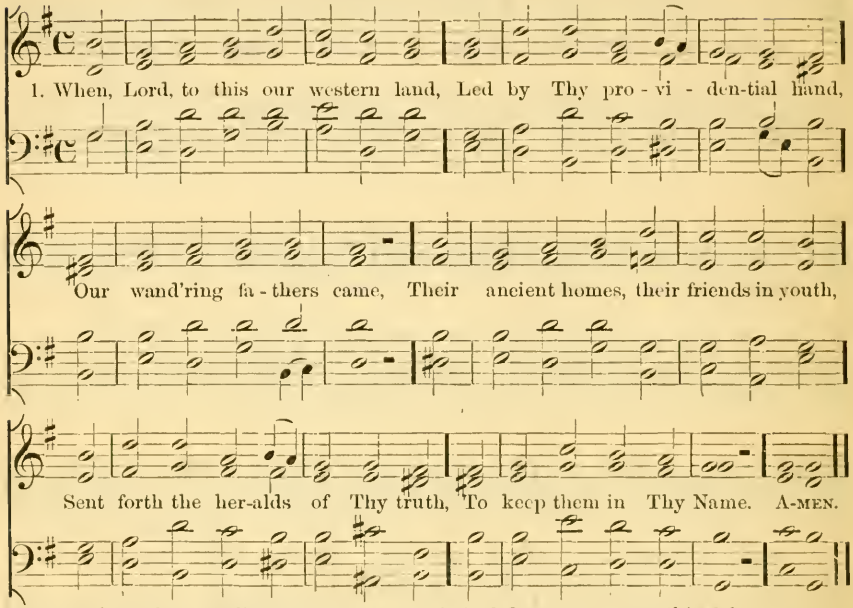
When, Lord, to this our western land.

293.

FOR MISSIONS TO THE NEW SETTLEMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

"So shall they fear the Name of the Lord from the west, and His glory from the rising of the sun."

8s. 6s.



2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land:
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by Thy hand.

4 Saviour, we own this debt of love:
O shed Thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix Thy Name,
Through all our desert west. AMEN.

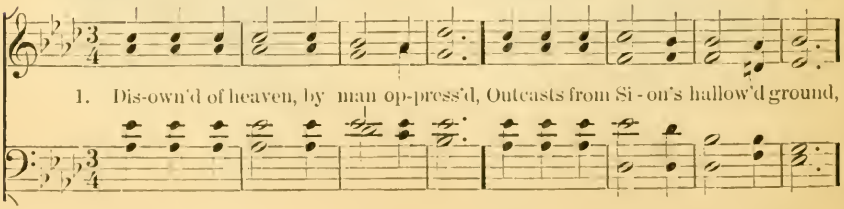
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd.

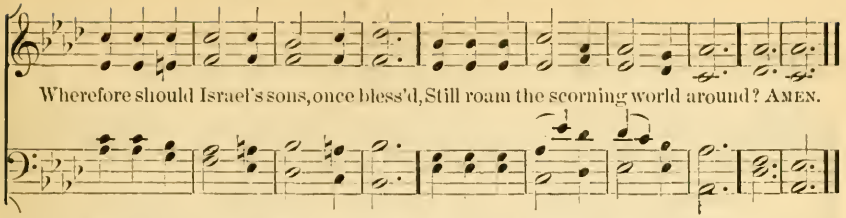
294.

FOR THE JEWS.

"God is able to graff them in again."

L. M.





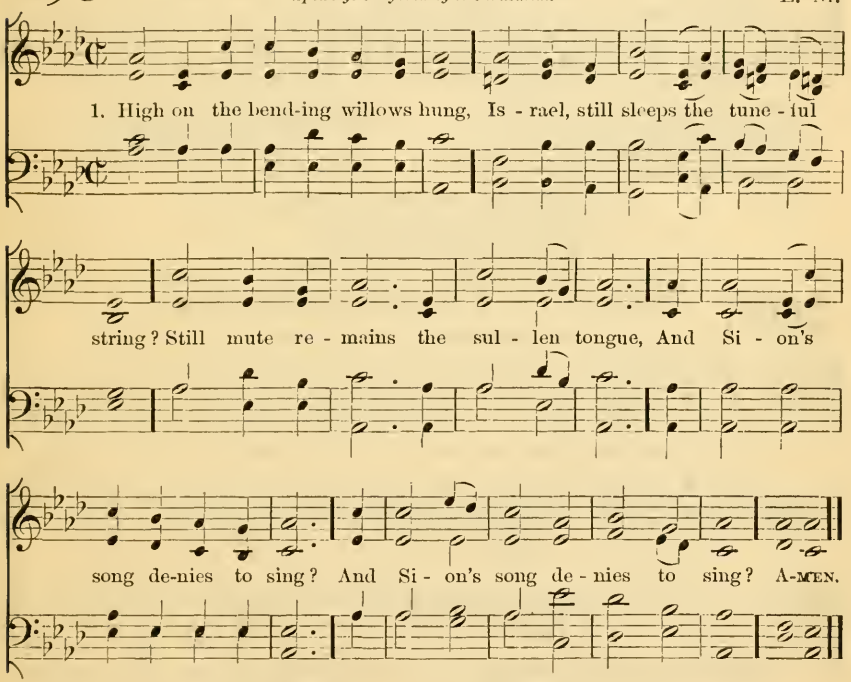
2 Lord, visit Thy forsaken race,
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.
AMEN.

295. High on the bending willows hung.

"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." L. M.



2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King His sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

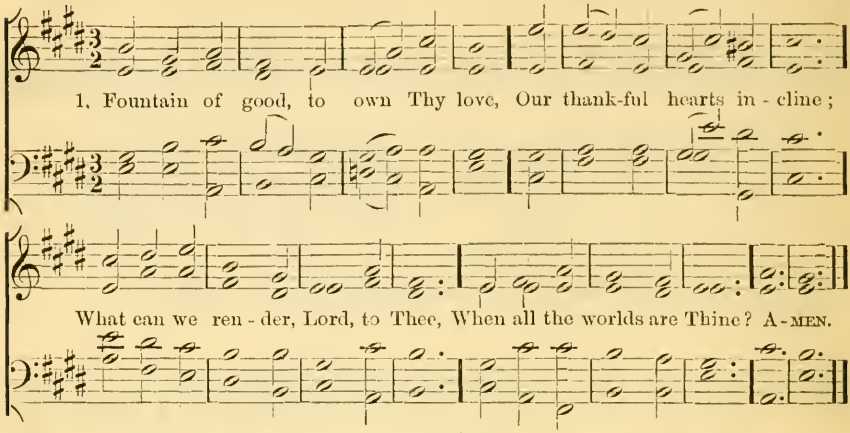
3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing? AMEN.

296. Fountain of good, to own Thy love.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." C. M.



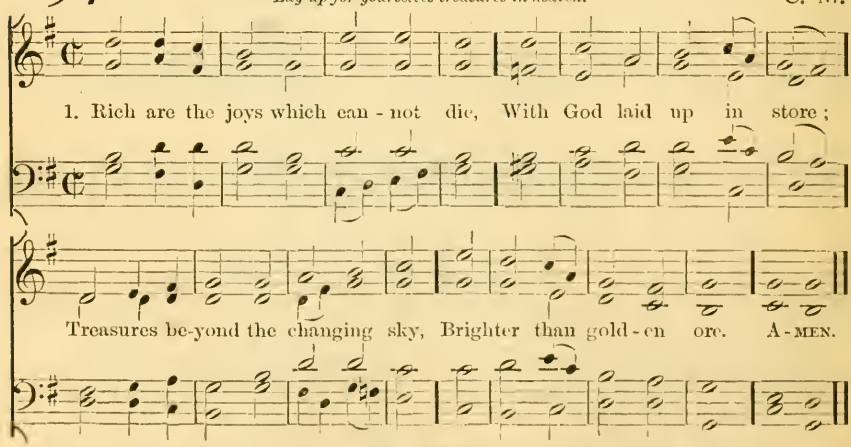
2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

3 In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed:
And visited, and cheer'd.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy power would see;
For while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to Thee. AMEN.

297. Rich are the joys which cannot die.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." C. M.

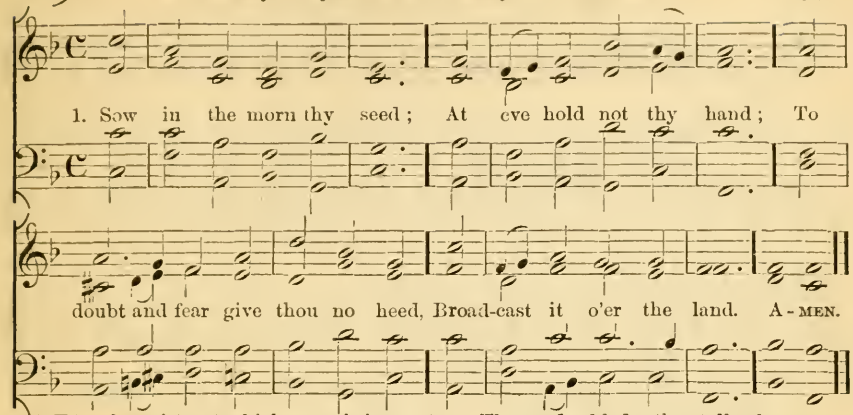


2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 All that my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay. AMEN.

298. Sow in the morn thy seed.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." S. M.



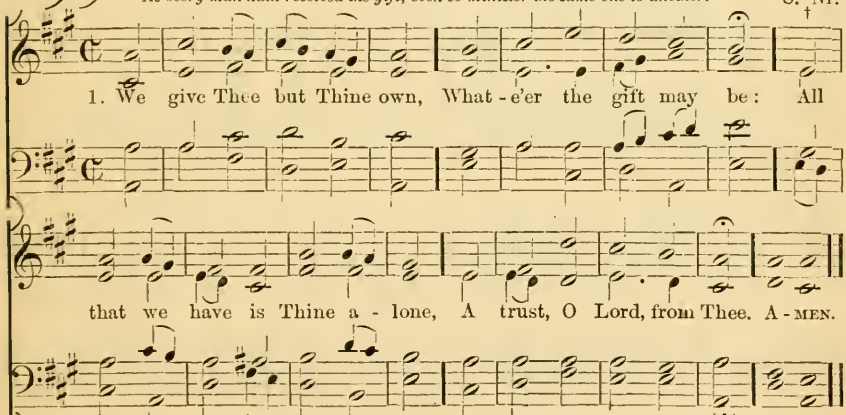
2 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky. AMEN.

299. We give Thee but Thine own.

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another." S. M.



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

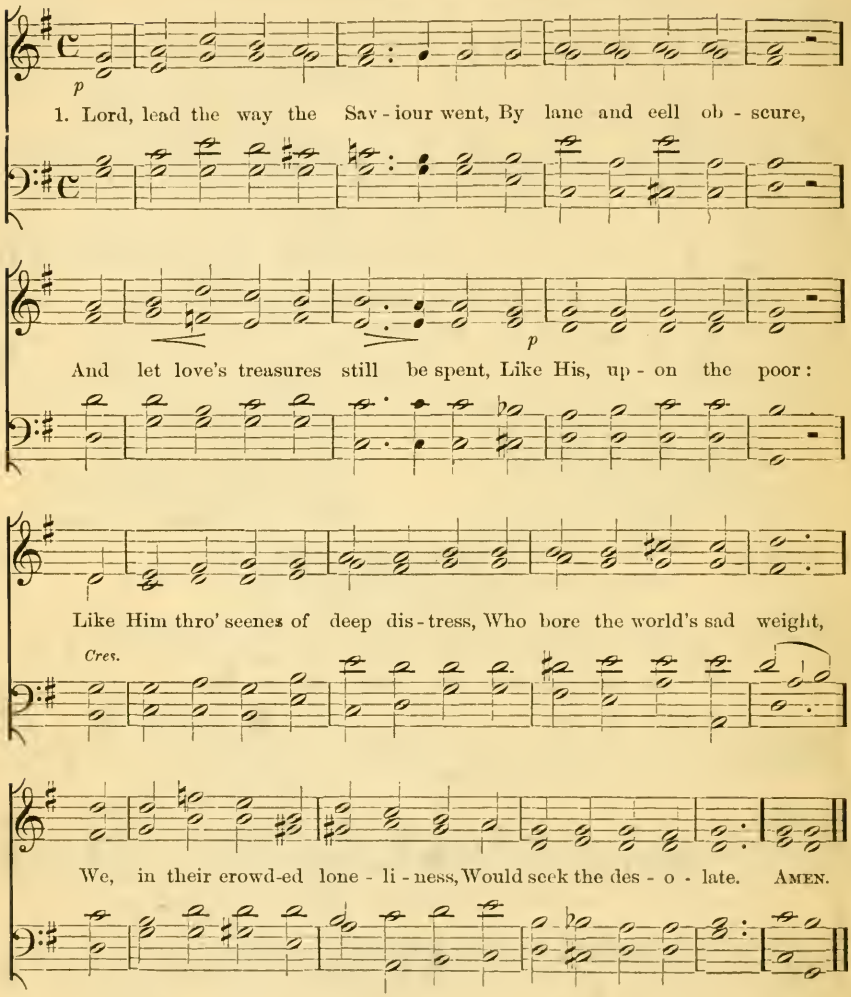
4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. AMEN.

300. Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." C. M. D.

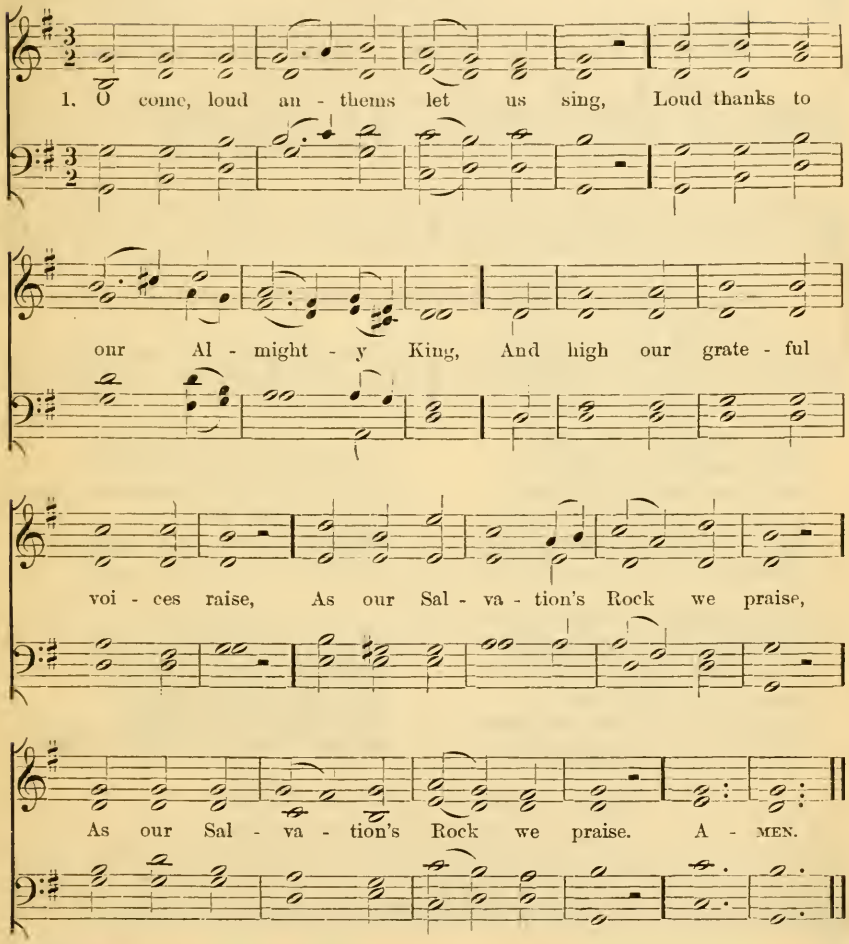


2 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward. Amen.

VII.—SPECIAL SEASONS.

O come, loud anthems let us sing.

301. *"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation."* L. M.



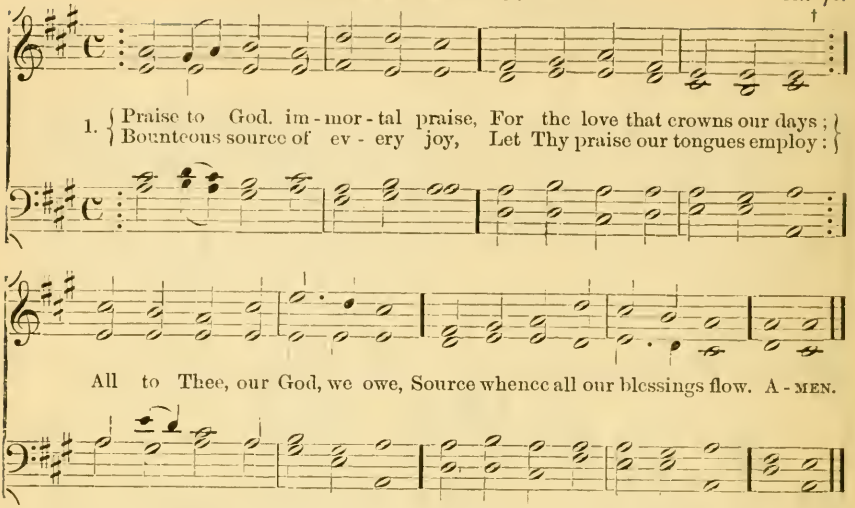
2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call. AMEN.

302. Praise to God, immortal praise.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness." Six 7s.



2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

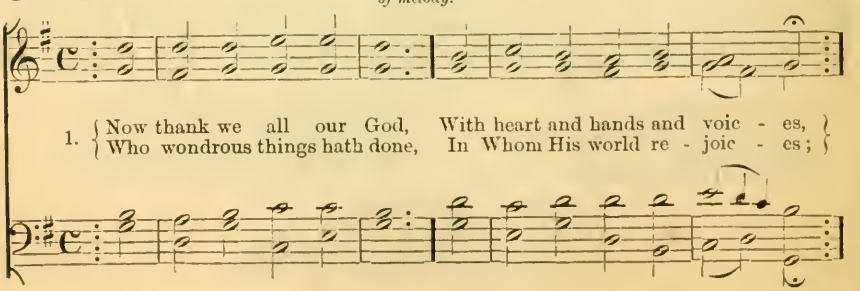
4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

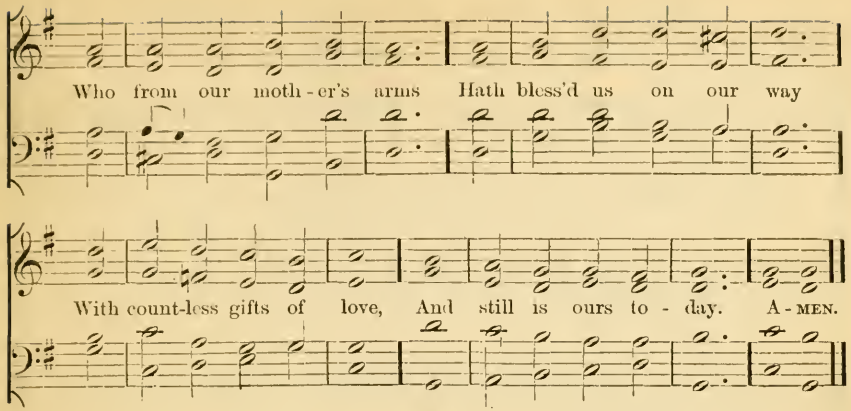
GLORIA PATRI.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. AMEN.

303. Now thank we all our God.

"O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody." P. M.





2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Him Who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

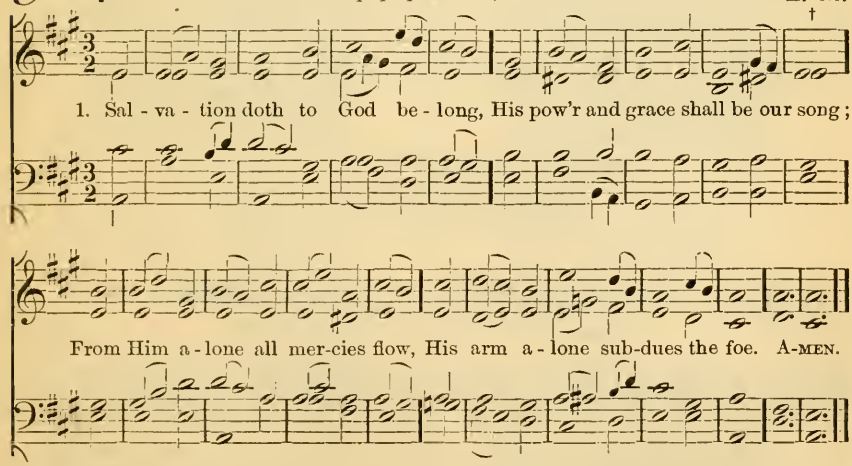
Salvation doth to God belong.

304.

FOR PUBLIC MERCIES AND DELIVERANCES.

"Let the people praise Thee, O God."

L. M.

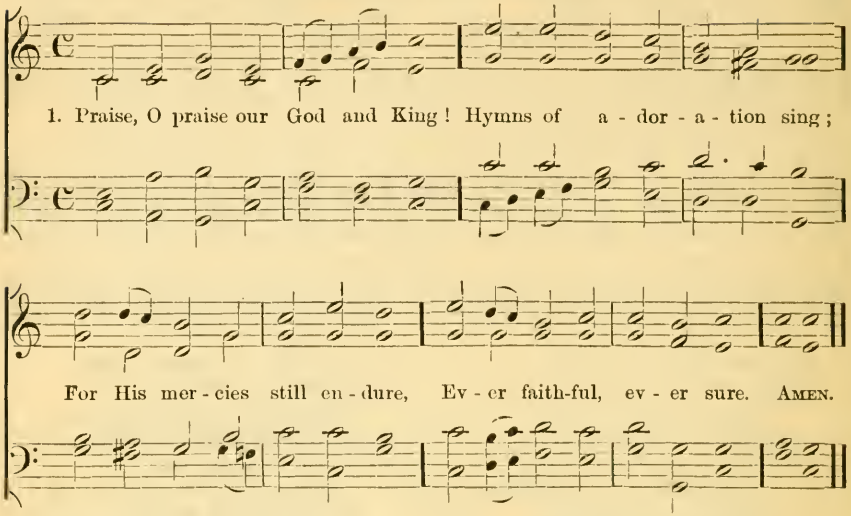


2 Then praise this God, Who bows His ear
Propitious to His people's prayer,
And though deliverance He may stay,
Yet answers still in His own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by Thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To Thee, our Saviour and our King. AMEN.

305. Praise, O praise our God and King!

"Who giveth food to all flesh: for His mercy endureth for ever." 7s.



2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

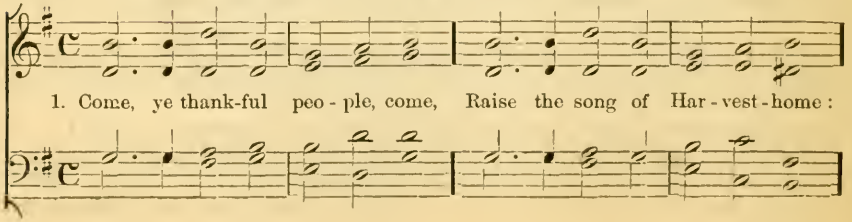
6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

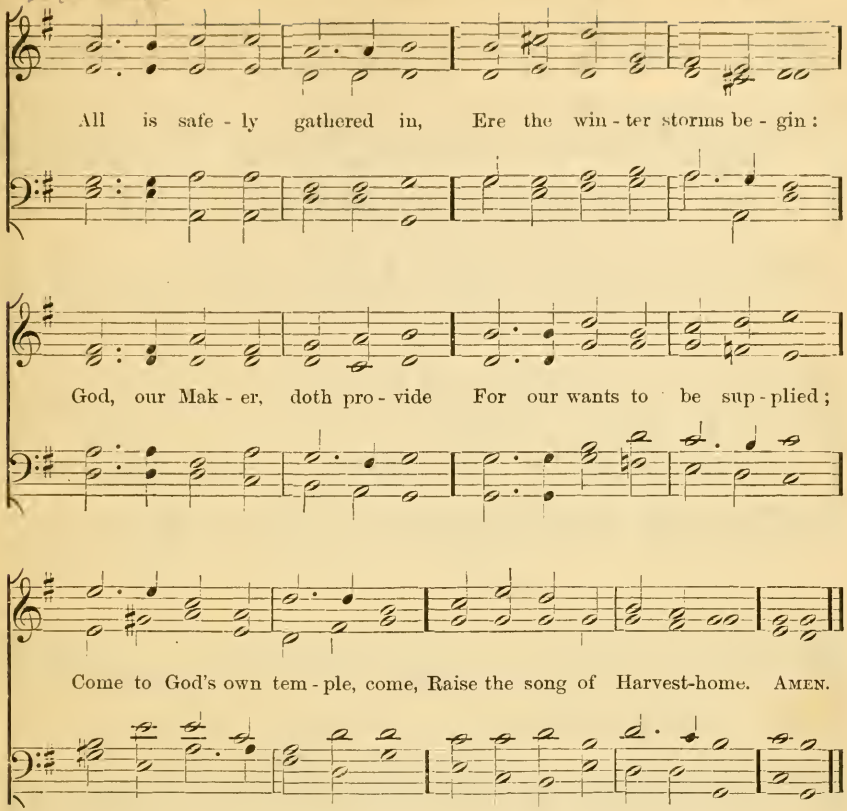
8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One. AMEN.

306. Come, ye thankful people, come.

"They joy before Thee, according to the joy of harvest." 7s. D.



Thanksgiving.



2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home:
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

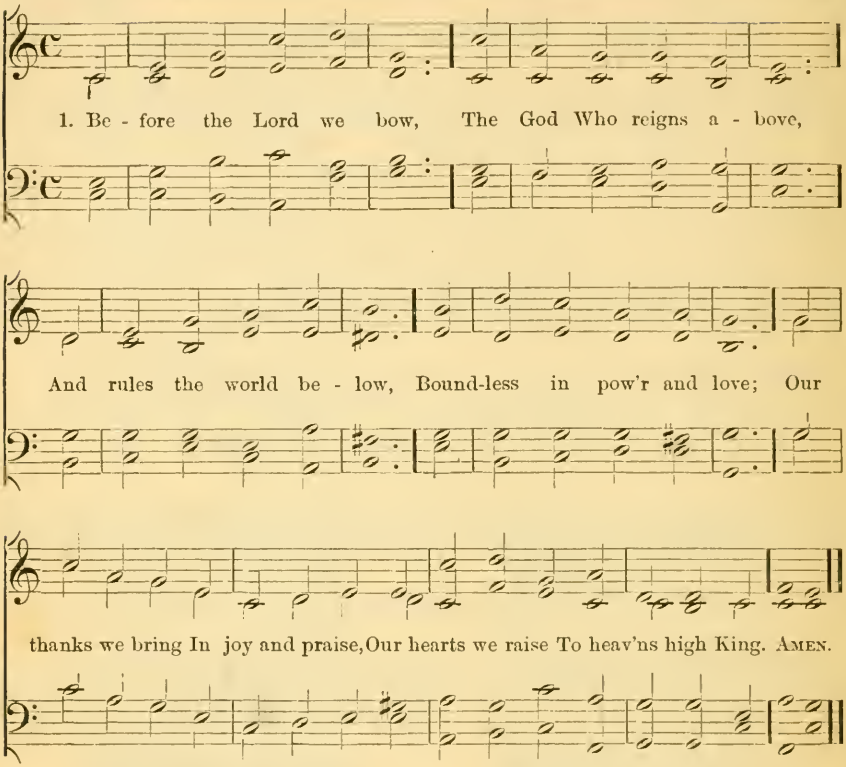
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home

GLORIA PATRI.

HOLY Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might:
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord. AMEN.

307. Before the Lord we bow.

"Praise ye the Name of the Lord; praise Him, O ye servants of the Lord." 6s. 4s.



2 The nation Thou hast blest
May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay—
Gifts of Thy hand.

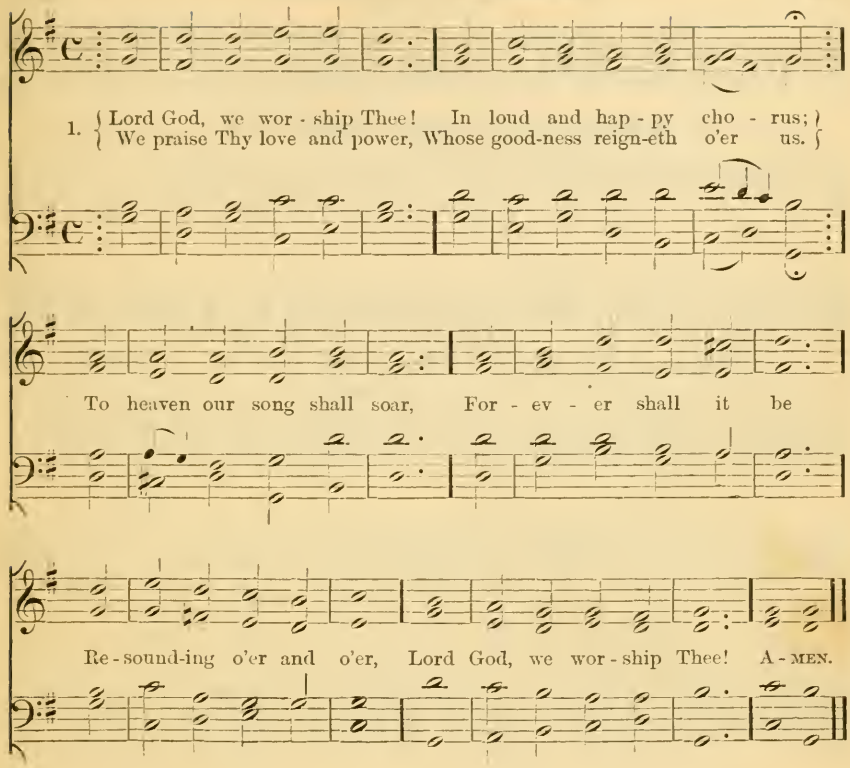
3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone;
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,
O may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band;
A countless throng
Ever to sing
To heaven's high King
Salvation's song. Amen.

308. Lord God, we worship Thee.

"This God is our God for ever and ever." P. M.



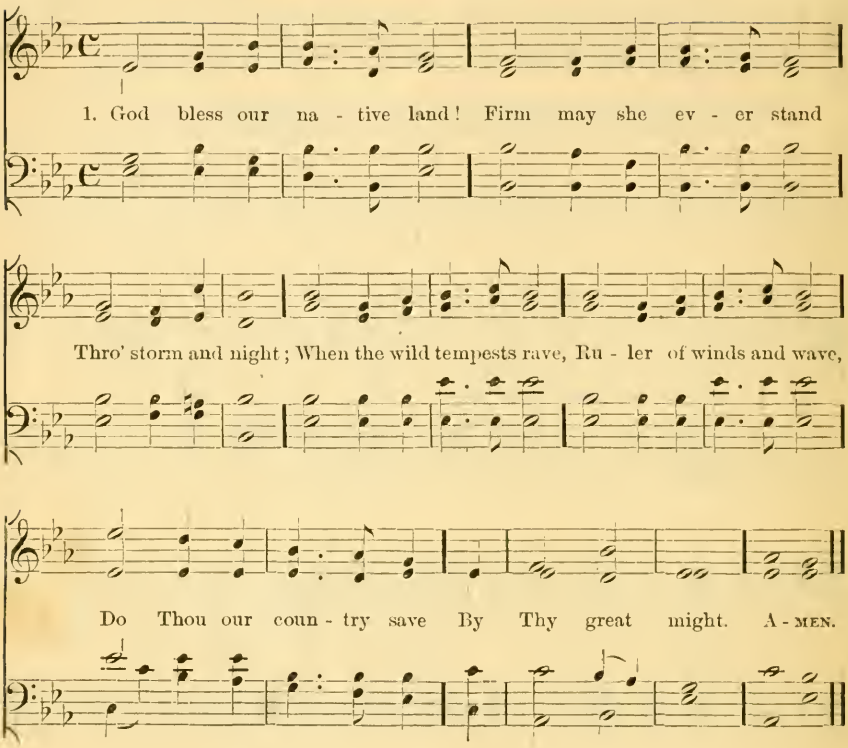
2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee! AMEN.

309. God bless our native land!

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

6s.4s.



2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

GLORIA PATRI.

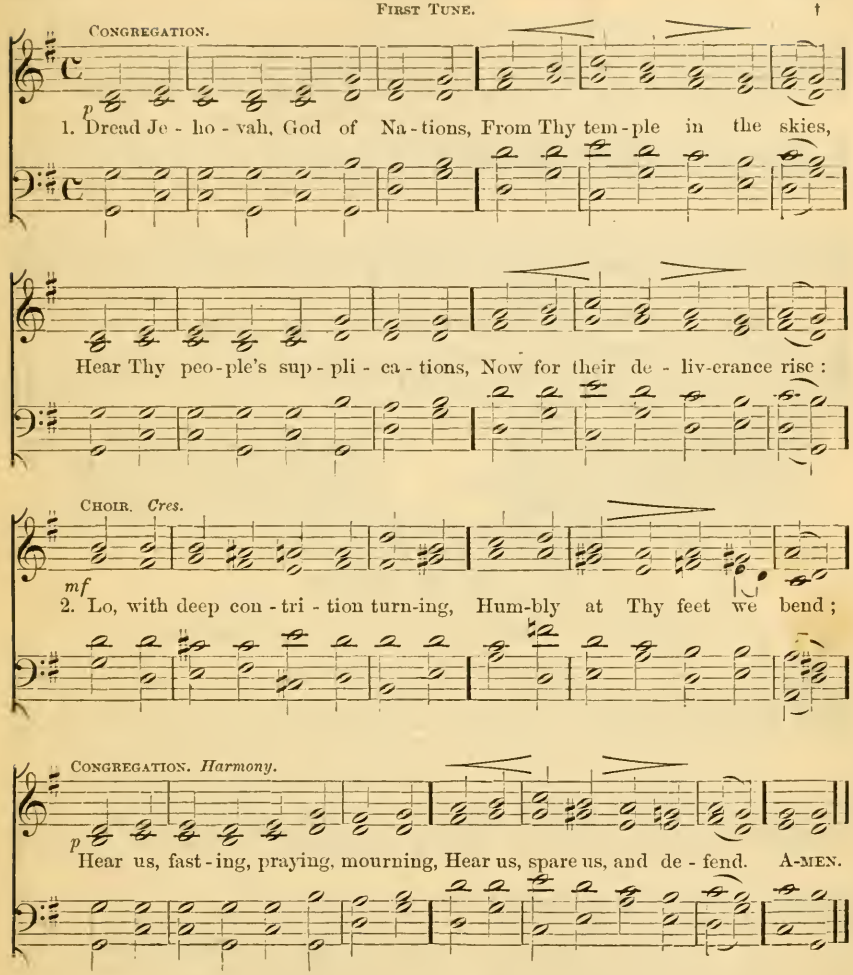
To Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. AMEN.

310. Dread Jehovah, God of Nations.

"O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do."

8s. 7s.

FIRST TUNE.



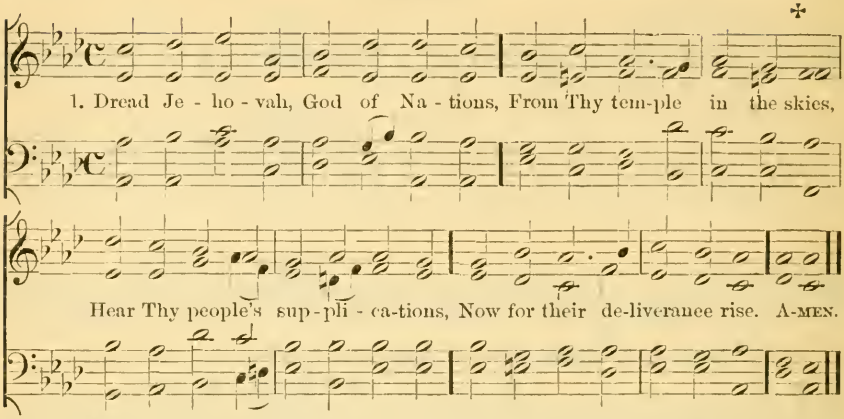
3 Though our sins our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place. AMEN.

310. Dread Jehovah, God of Nations.

"O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do." 8s. 7s.

SECOND TUNE.



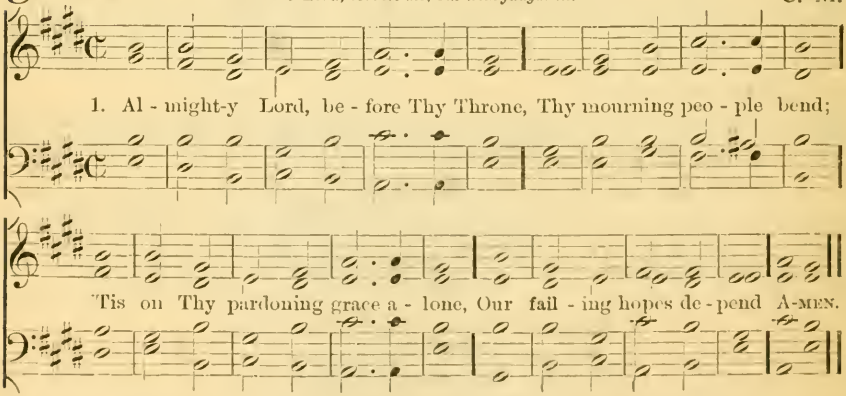
2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins our hearts confounding,
'Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place. AMEN.

311. Almighty Lord, before Thy Throne.

"O Lord, correct me, but with judgment." C. M.



2 Dark judgments, from Thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

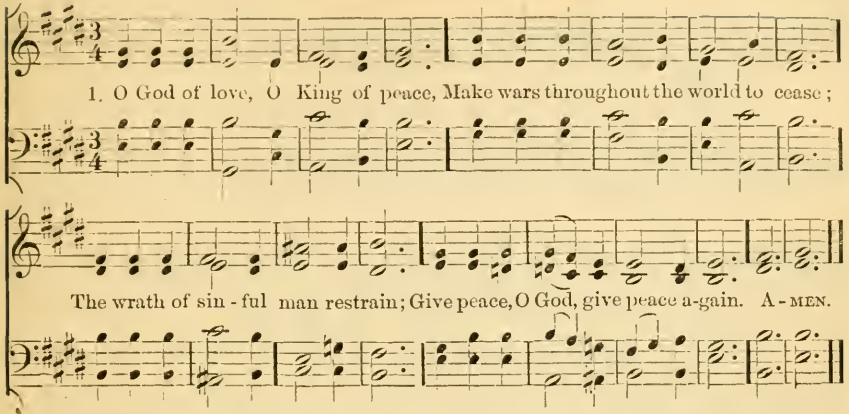
3 How changed, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
Convert us by Thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And see again Thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When Thou, O God, art near. AMEN.

312. O God of love, O King of peace.

"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace." L.M.



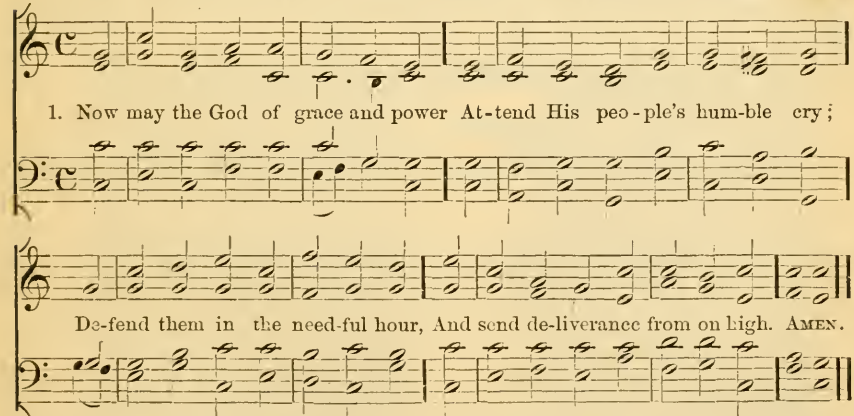
2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust, but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
AMEN.

313. Now may the God of grace and power.

"God be merciful unto us and bless us, and show us the light of His countenance." L.M.



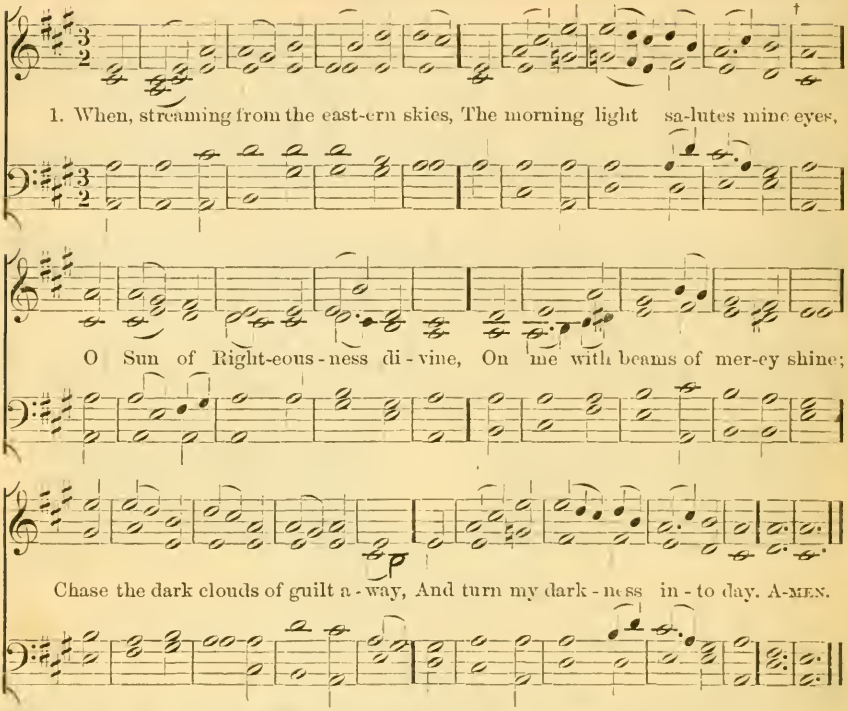
2 In His salvation is our hope;
And in the Name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.
AMEN.

314. When, streaming from the eastern skies.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." Six 8s.



2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's Name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me Thy precepts, all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress,
I turn and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant Thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For Thou on earth wast poor indeed.

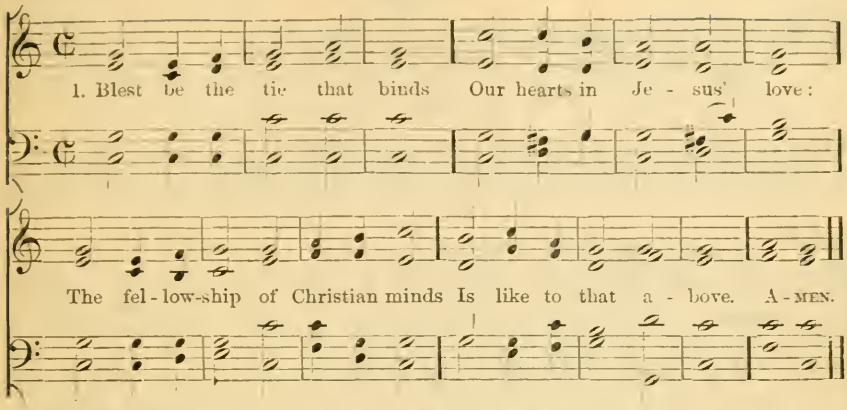
6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings on my store:
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with Thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise. AMEN.

315. Blest be the tie that binds.

"For ye are members one of another." S.M.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

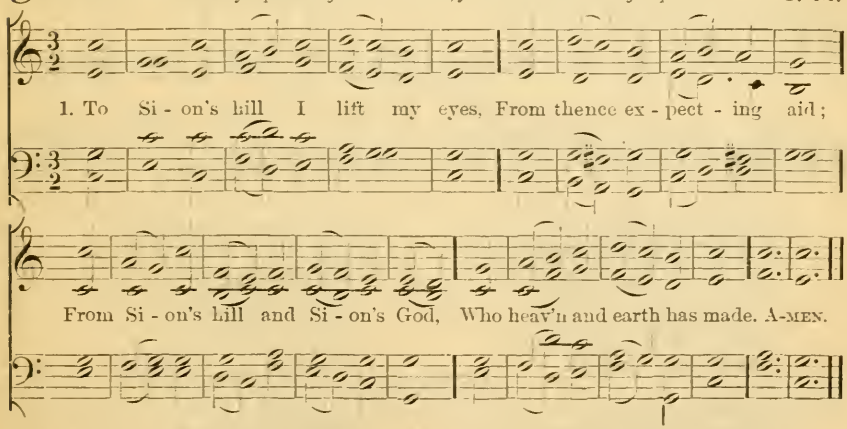
3 We share our mutual woes.
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. AMEN.

316. To Sion's hill I lift my eyes.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." C. M.



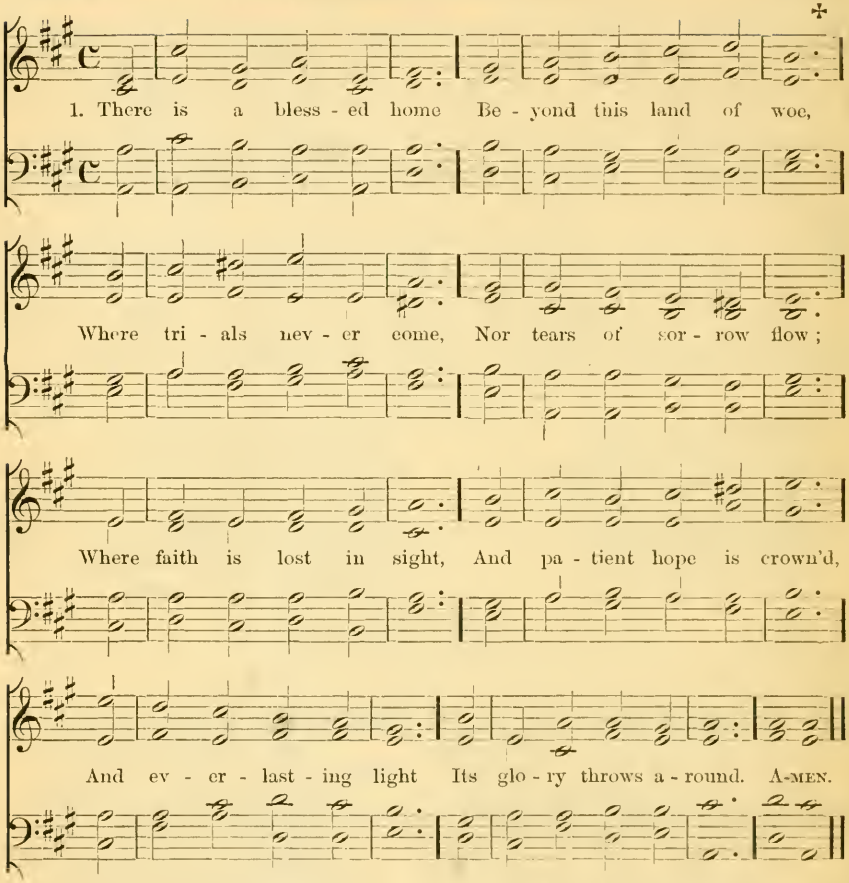
2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God Who slumbers not
Will favour'd Israel keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings.
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun or moon shall tee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war.
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end. AMEN.

317. There is a blessed home.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." 6s. D.



2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

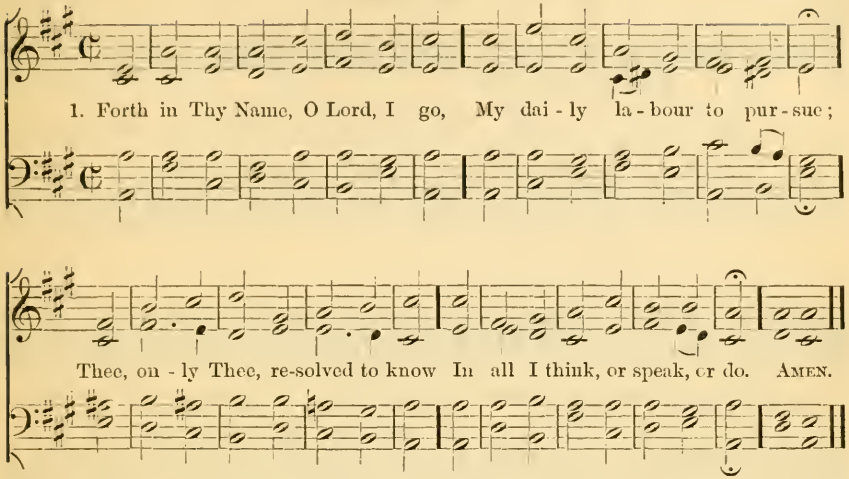
GLORIA PATRI.

To Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. AMEN

318. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go.

"Walk before Me, and be thou perfect." L. M.

First Tune.



2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

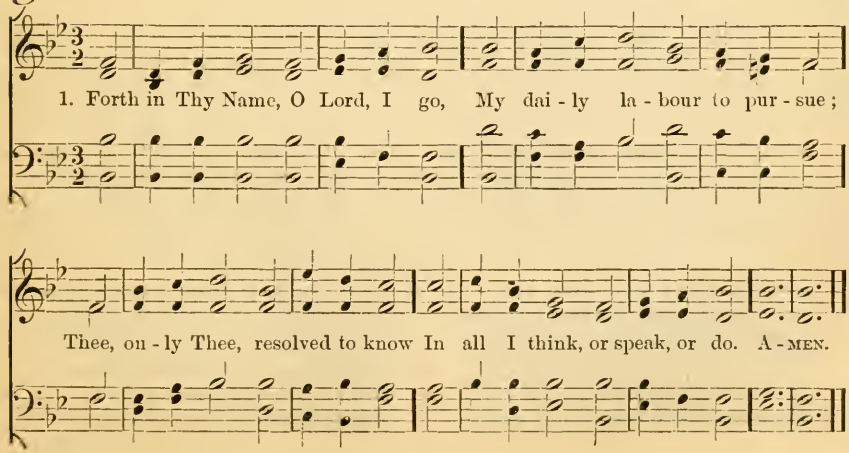
3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 Fain would I still for Thee employ [given,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
Amen.

318.

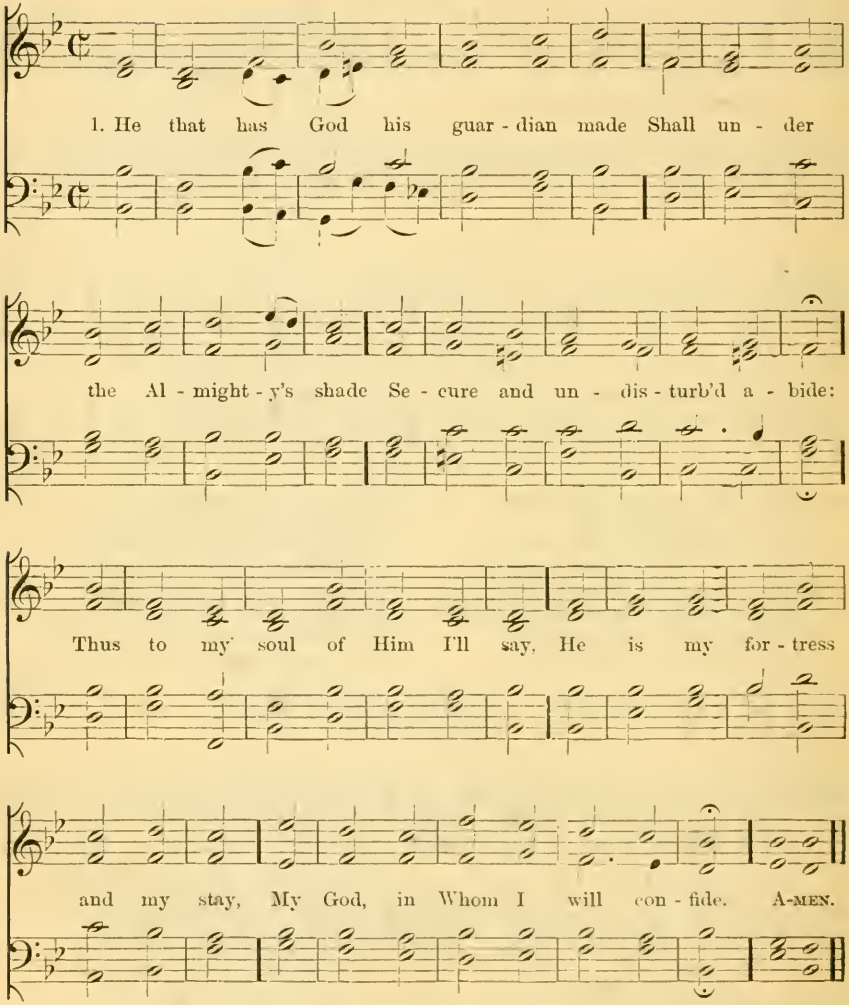
Second Tune. L. M.



319. He that has God his guardian made.

"Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Six 8s.

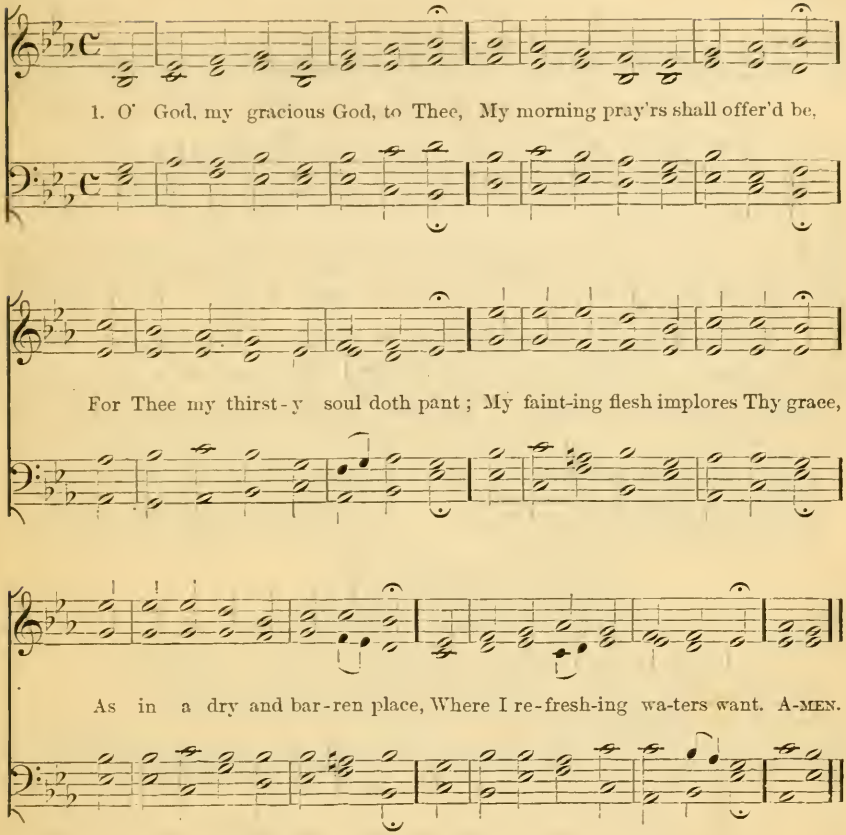


2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee His wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
Thy refuge, even God most high;
Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
Nor to thy heaven-protected home
Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.
AMEN.

320. O God, my gracious God, to Thee.

"O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee." Six 8s.



2 O to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which Thy majestic house displays:
Because to me Thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak Thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore His Name:
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy His praise proclaim.

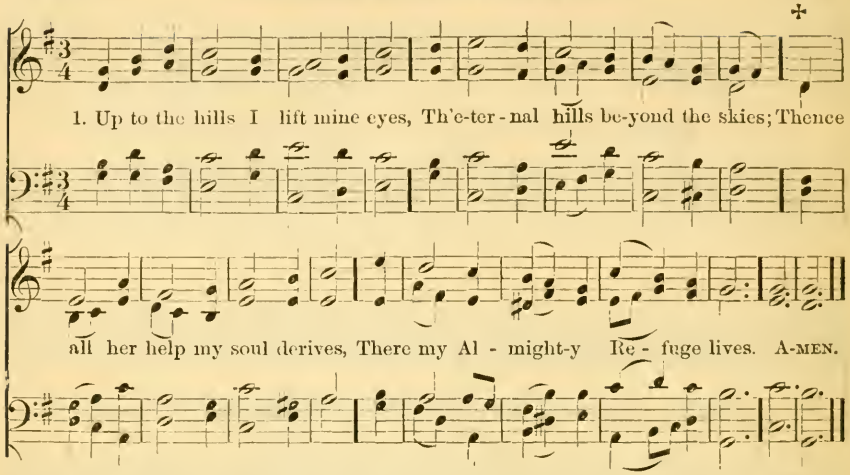
4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night,
Because Thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore.
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more. AMEN

321. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes.

"Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising." L. M.



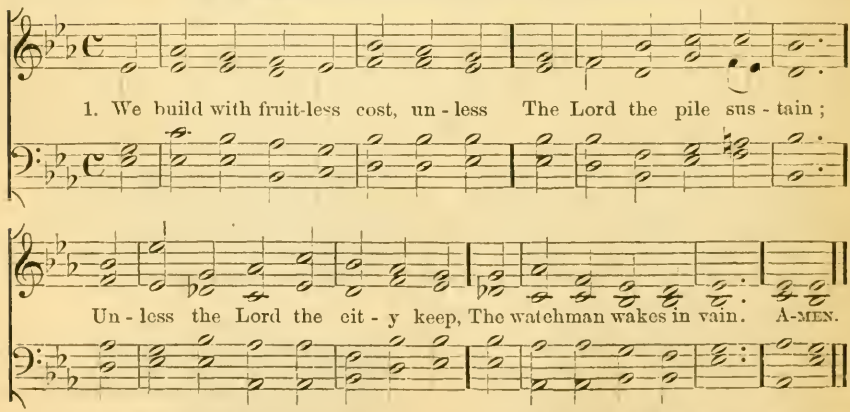
2 He lives the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise. AMEN.

322. We build with fruitless cost, unless.

"Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." C. M.

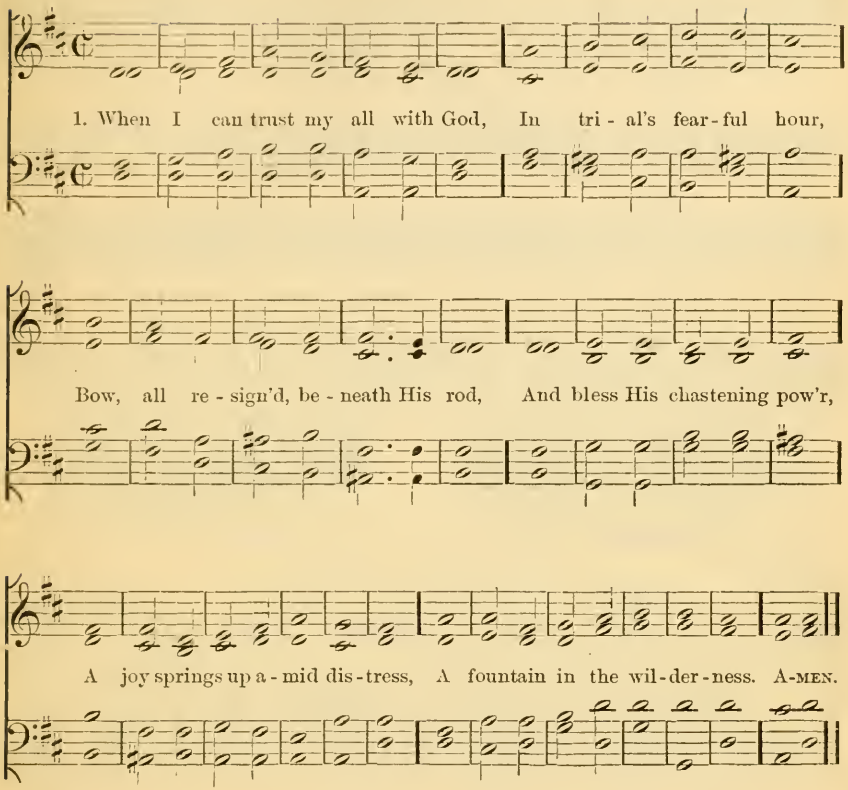


2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on His saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with safe repose. AMEN.

323. When I can trust my all with God.

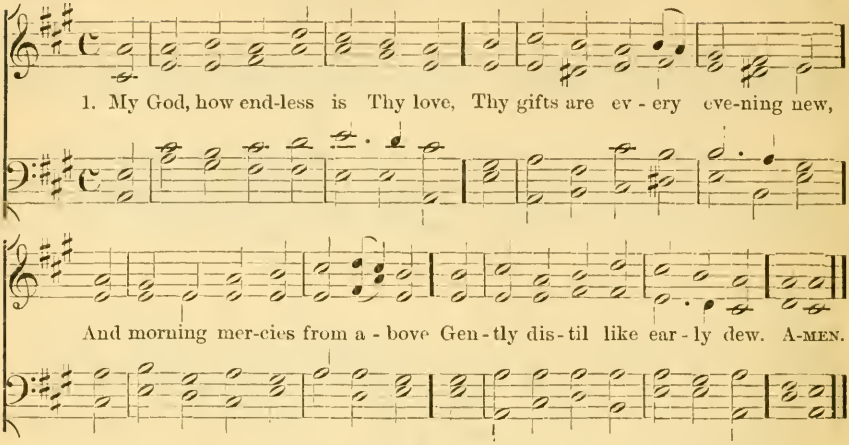
"Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God." P. M.



2 O blessèd be the hand that gave,
Still blessèd when it takes;
Blessèd be He Who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks:
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys. AMEN.

324. My God, how endless is Thy love!

"This God is our God for ever and ever." L. M.

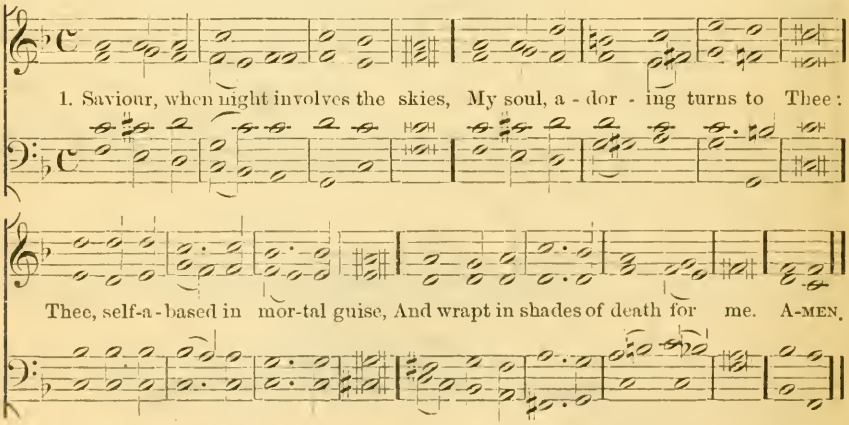


2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. AMEN.

325. Saviour, when night involves the skies.

"I have set God always before me." L. M.



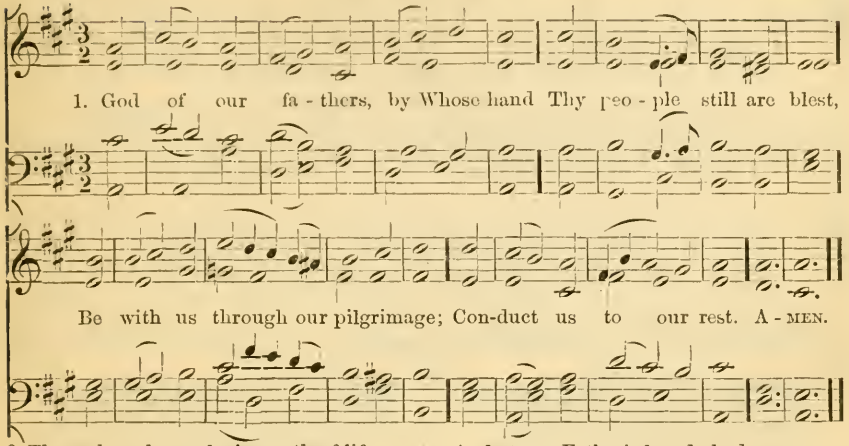
2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live. AMEN.

326. God of our fathers, by Whose hand.

"O Lord, Thou art our God." C. M.



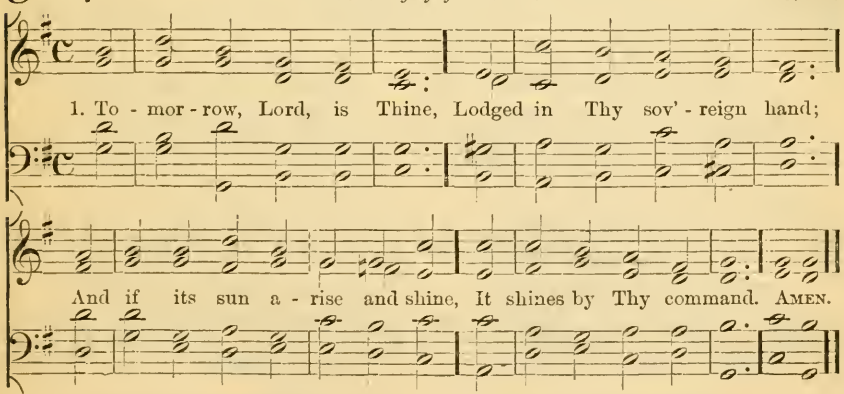
2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore. AMEN.

327. To-morrow, Lord, is Thine.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." S. M.



2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

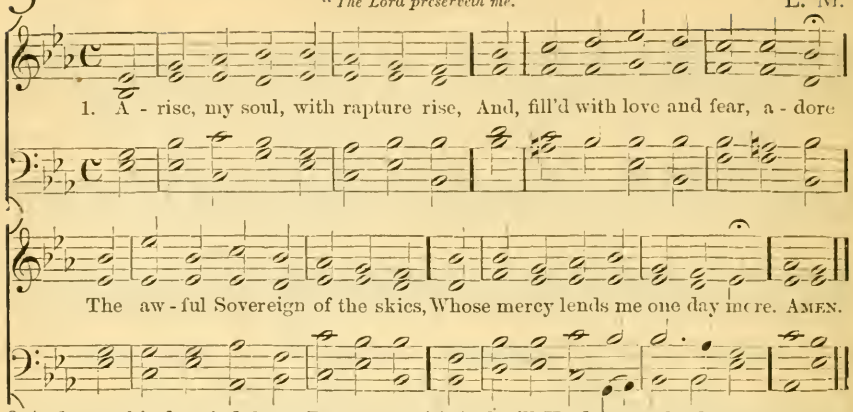
3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night. AMEN.

328. Arise, my soul, with rapture rise.

"The Lord preserveth me." L. M.



2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.

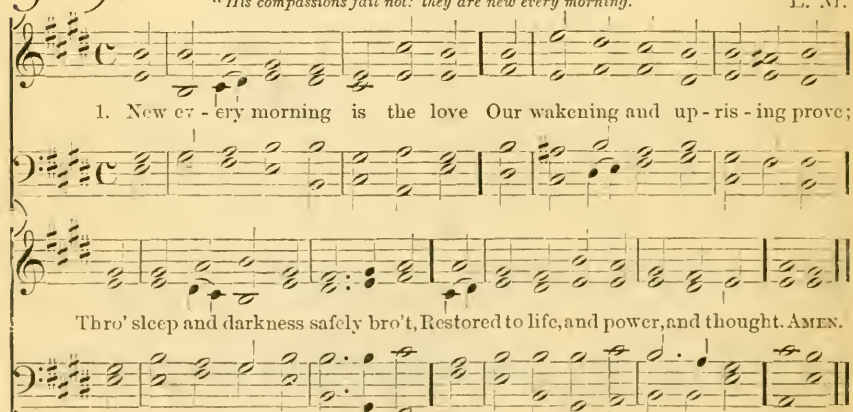
3 But can it be? That power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise.

4 And will He deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor sinful mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! He will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all Thy ways,
And all Thy paths are paths of peace.
AMEN.

329. New every morning is the love.

"His compassions fail not: they are new every morning." L. M.



2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

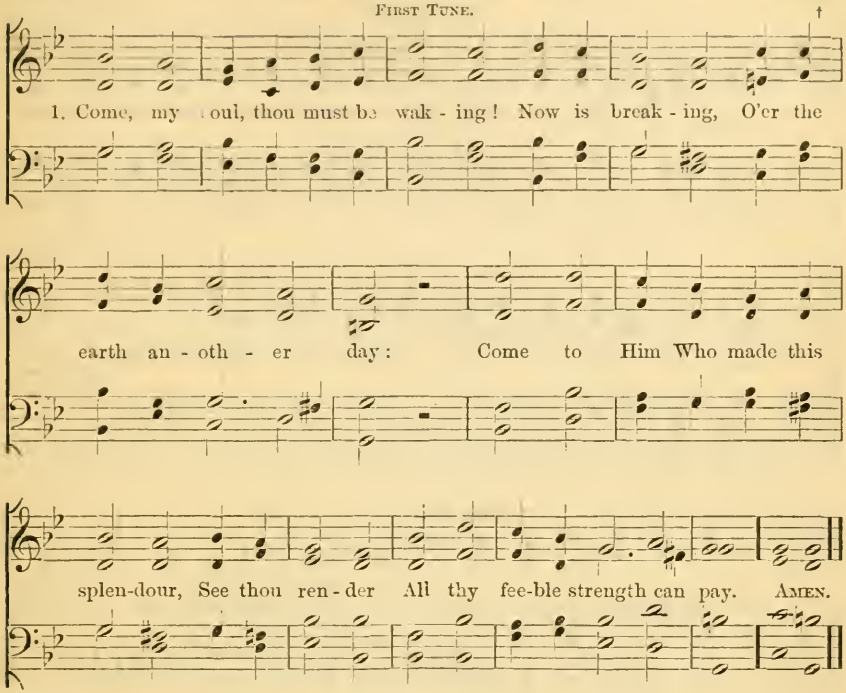
4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves: a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. AMEN.

330. Come, my soul, thou must be waking.

"In Thy Light shall we see light." P. M.

First Tune.



2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour
When thine aim is good and true,
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

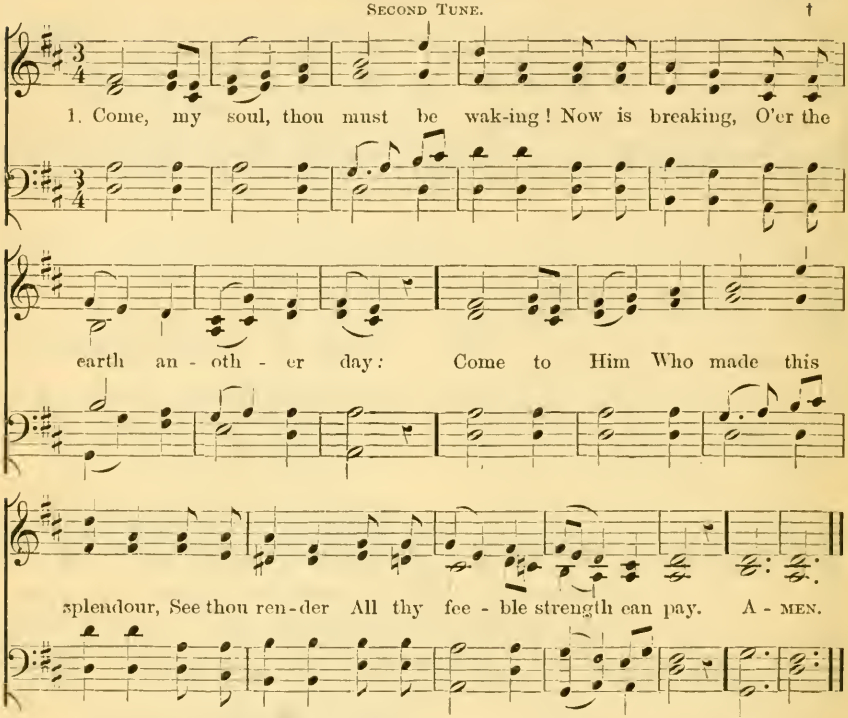
6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

7 Glory, honour, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

330. Come, my soul, thou must be waking.

"In Thy Light shall we see light." P. M.

SECOND TUNE. †



2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

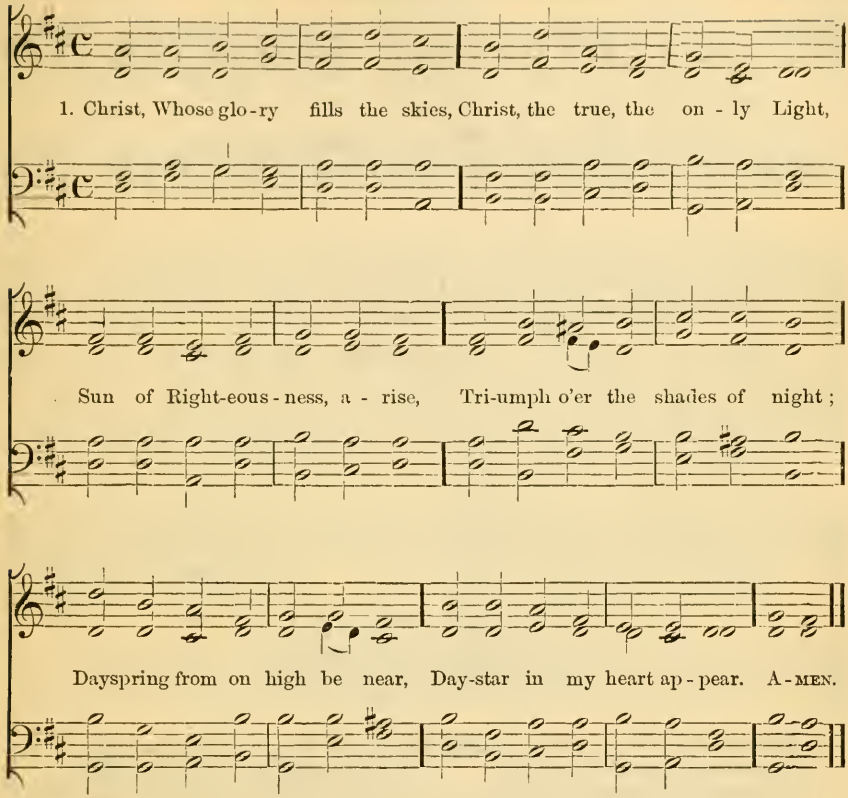
5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

7 Glory, honour, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run. AMEN.

331. Christ, Whose glory fills the skies.

"Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise." Six 7s.



2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

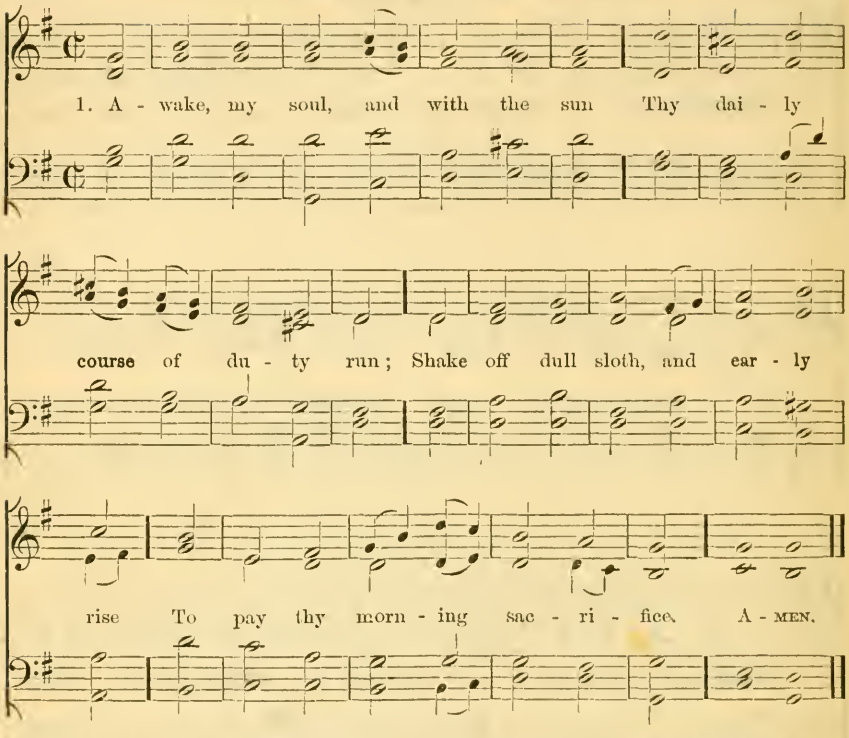
3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day,

GLORIA PATRI.

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. AMEN.

332. Awake, my soul, and with the sun.

"I myself will awake right early." L. M.



2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past:
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to Thee, eternal King."

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir:
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 Glory to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

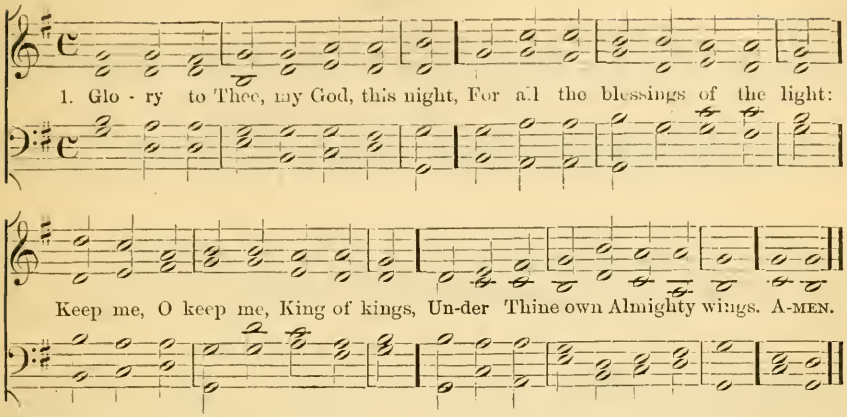
8 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

9 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

333. Glory to Thee, my God, this night.

"Under His wings shalt thou trust." L. M.

First Tune.



2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

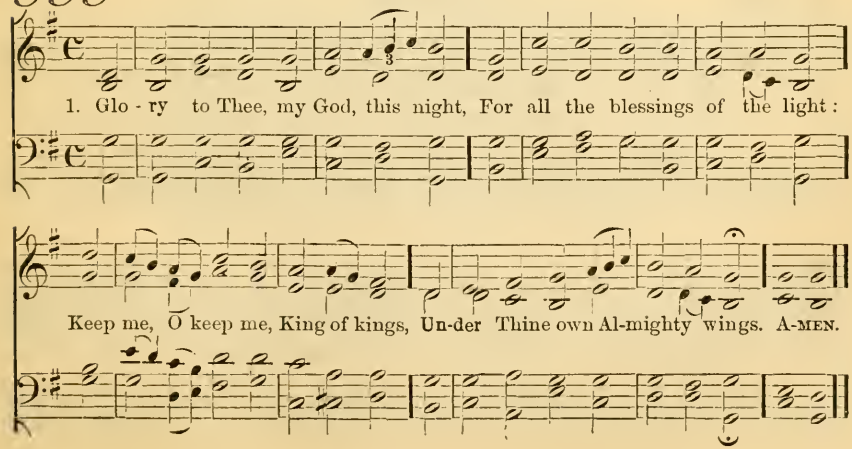
4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King. Amen.

333.

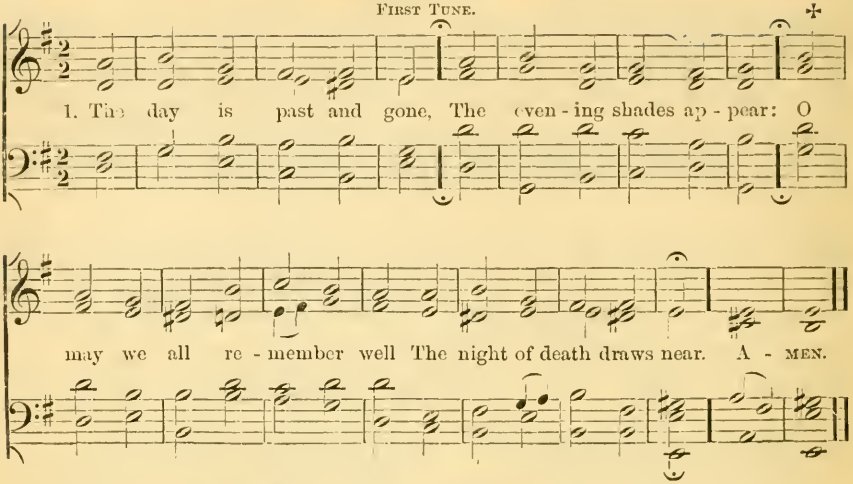
Second Tune. L. M.



334. The day is past and gone.

"I will lay me down in peace." S. M.

First Tune.

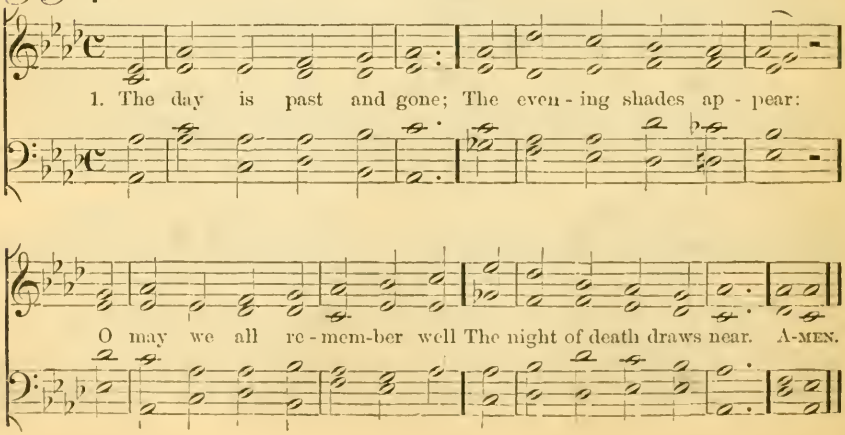


2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears. Amen.

334.

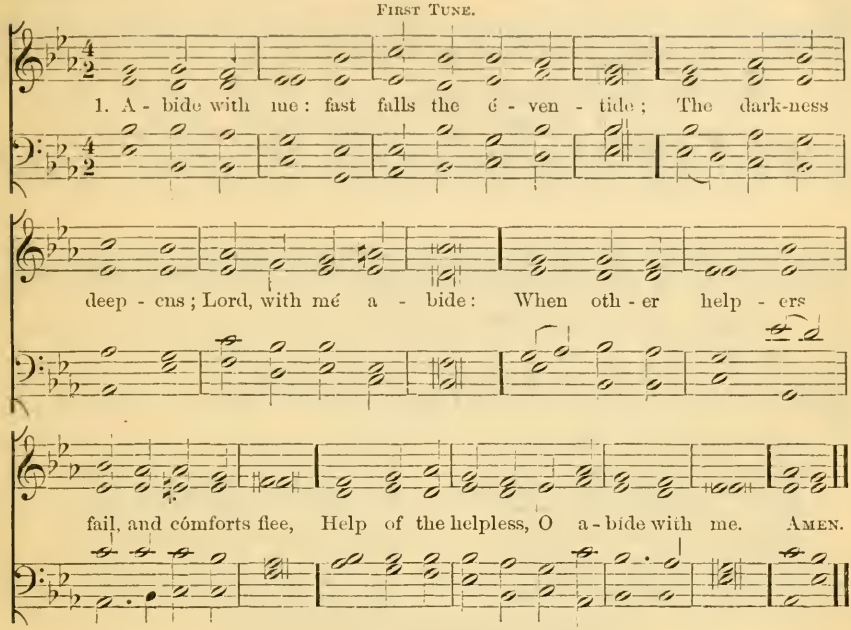
Second Tune. S. M.



335. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.

"Abide with us; for the day is far spent." 10s.

First Tune.



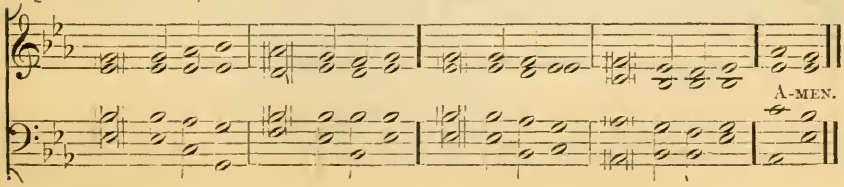
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all aroúnd I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abíde with me.

3 I need Thy presence every pássing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stáy can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abíde with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hánd to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bítterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy víctory?
I triumph still, if Thou abíde with me.

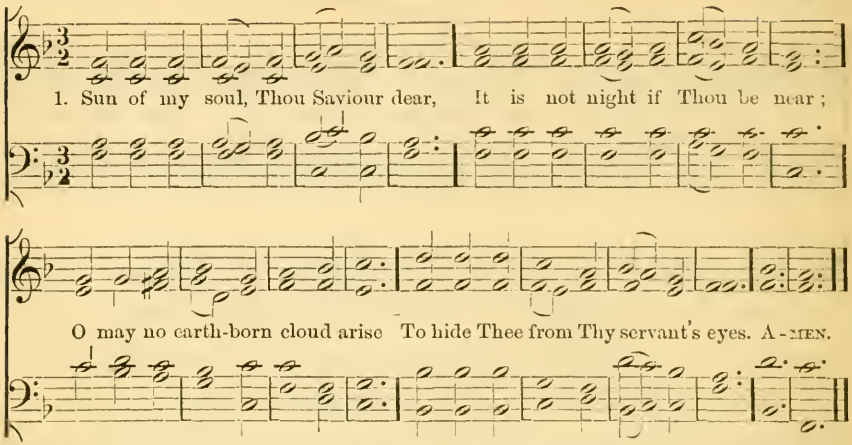
5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my clósing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me tó the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shádows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abíde with me. Amen.

[*Or this Chant.*] Second Tune. 10s.



336. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

"Thy sun shall no more go down." L. M.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

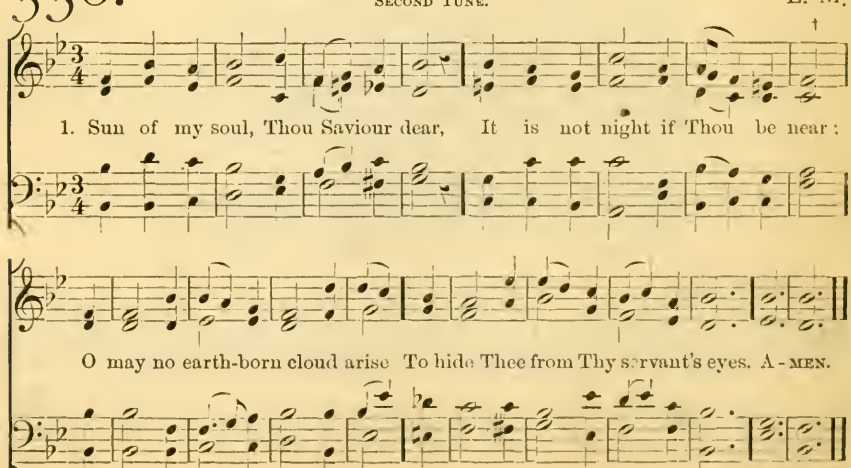
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. AMEN.

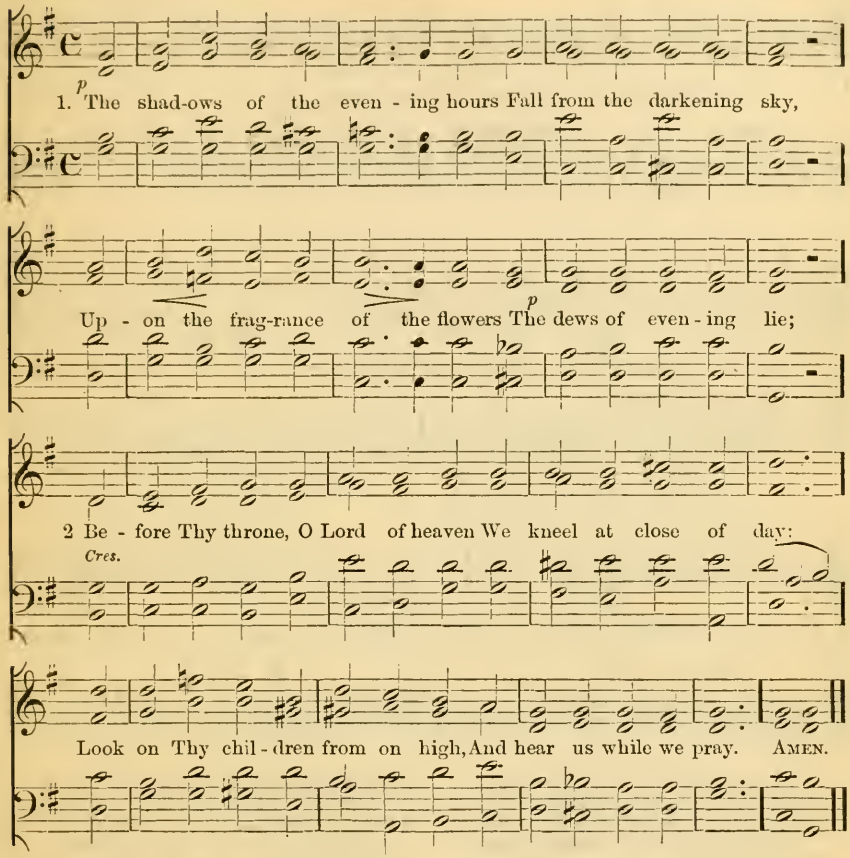
336.

SECOND TUNE. L. M.



337. The shadows of the evening hours.

"With my soul have I desired Thee in the night." C. M.D.



3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;

4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;

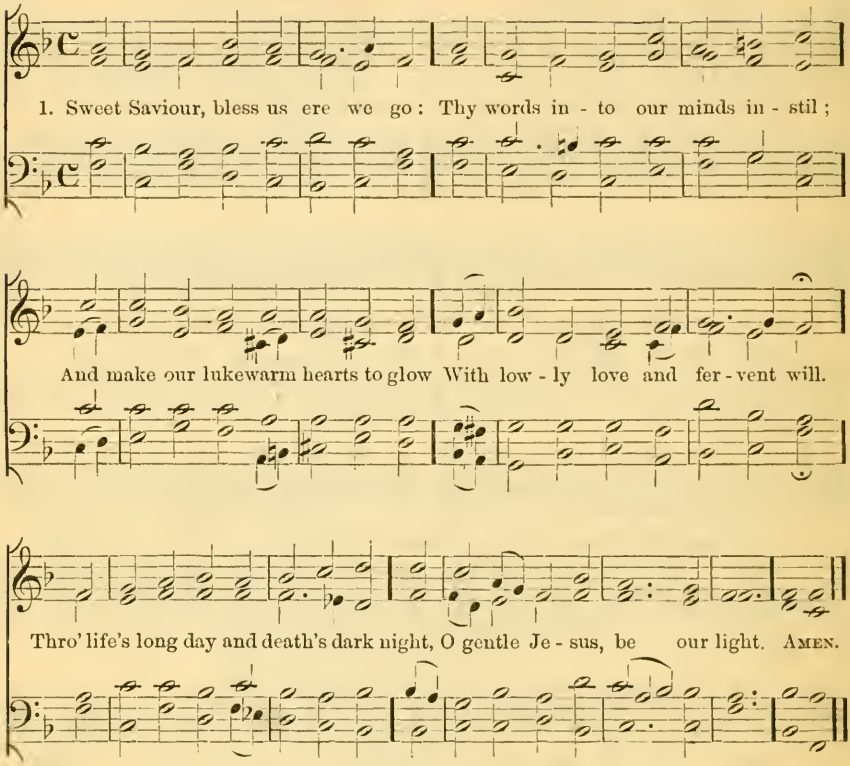
6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:--
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose! AMEN.

338. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.

"The Lord is my light." Six 8s.



2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

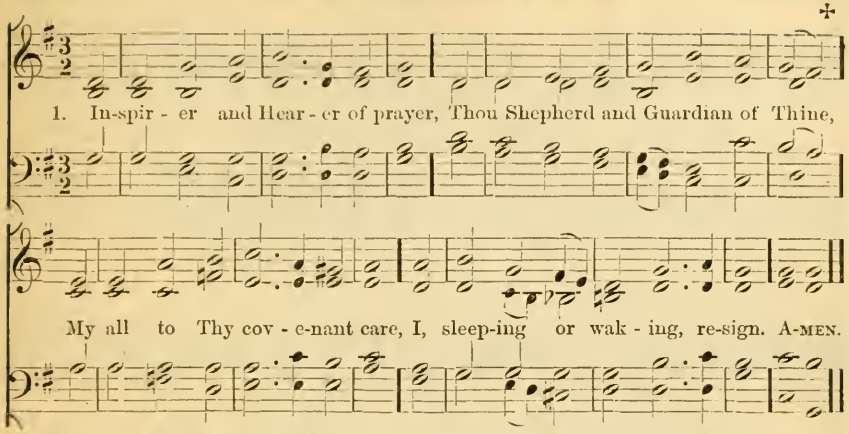
4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

339. Inspirer and Hearer of prayer.

"Darkness and light to Thee are both alike." 8s.



2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

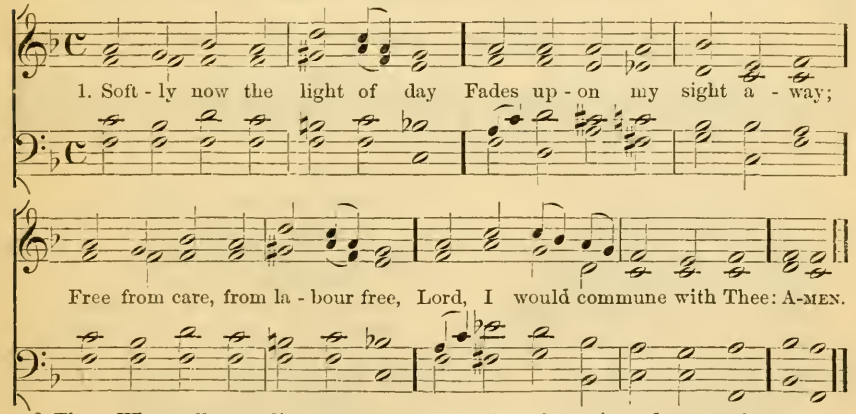
3 A sovereign protector I have
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

5 All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd. AMEN.

340. Softly now the light of day.

"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice." 7s.



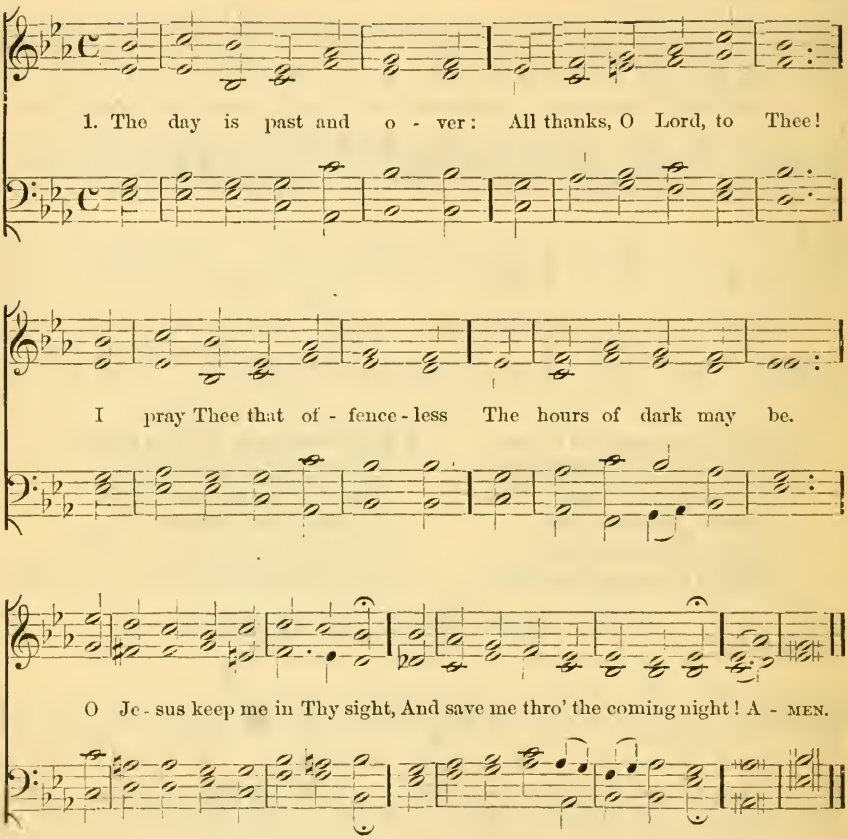
2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. AMEN.

341. The day is past and over.

"Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." P. M.



2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O **Jesus**, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O **Jesus**, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"Against him I have now prevailed:
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

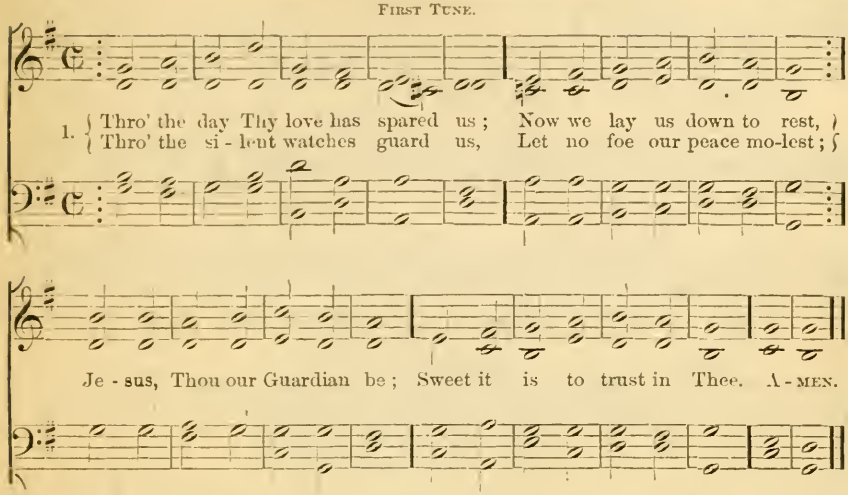
5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

AMEN.

342. Through the day Thy love has spared us.

"I will lay me down in peace and take my rest." 8s. 7s. 7s.

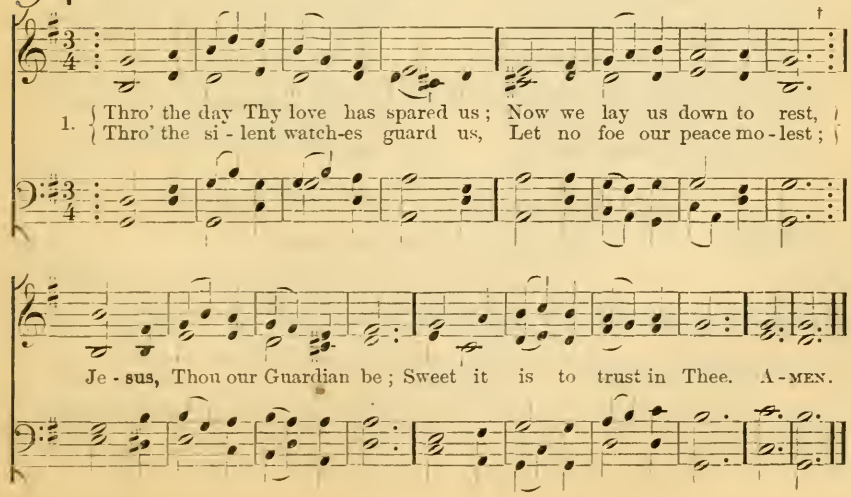
First Tune.



2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

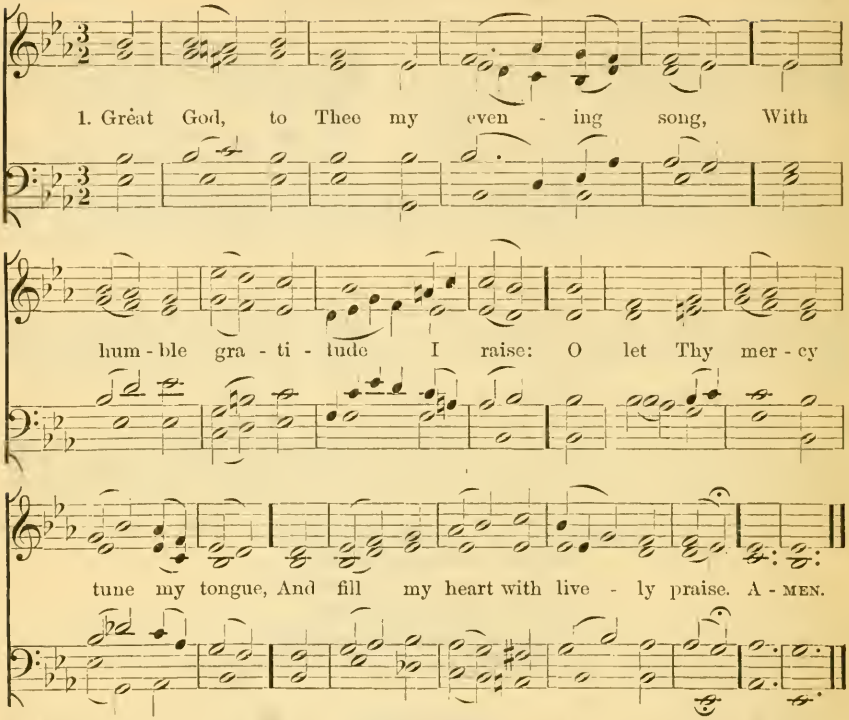
342.

Second Tune. 8s. 7s. 7s.



343. Great God, to Thee my evening song.

"The Lord is thy keeper." L. M.



2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

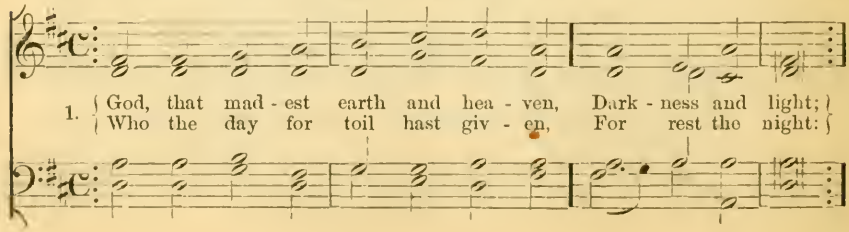
3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

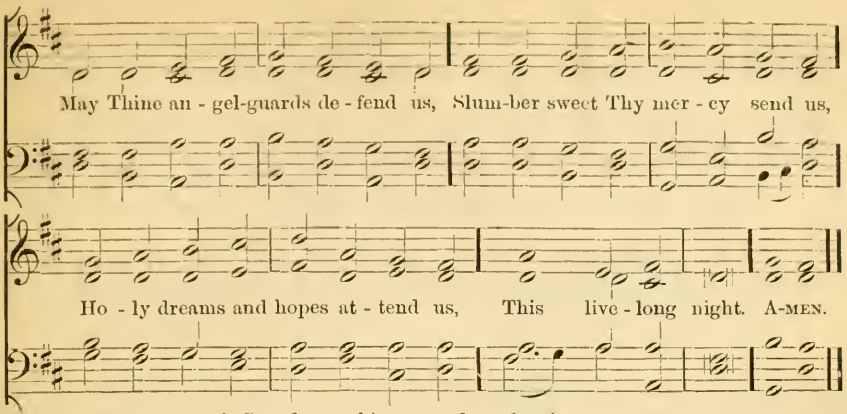
4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name.
AMEN.

344. God, that madest earth and heaven.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee." 8s. 4s.

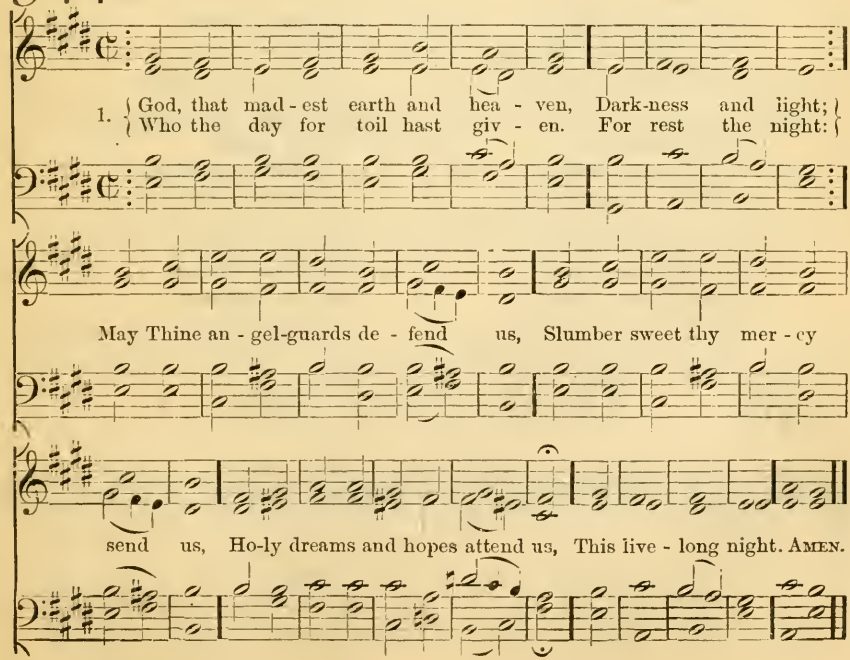




2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. AMEN.

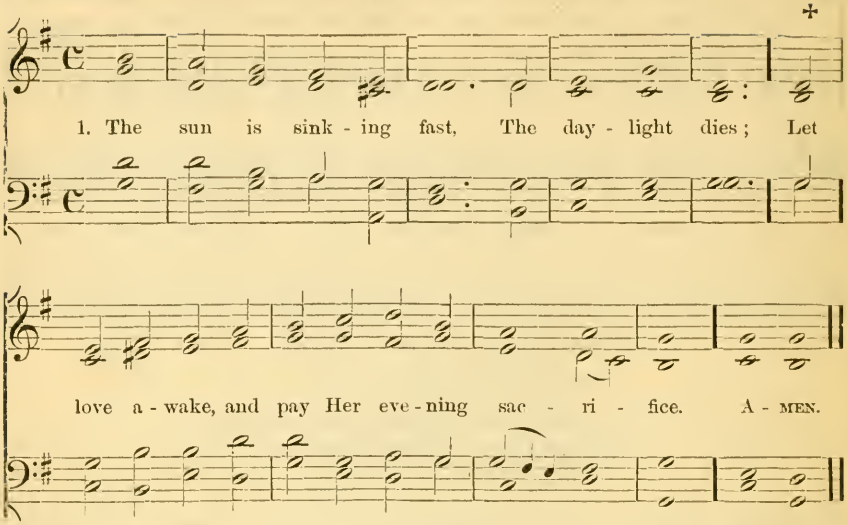
344.

SECOND TUNE. 8s.4s.



345. The sun is sinking fast.

"Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him." P. M.



2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

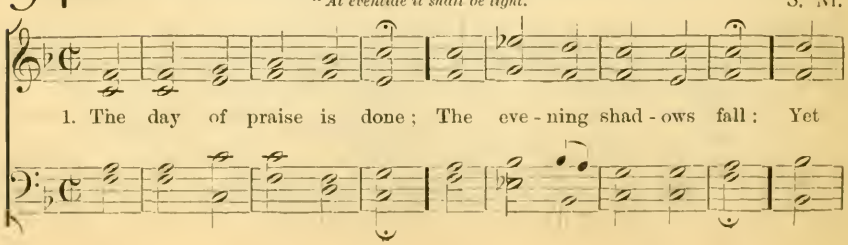
5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

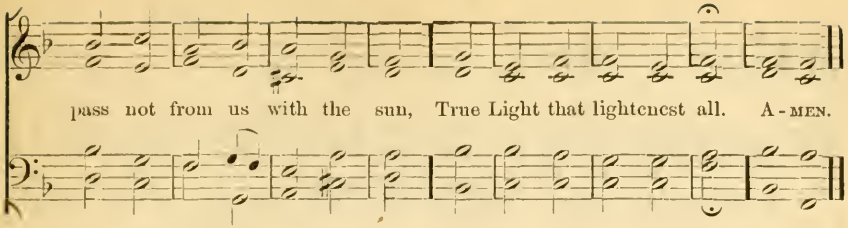
6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. AMEN.

346. The day of praise is done.

"At eventide it shall be light." S. M.





2 Around Thy throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless songs to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh! the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

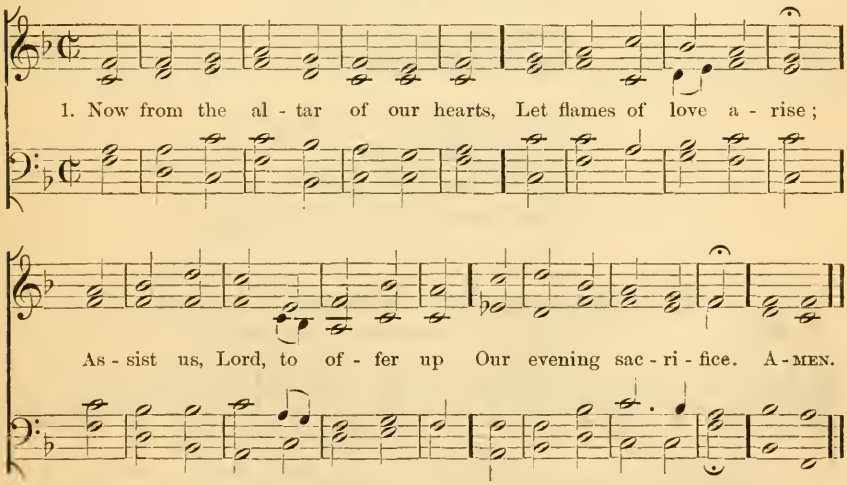
4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

6 Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. AMEN.

347. Now from the altar of our hearts.

"I tell of Thy truth in the night season." C. M.

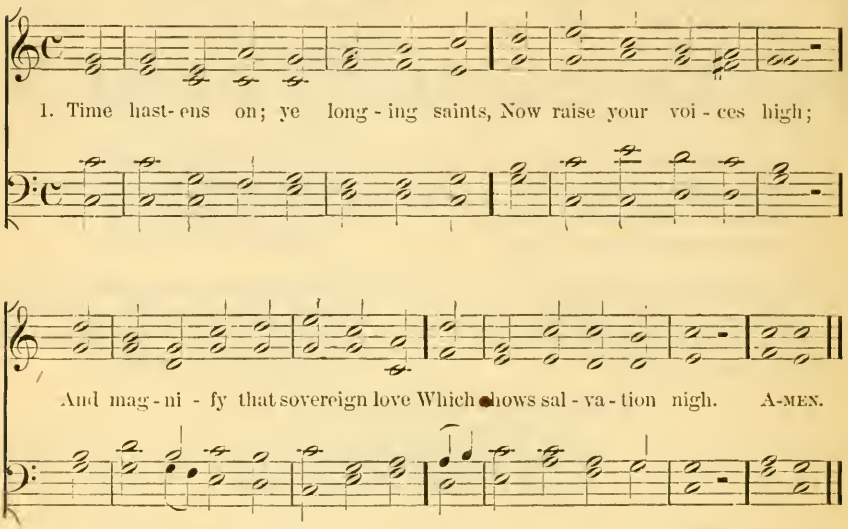


2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire. AMEN.

348. Time hastens on; ye longing saints.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." C. M.

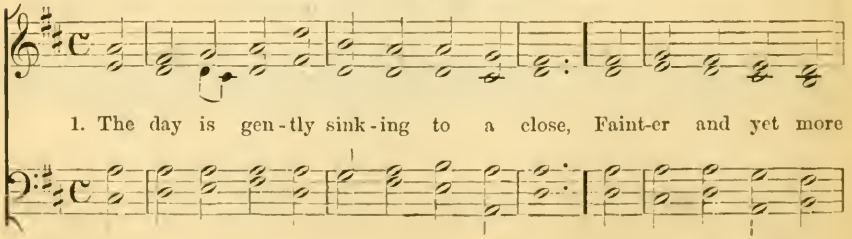


2 As time departs salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

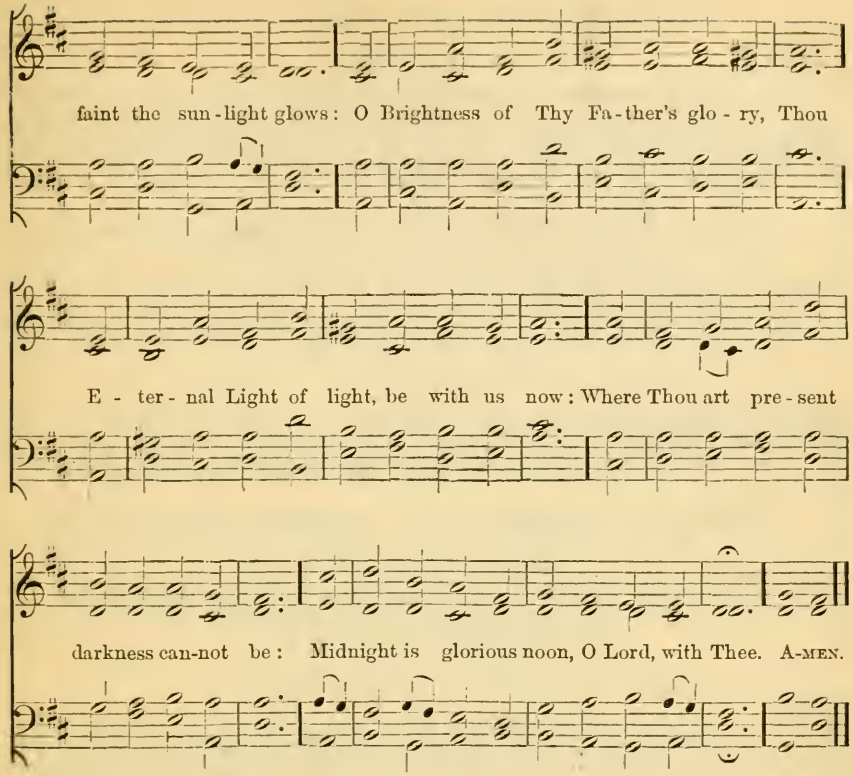
3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise.
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes. AMEN.

349. The day is gently sinking to a close.

"The darkness and light to Thee are both alike." P. M.



Evening.



2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

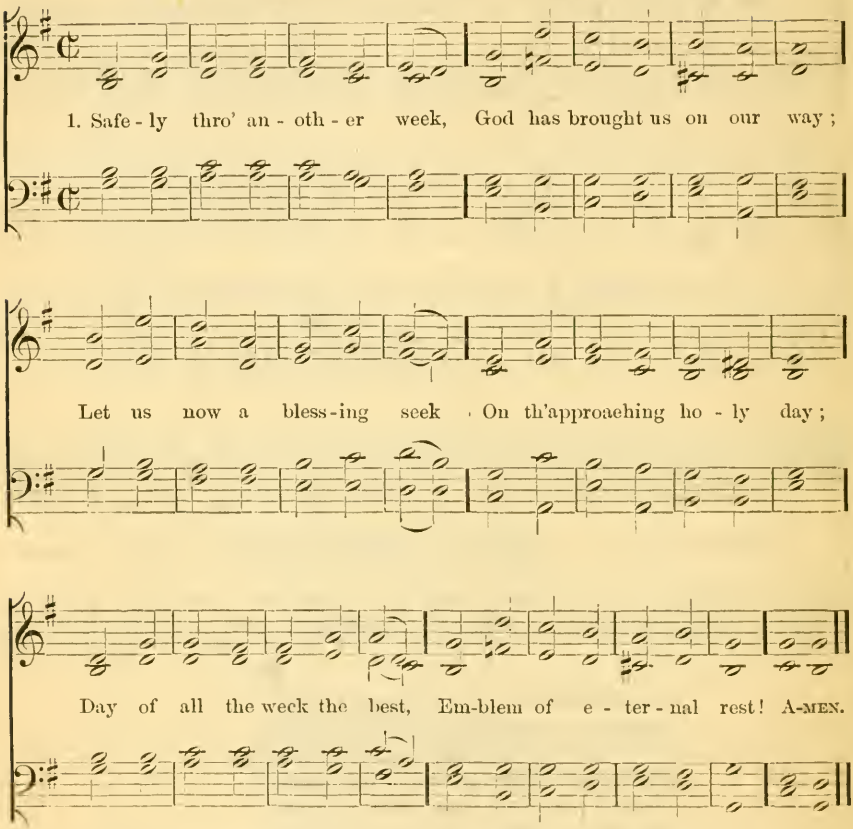
4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awaken'd by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide. AMEN.

Safely through another week.

350.

SATURDAY EVENING.

"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Six 7s.



2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
And repaying love with sin.

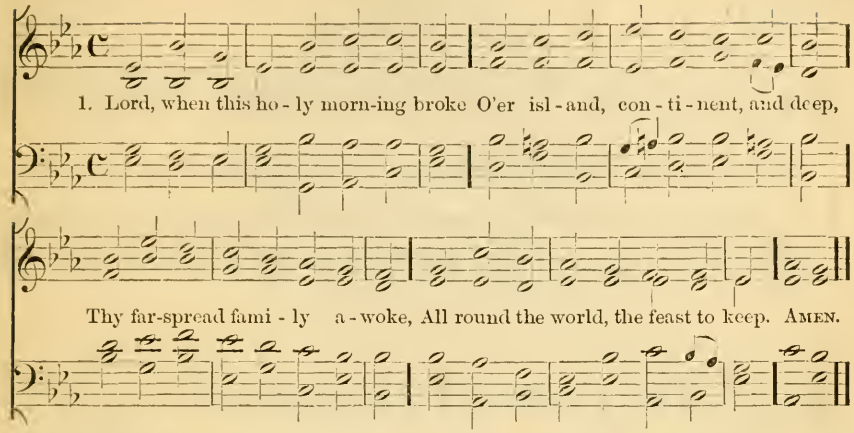
3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Drive away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Such the days of rest we love,
Till we join the Church above. AMEN.

351. Lord, when this holy morning broke.

"Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works." L. M.



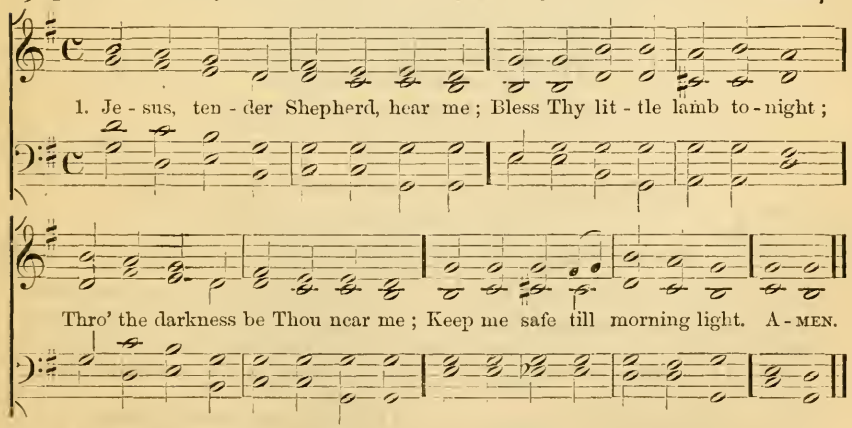
2 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade,
And stars came forth, were heard their [songs.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts in trouble Thou wast nigh,
Nor one hath sought Thy face in vain.

4 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,
Thy chastened ones have kissed the rod,
The mourner Thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God. AMEN.

352. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." 8s. 7s.



2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

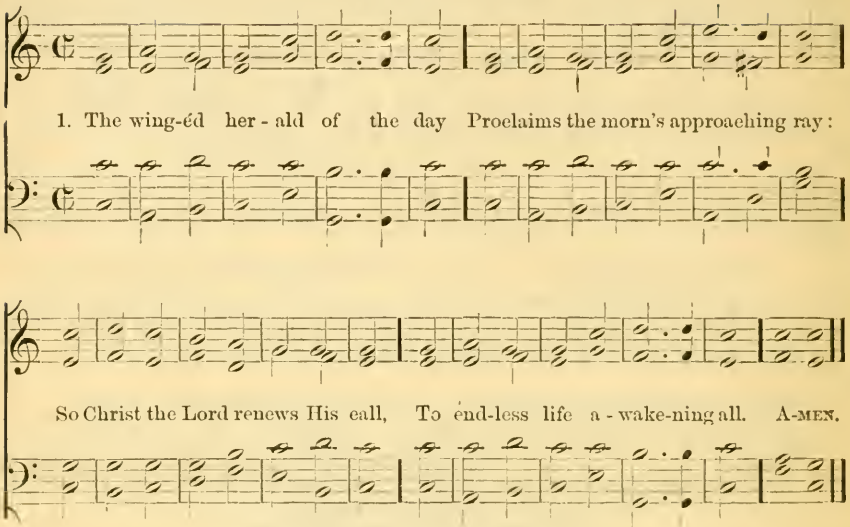
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. AMEN.

The winged herald of the day.

353.

BEFORE DAWN.

"I myself will awake right early." L. M.



2 "Take up thy bed," to each He cries,
Who sick, or wrapp'd in slumber, lies:
"Be chaste, and, living soberly,
Watch ye, for I the Lord am nigh."

3 With earnest cry, with tearful care,
Call we the Lord to hear our prayer;
While supplication, pure and deep,
Forbids each chastened heart to sleep.

4 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. AMEN.

Dawn purples all the east with light.

354.

FIRST HOUR.

"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." L. M.

1 Dawn purples all the east with light;
Day o'er the earth is gliding bright;
Morn's sparkling rays their course begin;
Farewell to darkness and to sin!

2 Each evil dream of night, depart,
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart!
Let every ill that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught!

3 So that last morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessèd light for us shall glow,
Who chant the song we learnt below.

4 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. AMEN.

Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son.

355.

THIRD HOUR.

"It is but the third hour of the day."

L. M

1 Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son,
And God the Father, ever One;
Shed forth Thy grace within our breast,
And dwell with us, a ready guest.

2 By every power, by heart and tongue,
By act and deed, Thy praise be sung;
Inflame with perfect love each sense,
That others' souls may kindle thence.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. AMEN.

O God of truth, O Lord of might.

356.

SIXTH HOUR.

"At noonday will I pray."

L. M.

1 O God of truth, O Lord o' might,
Who, ordering time and change aright,
Sendest the early morning ray,
Kindling the glow of perfect day,

2 Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire:
And, keeping all the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. AMEN.

O God! creation's secret force.

357.

NINTH HOUR.

"The hour of prayer being the ninth hour."

L. M.

1 O God! creation's secret force,
Thyself unmoved, all motion's source,
Who, from the morn till evening's ray,
Through all its changes guid'st the day,

2 Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attained,
Eternal glory may be gained.

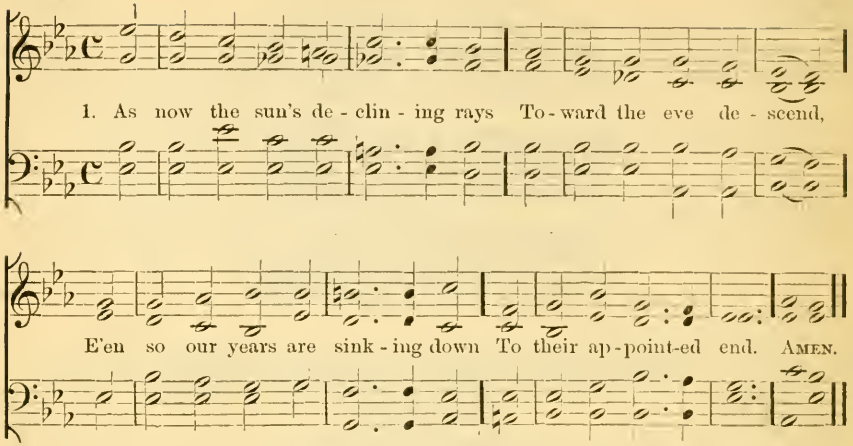
3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. AMEN.

358. As now the sun's declining rays.

SUNSET.

"I will meditate upon Thee in the night watches."

C. M.



2 Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretch'd,
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love.
And in Those arms to die.

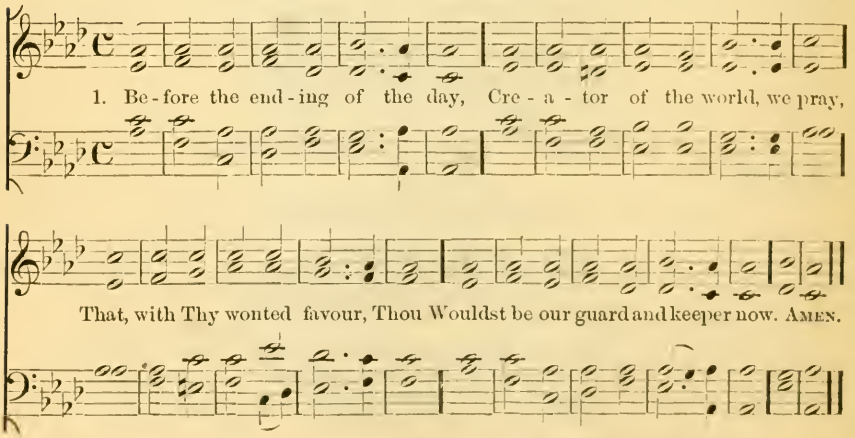
3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host. AMEN.

359. Before the ending of the day.

NIGHT WATCH.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night."

L. M.

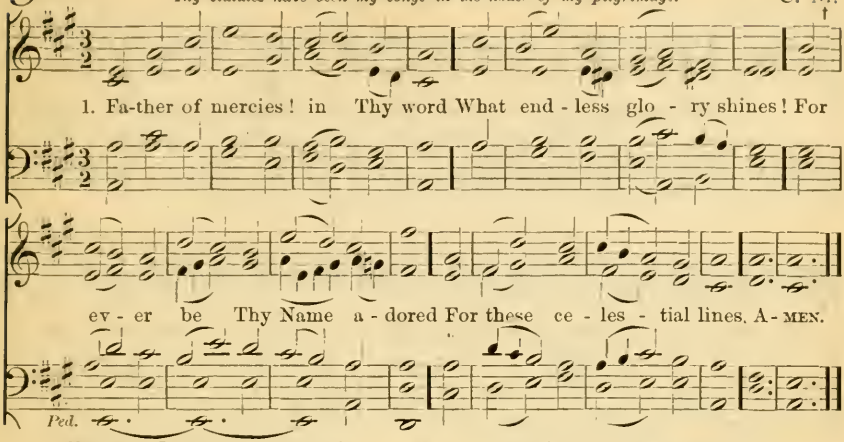


2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. AMEN.

360. Father of mercies! in Thy word.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." C. M.



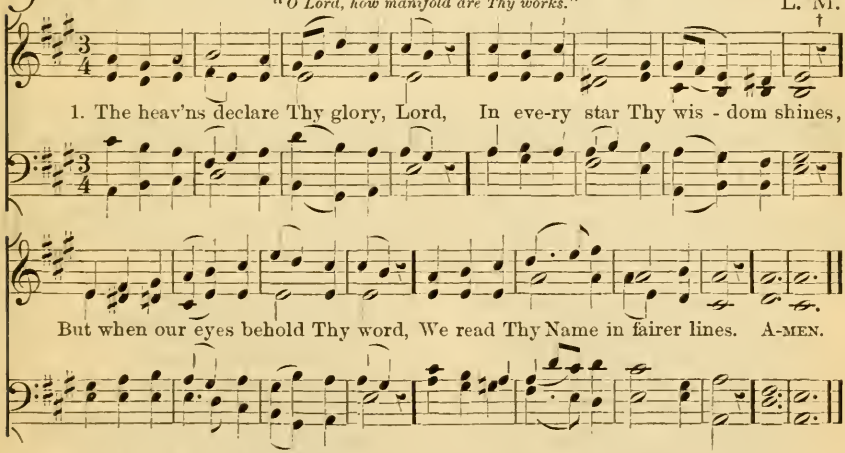
2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. AMEN.

361. The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works." L. M.



2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess:
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

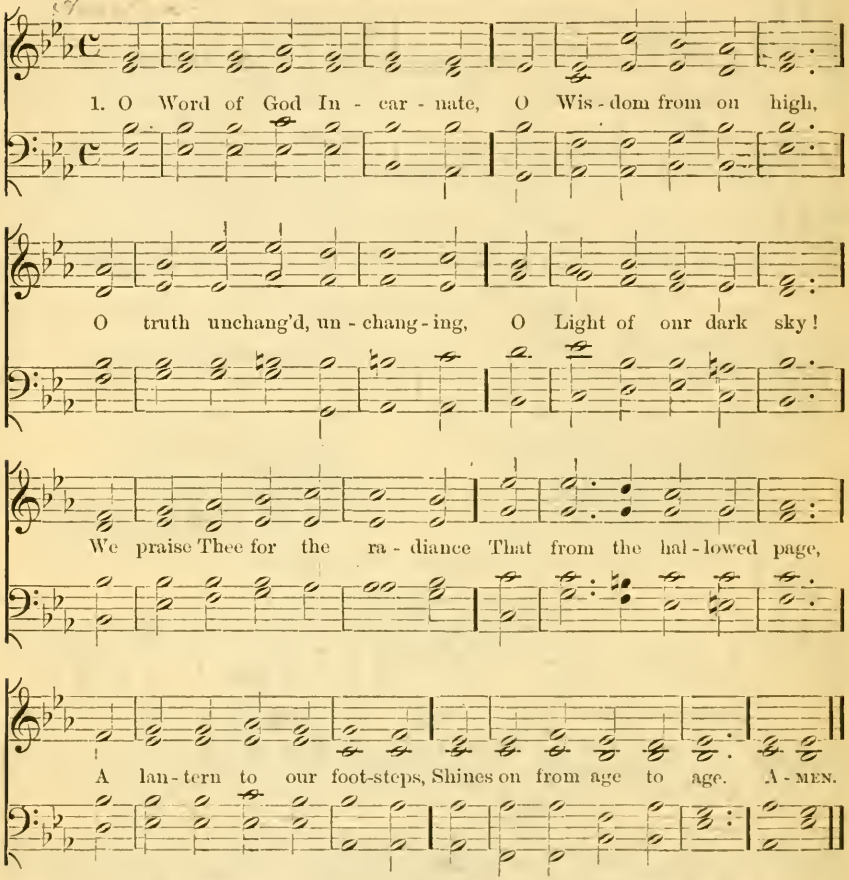
4 Nor will Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, [AMEN.
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

362. O Word of God Incarnate.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." 7s. 6s. D.



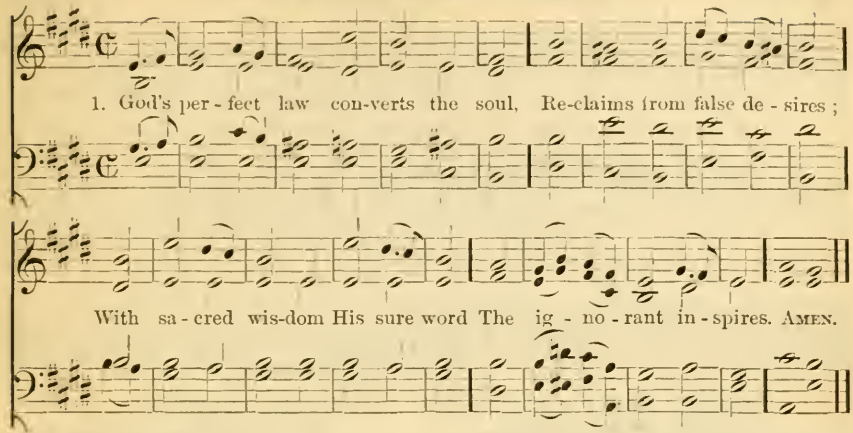
2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that Light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurl'd;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnish'd gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true Light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. AMEN.

363. God's perfect law converts the soul.

"The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul." C. M.



2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

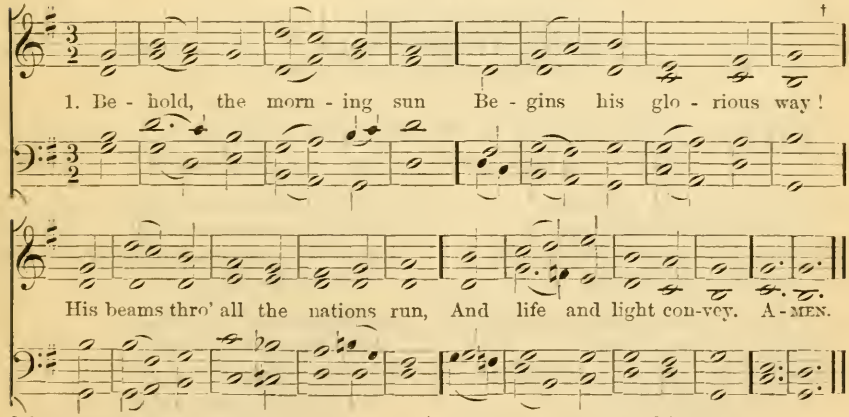
3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warning give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by Thy precepts live. Amen.

364. Behold, the morning sun.

"How excellent is Thy loving kindness, O God." S. M.



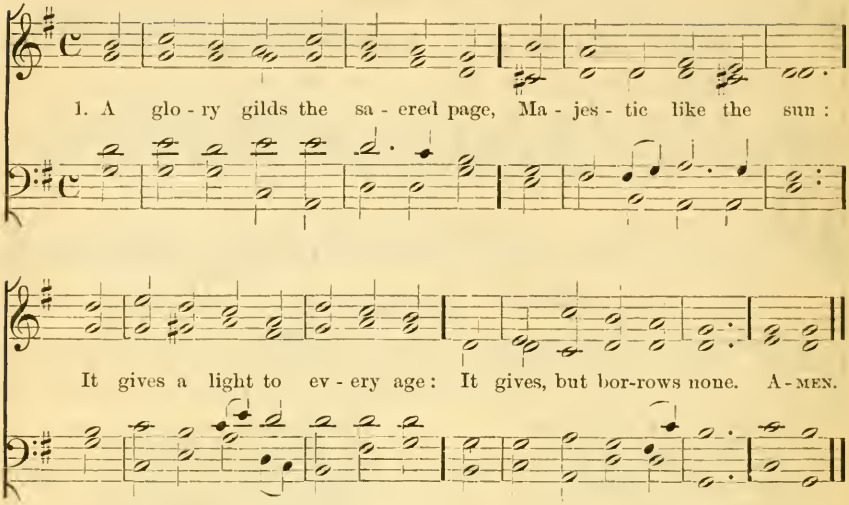
2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

4 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray. Amen.

365. A glory gilds the sacred page.

"Thy word is true from the beginning." C. M.



2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above. AMEN.

366. Thy word is to my feet a lamp.

"Thy word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths." C. M.

1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

2 I've vow'd — and from my covenant, Lord,
Will never start aside—
That in Thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

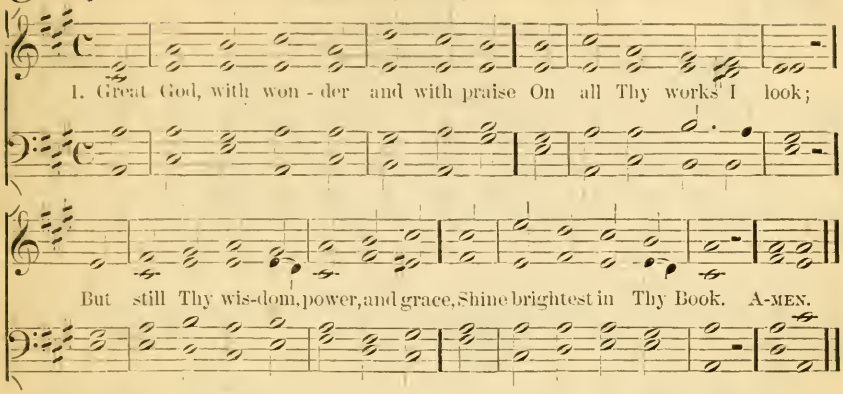
3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With Thee acceptance find;
And in Thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep Thine upright way. AMEN.

367. Great God, with wonder and with praise.

"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." C.M.



2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

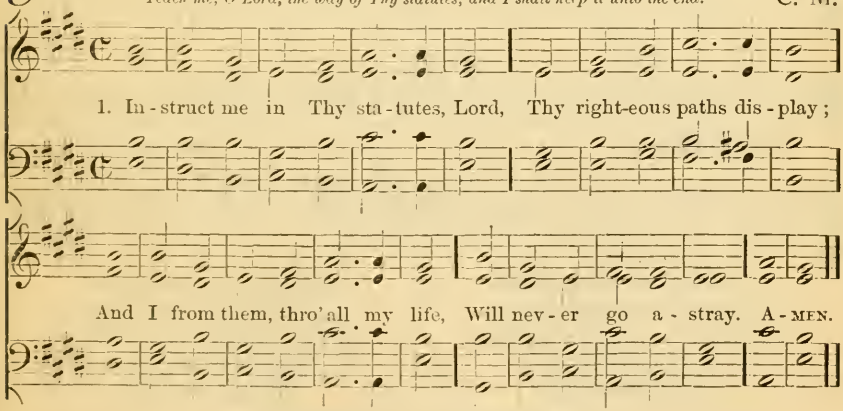
5 Lord, make me understand Thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night. AMEN.

368. Instruct me in Thy statutes, Lord.

"Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end." C. M.



2 If Thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep Thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which Thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

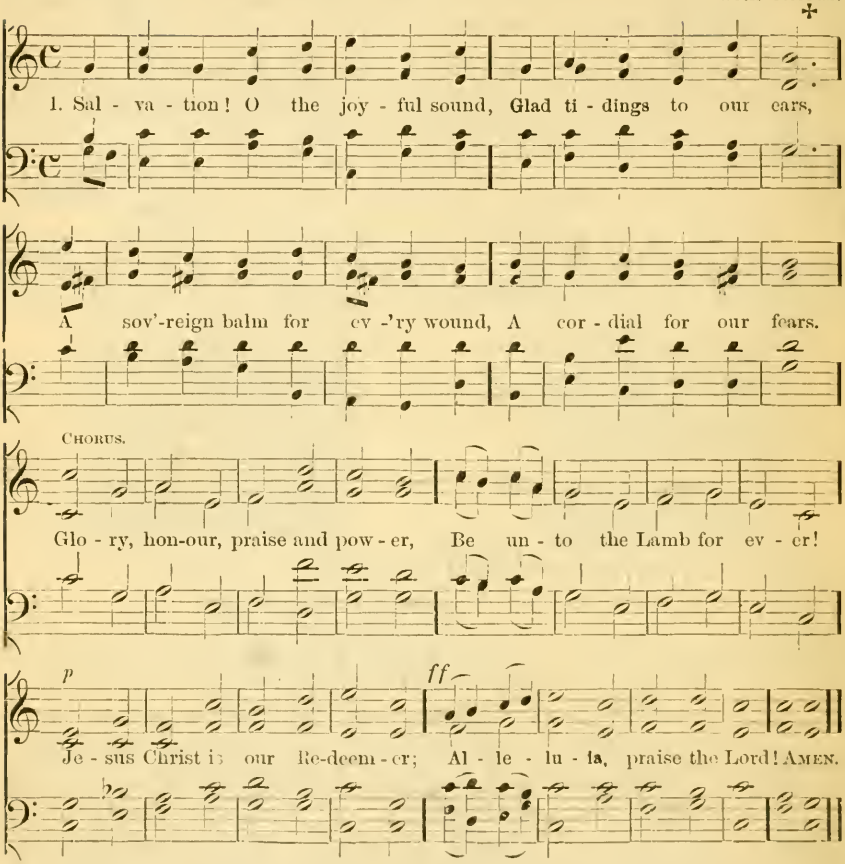
4 Do Thou to Thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From Thee my thoughts divert. AMEN.

IX.—REDEMPTION.

369. Salvation! O the joyful sound.

"My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation." C. M.

First Tune. with Chorus.



2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise, by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, etc.

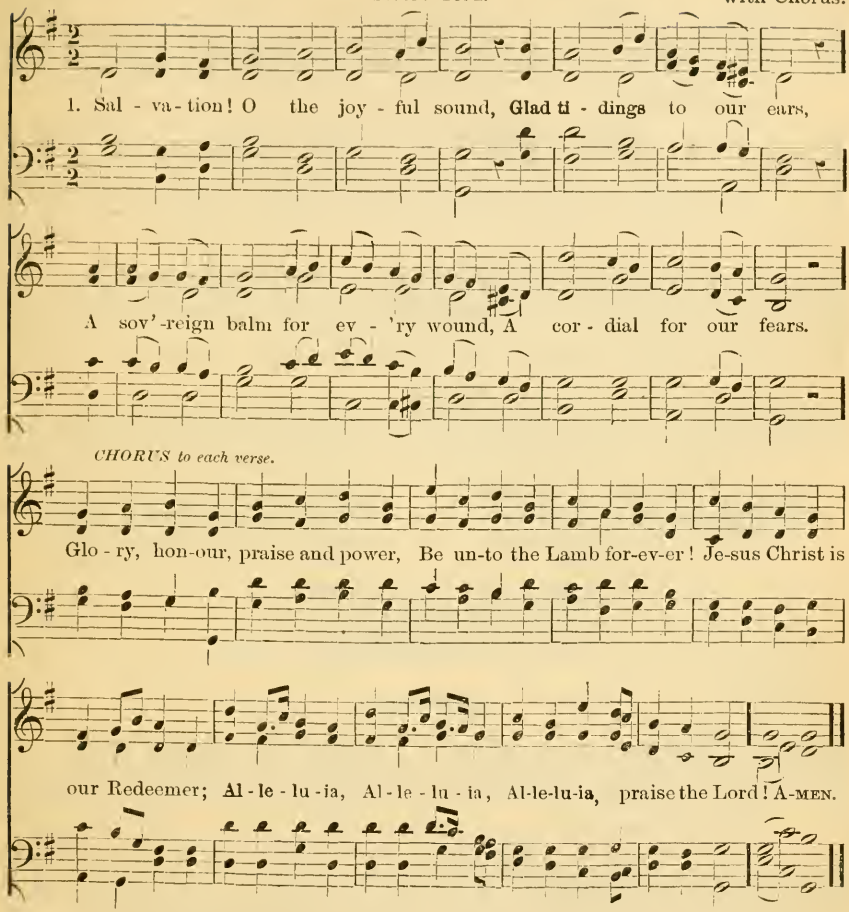
3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, etc.

4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at Thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.
Glory, honour, etc. Amen.

369. Salvation! O the joyful sound.

"My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation." C. M.

SECOND TUNE. with Chorus.



2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise, by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, etc.

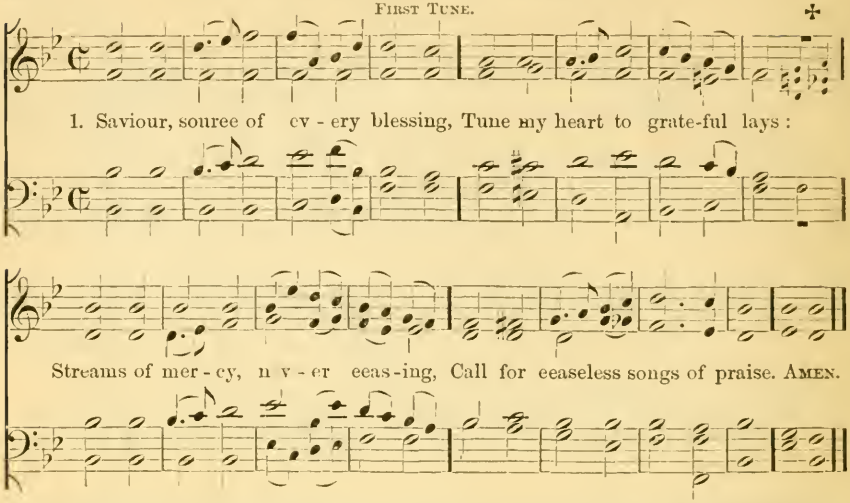
3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, etc.

4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at Thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.
Glory, honour, etc. AMEN.

370. Saviour, source of every blessing.

"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever." 8s.7s

FIRST TUNE.



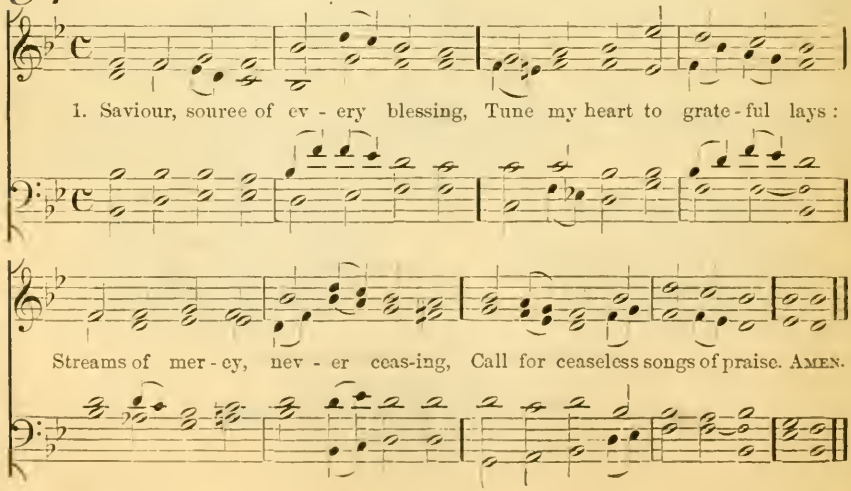
2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. AMEN.

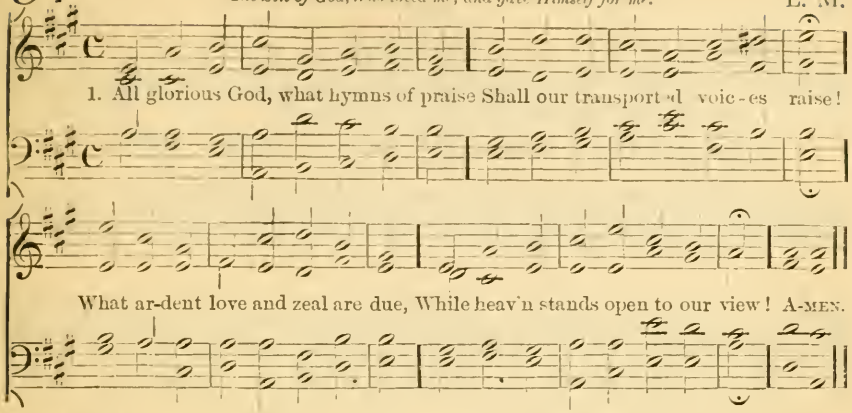
370.

SECOND TUNE. 8s.7s.



371. All glorious God, what hymns of praise.

"The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." L. M.



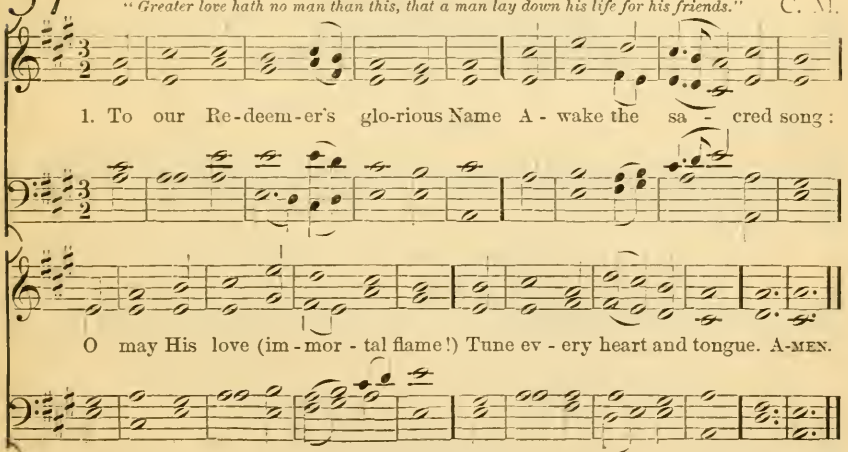
2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe:
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around His heavenly light:
By Him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait
To share their holy, happy state. AMEN.

372. To our Redeemer's glorious Name.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." C. M.



2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

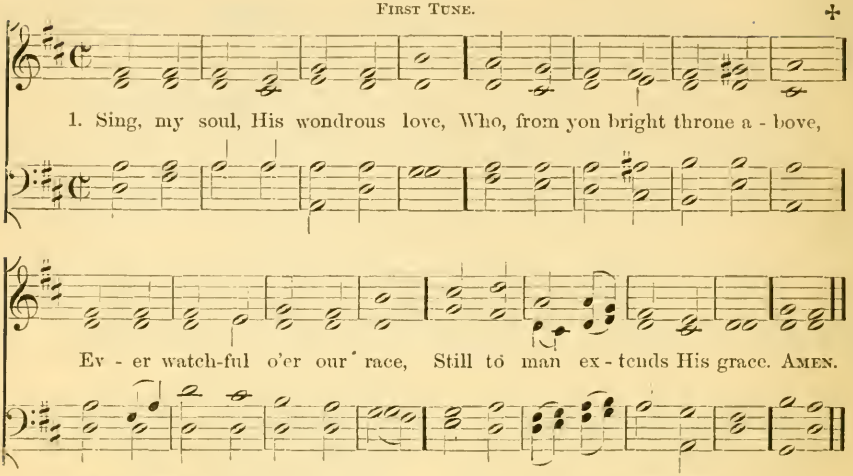
5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song. AMEN.

373. Sing, my soul, His wondrous love.

"*There is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.*"

7s.

First Tune.



2 Heaven and earth by Him were made,
All is by His sceptre sway'd;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

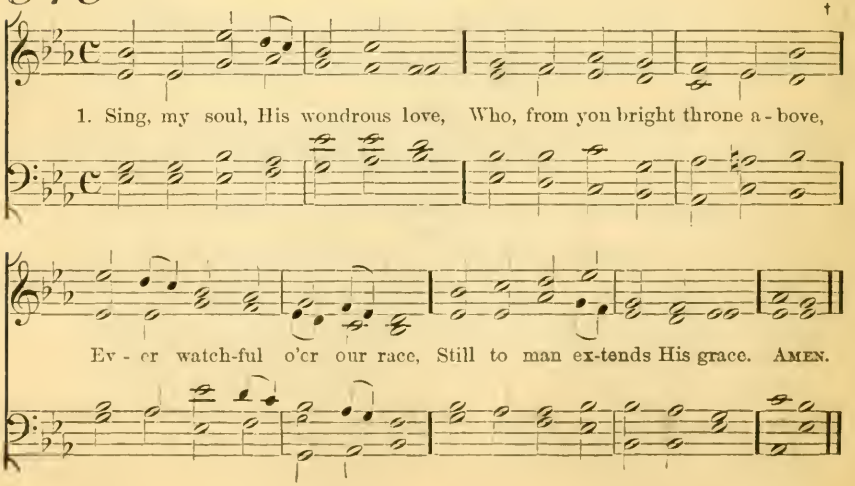
3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name,
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till he calls thee home,
Trust His love for all to come. Amen.

373.

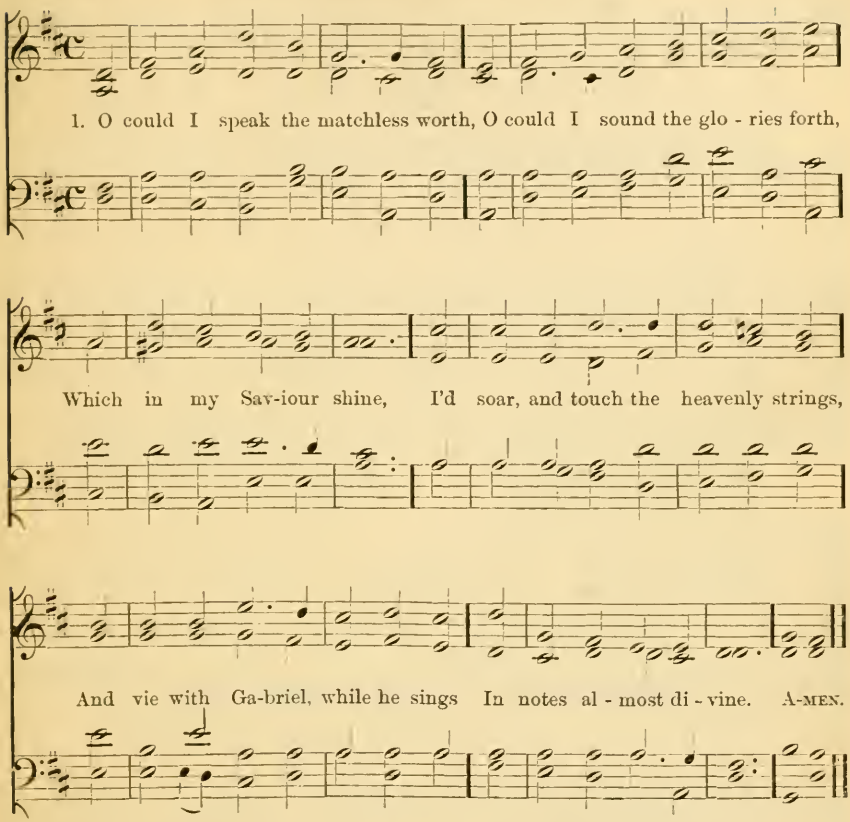
Second Tune.

7s.



374. O could I speak the matchless worth.

"God hath given Him a Name which is above every name." 8s.6s.



2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

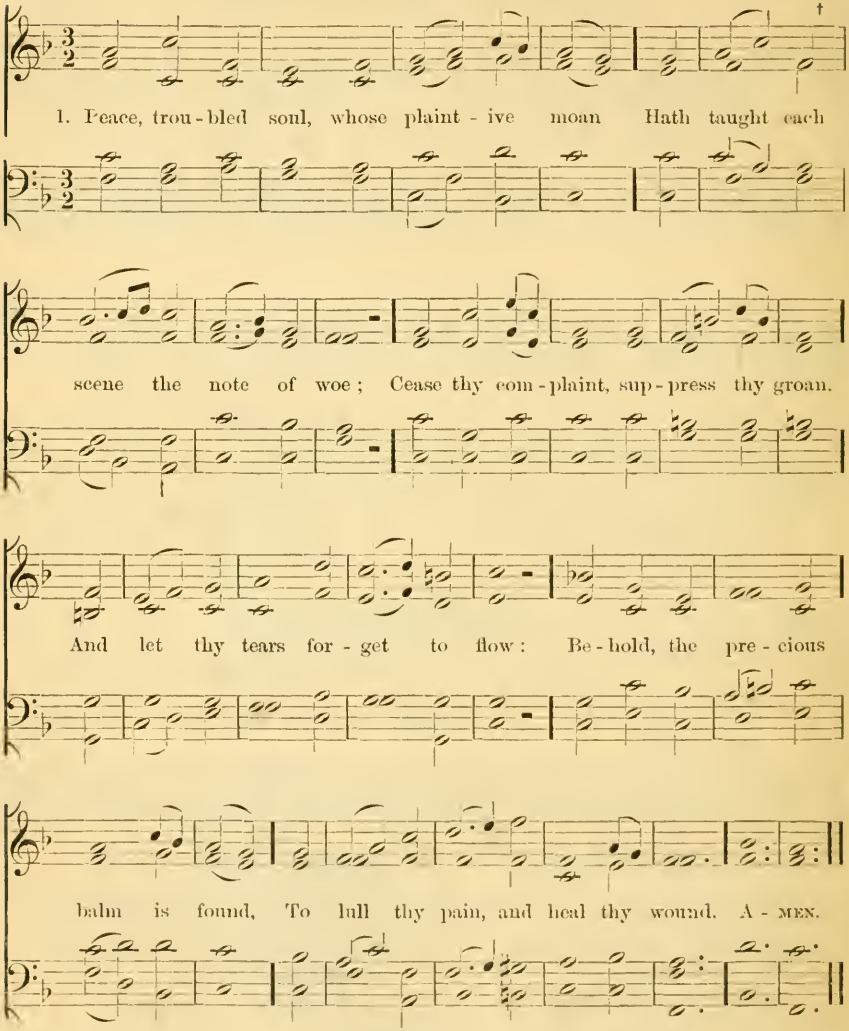
3 O the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. AMEN

375. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Six 8s.



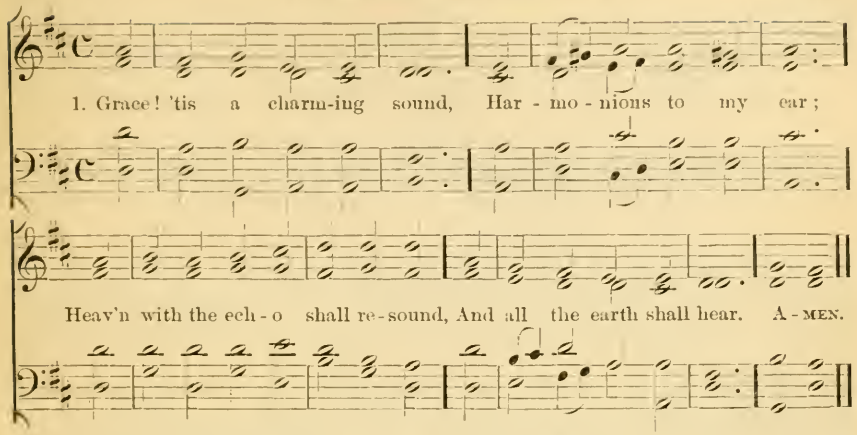
2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In Him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word;
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN

376. Grace! 'tis a charming sound.

"By grace ye are saved through faith." S. M.



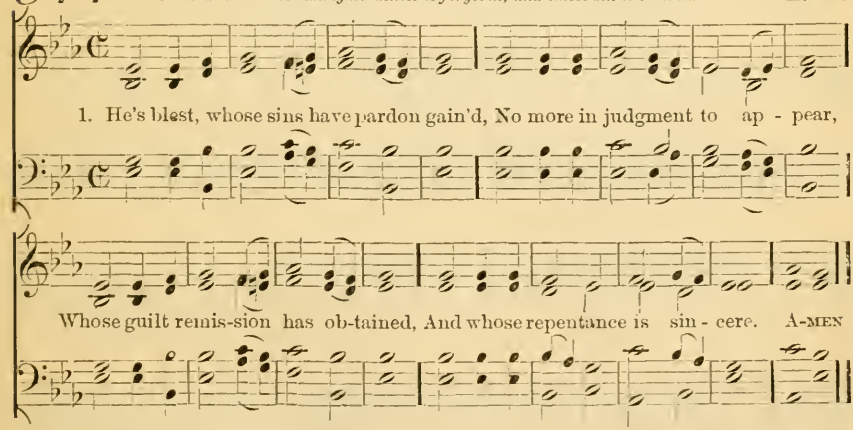
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. AMEN.

377. He's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd.

"Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." L. M.



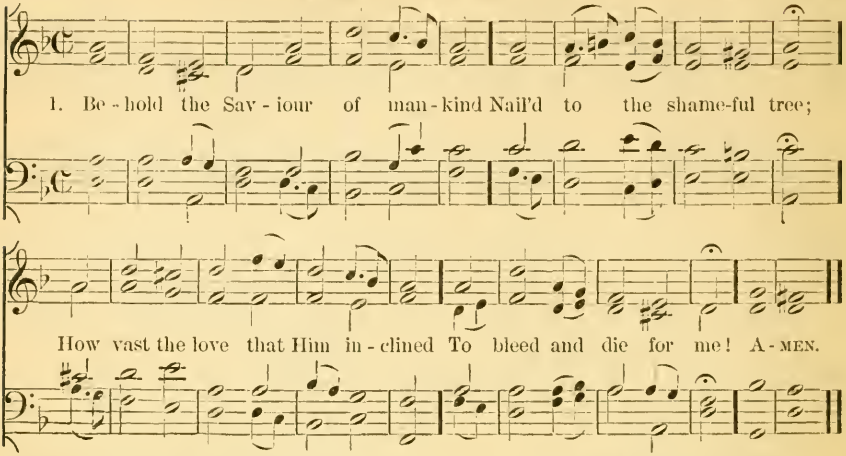
2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But Thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints that have perform'd His laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.
AMEN.

378. Behold the Saviour of mankind!

"I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with Me." C. M.



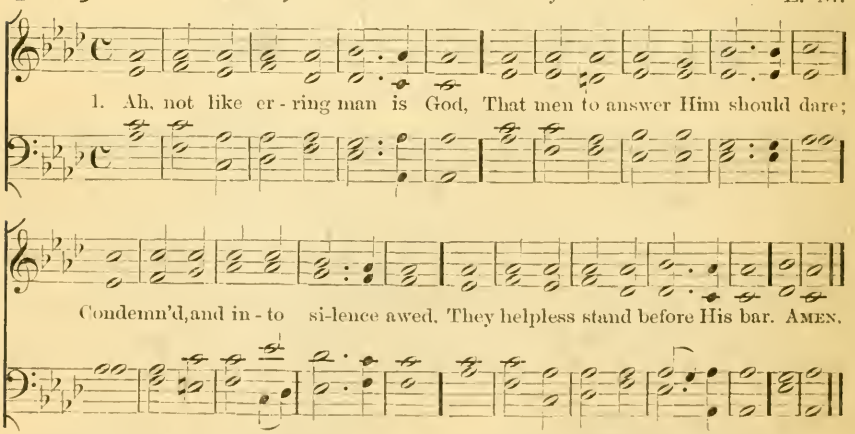
2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" He cries;
See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine! AMEN.

379. Ah, not like erring man is God.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." L. M.



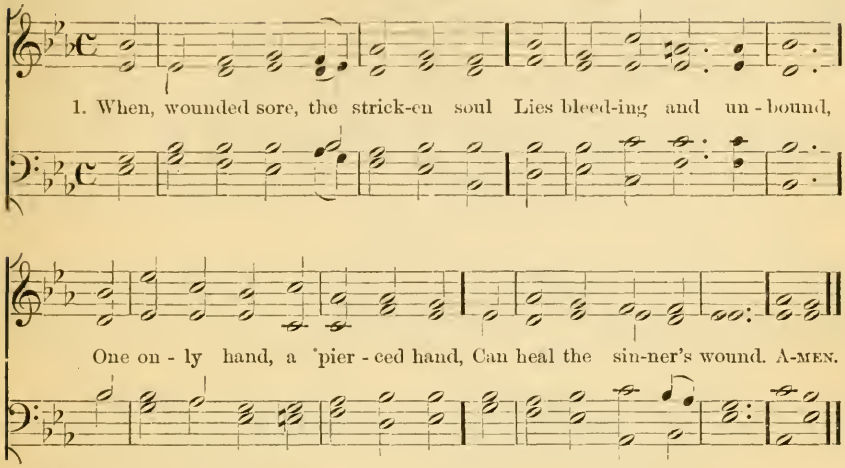
2 There must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace:
With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

3 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd:
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found.
AMEN.

380. When, wounded sore, the stricken soul.

"He healeth the broken in heart." C. M.

First Tune.



2 When sorrows swell the laden heart,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

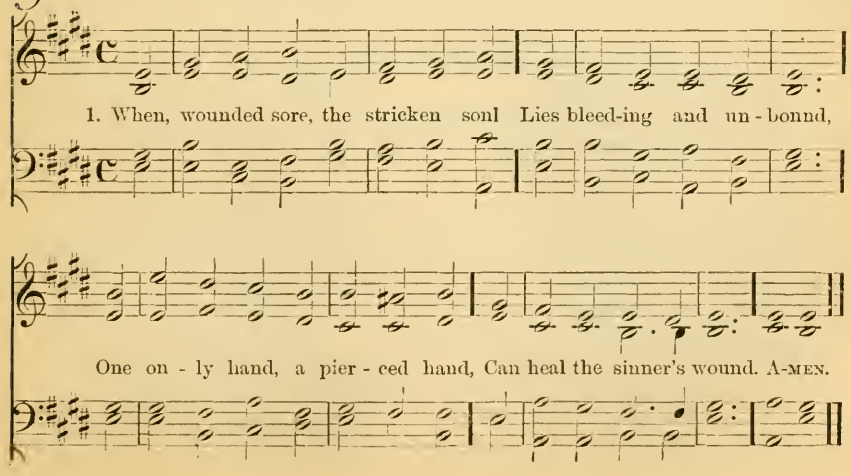
3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

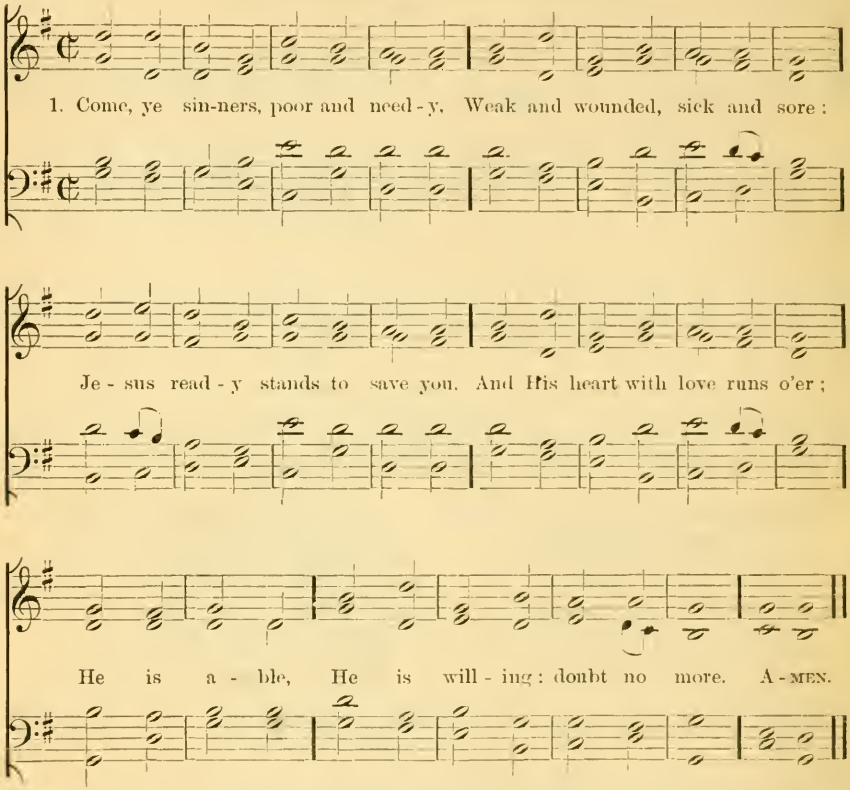
380.

Second Tune. C. M.



381. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." 8s. 7s. 4.



2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th' Incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

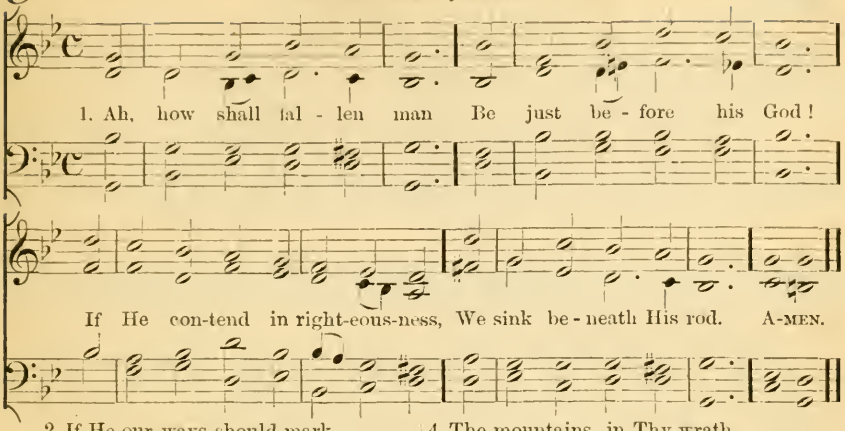
6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful courts of heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name;
Alleluia!
Sinners here may sing the same.

GLORIA PATRI.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

382. Ah, how shall fallen man.

"How should a man be just with God!" S. M.



2 If He our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

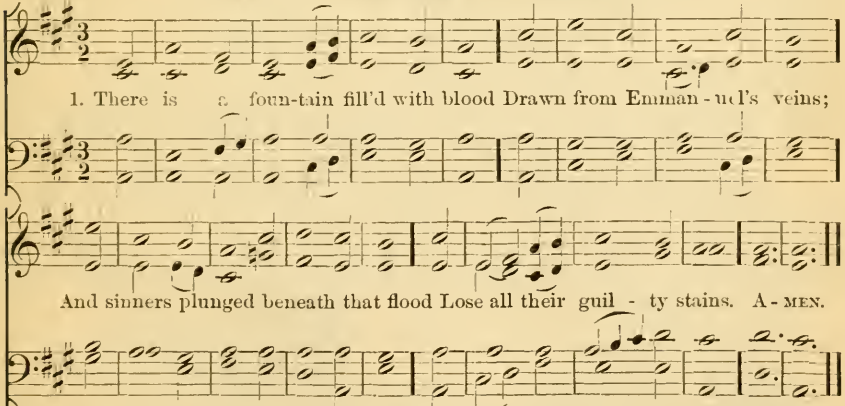
3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with Thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet Him, and escape.
But through the Saviour's blood. AMEN.

383. There is a fountain fill'd with blood.

"There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." C. M.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

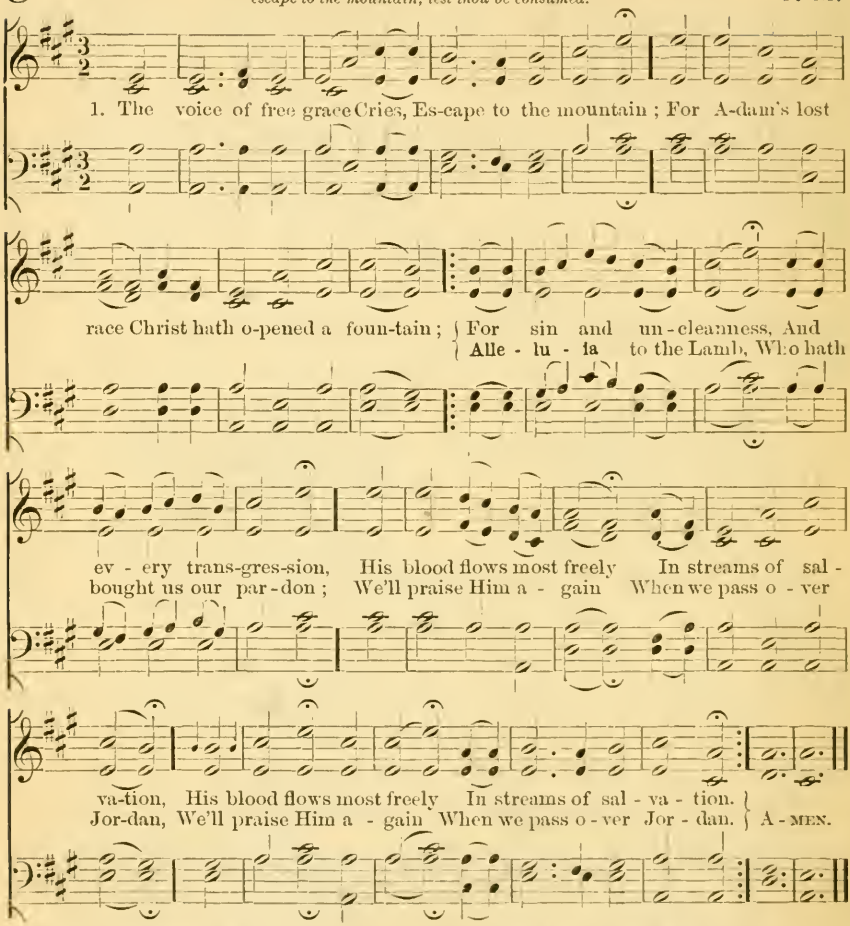
3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. AMEN.

384. The voice of free grace.

"Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." P. M.



2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Still flee to the mountain,
That blood can remove them
Which streams from this fountain.
Alleluia, etc.

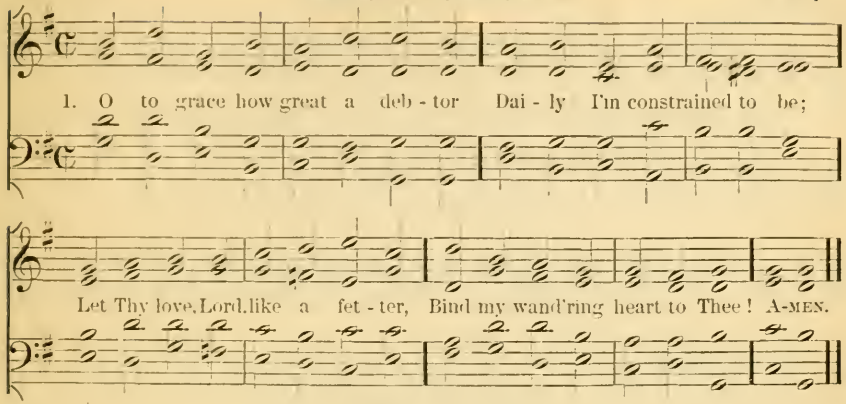
3 O Jesus! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell
Thou'rt more than victorious;
Thy Name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation.
Alleluia, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise Him the more;
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Alleluia, etc. AMEN.

Redemption.

385. O to grace how great a debtor.

"Unite my heart to fear Thy Name." 8s. 7s.



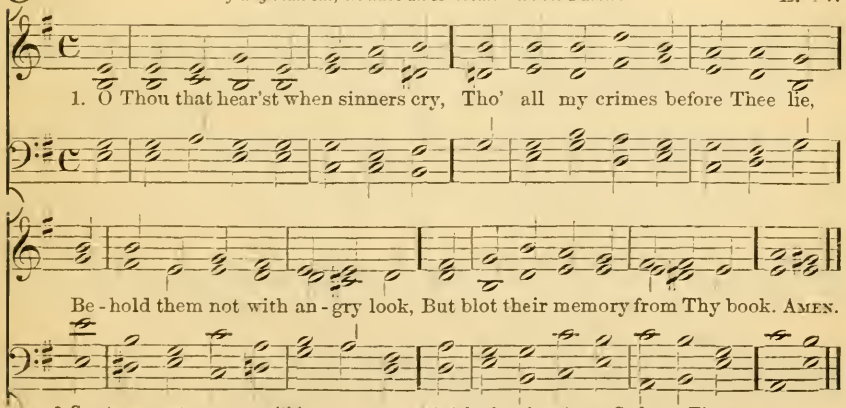
2 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it:
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above! AMEN.

X.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Repentance.

386. O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." L. M.



2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

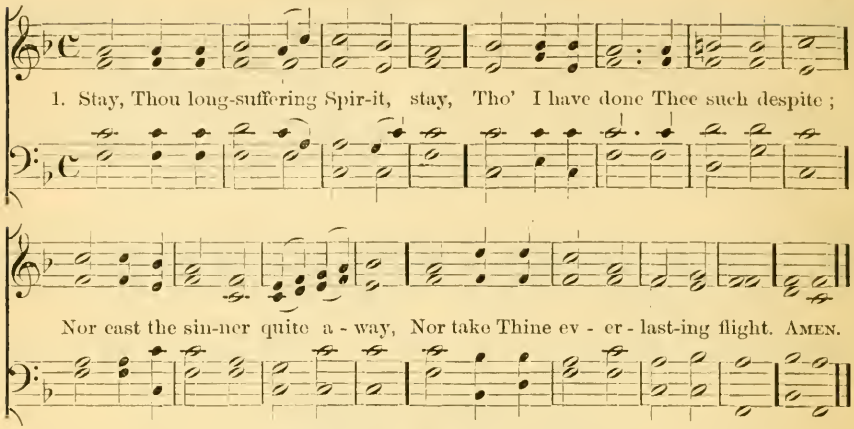
3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from Thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness. AMEN.

387. Stay, Thou long-suffering Spirit, stay.

"Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me." L. M.



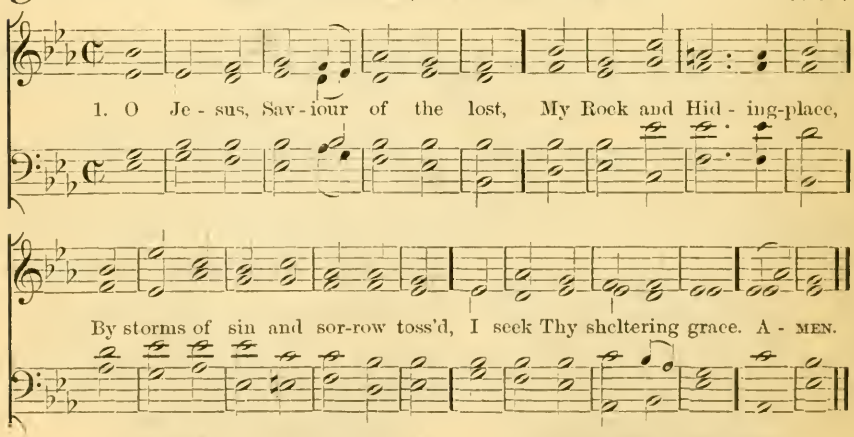
2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet O the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.
AMEN.

388. O Jesus, Saviour of the lost.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." C. M.



2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

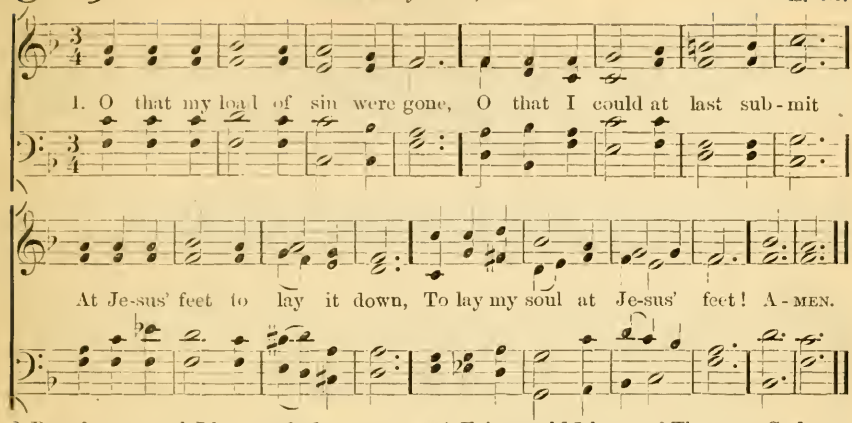
3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone.
To hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

Repentance.

389. O that my load of sin were gone.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner." L. M.



2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

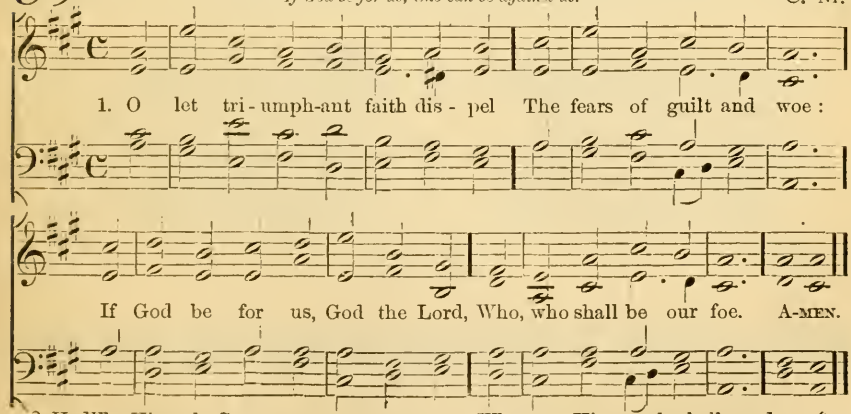
4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The Cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of Thy dying love.

5 I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.
AMEN.

Faith.

390. O let triumphant faith dispel.

"If God be for us, who can be against us." C. M.



2 He Who His only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall He not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give?

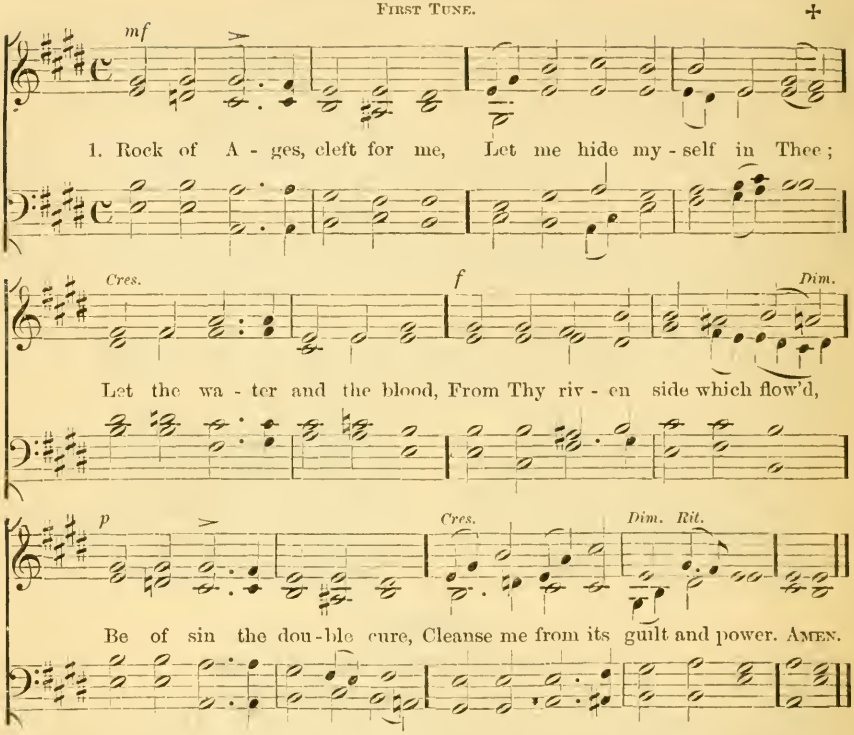
3 Who now His people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified;
Who now His people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And He Who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave;
At God's right hand for us He pleads,
Omnipotent to save. AMEN.

391. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

"I will put thee in a clift of the rock."

FIRST TUNE. Six 7s.



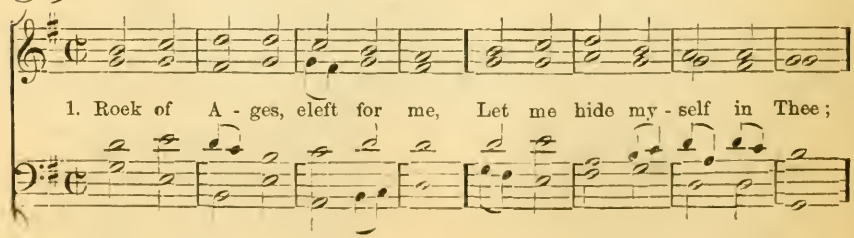
2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

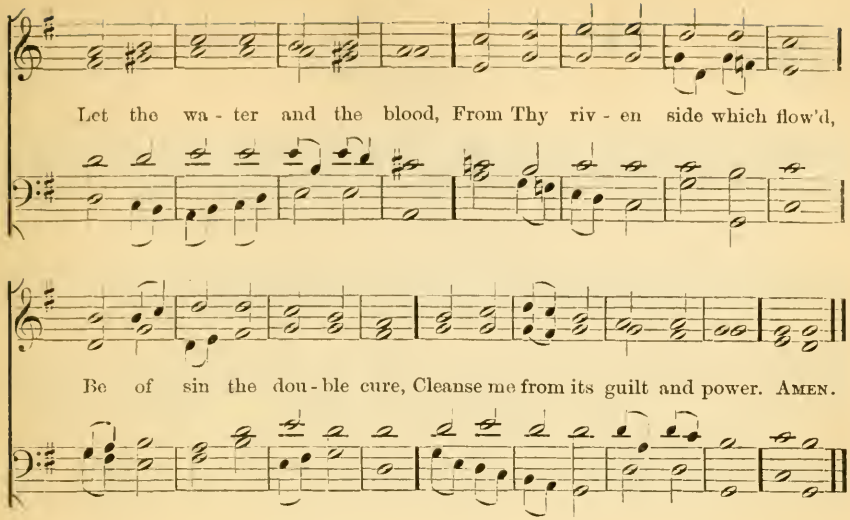
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown.
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

391.

SECOND TUNE. Six 7s.

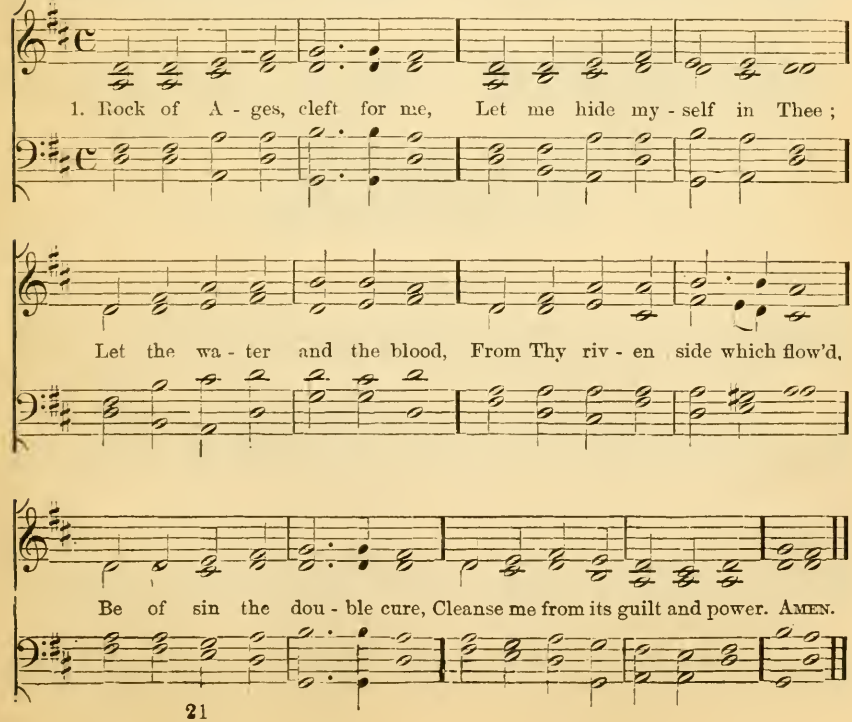




391.

THIRD TUNE.

Six 7s.

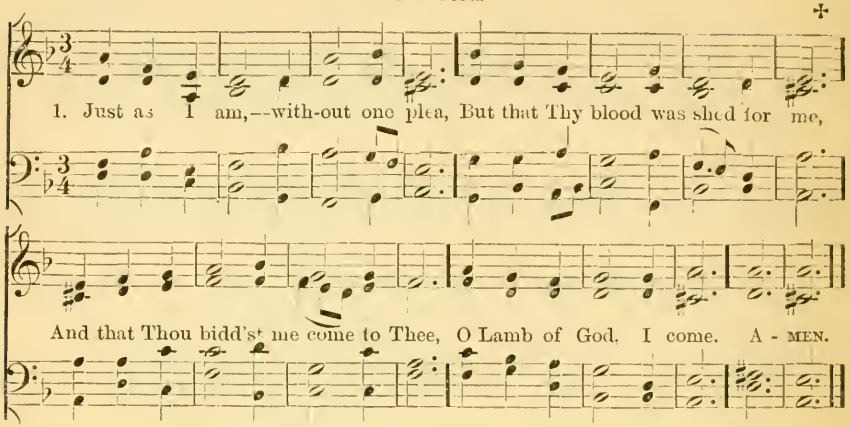


392. Just as I am,—without one plea.

"To whom shall we go but unto Thee."

8s.6.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

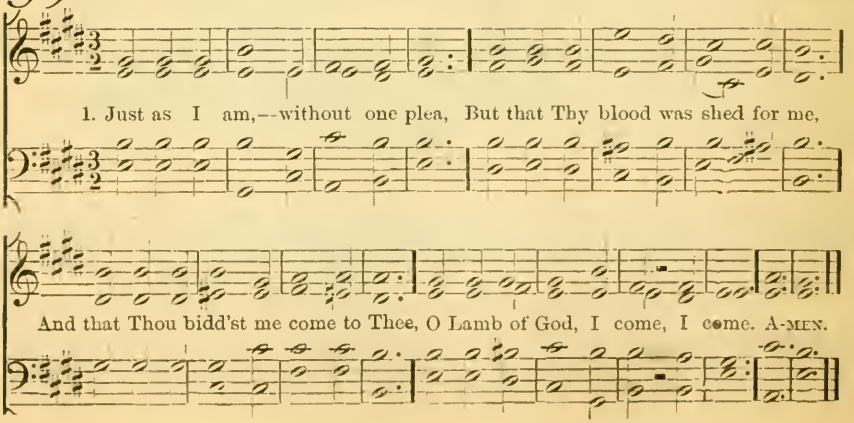
5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. AMEN.

392.

SECOND TUNE.

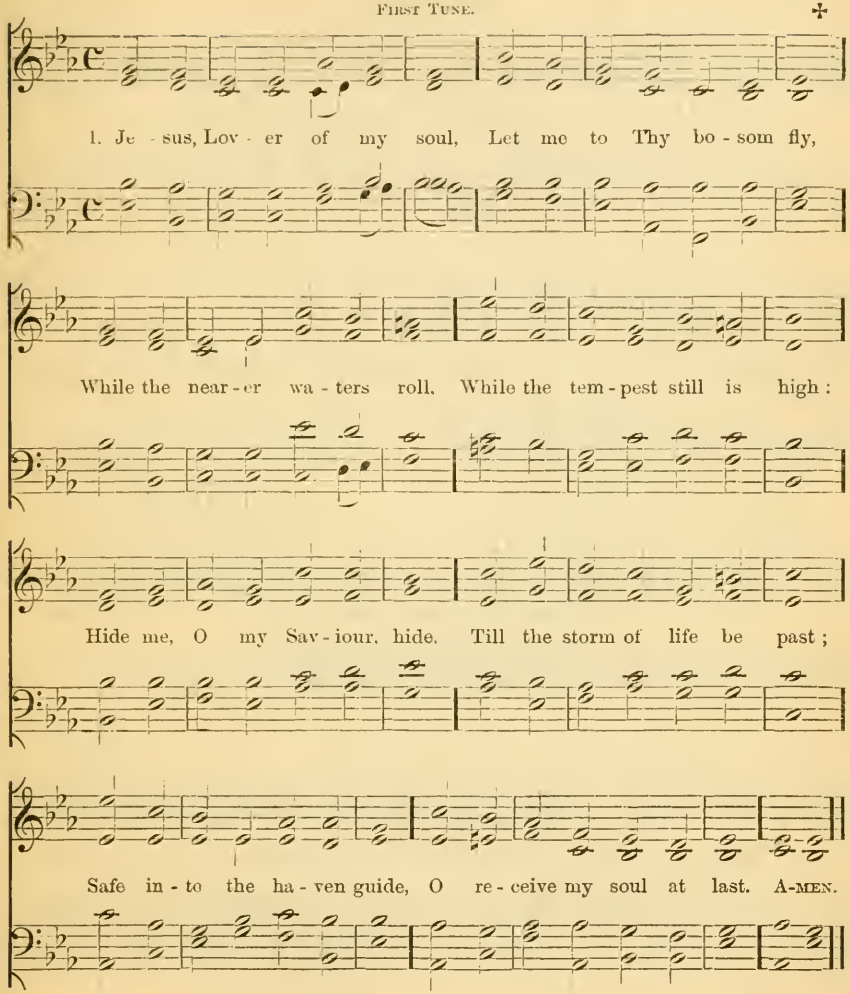
8s.6.



393. Jesus, Lover of my soul.

"I flee unto Thee to hide me." 7s. D.

First Tune. ✢



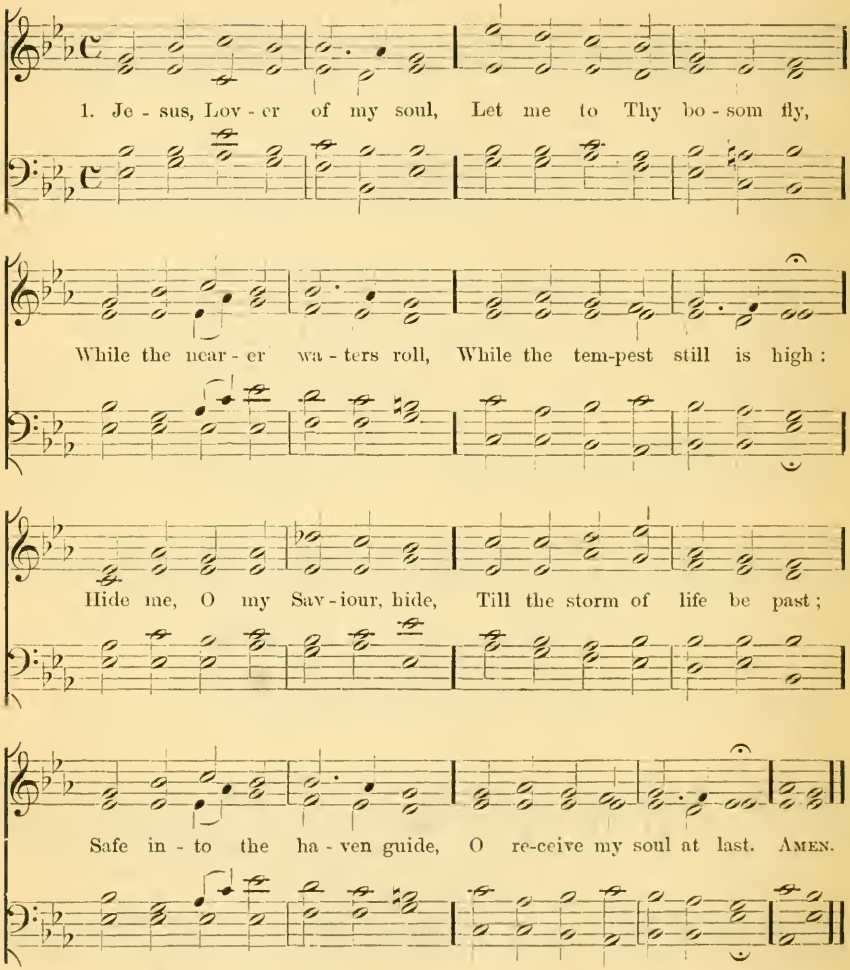
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

393. Jesus, Lover of my soul.

"I flee unto Thee to hide me." 7s. D.

SECOND TUNE.



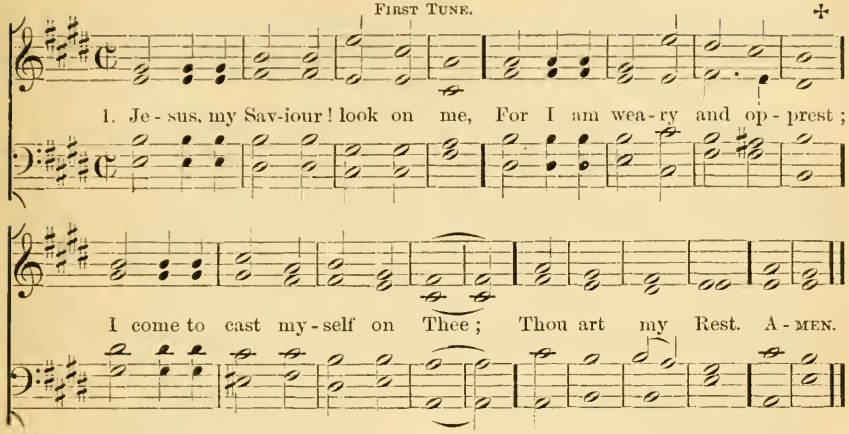
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

394. Jesus, my Saviour! look on me.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" 8s.4.

First Tune.



2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewilder'd on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

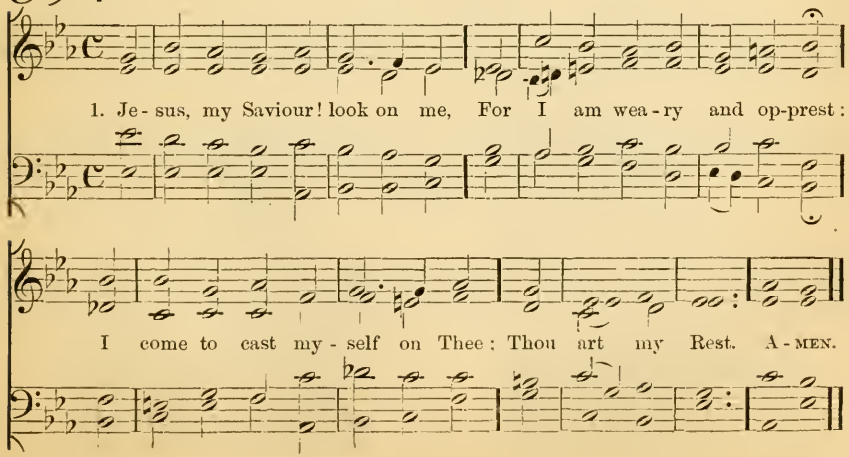
4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

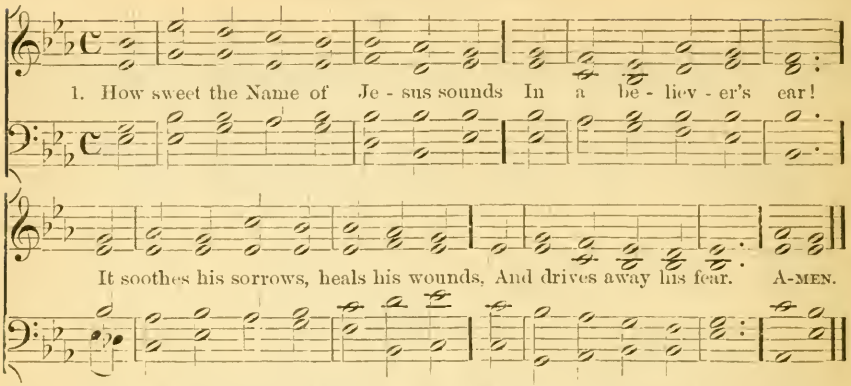
394.

Second Tune. 8s.4.



395. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.

"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth. C. M.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole.
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build.
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

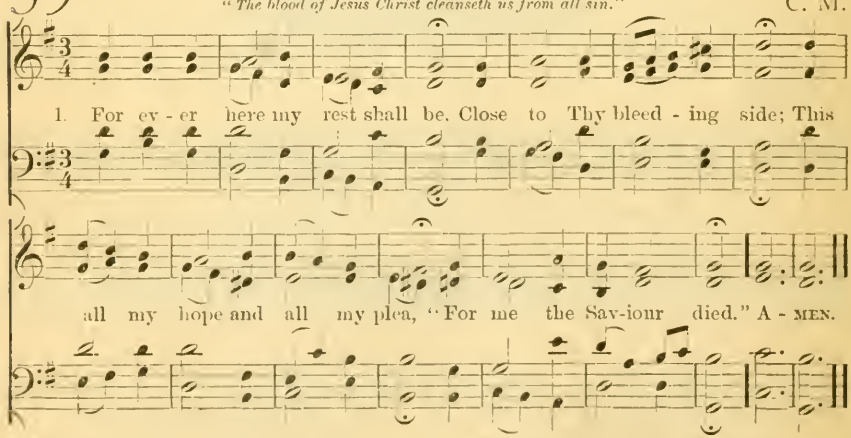
4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. MEN.

396. For ever here my rest shall be.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." C. M.



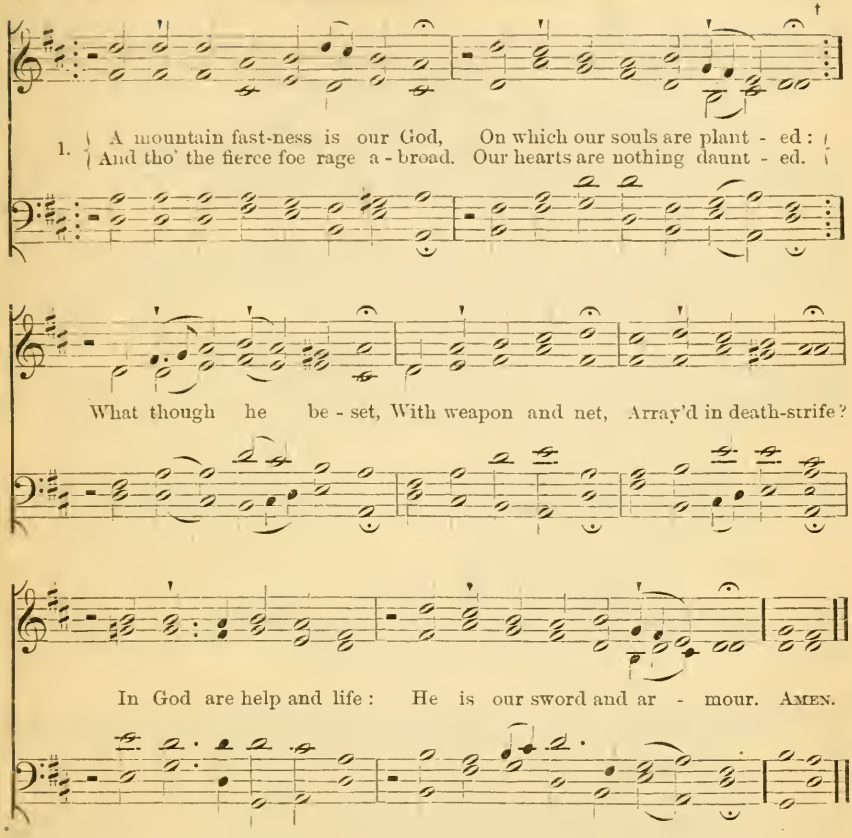
2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own:
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul is love. AMEN.

397. A mountain fastness is our God.

"My hope, and my fortress, my castle." P. M.



2 By our own might we naught can do;
To trust it were sure losing;
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask for His Name?
Christ Jesus we claim;
The Lord God of hosts;
The only God: vain boasts
Of others fall before Him.

3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd
The world with hostile forces?
E'en then our fears should all be still'd:
In God are our resources.
The world and its king
No terrors can bring:
Their threats are no worth:
Their doom is now gone forth:
A single word can quell them.

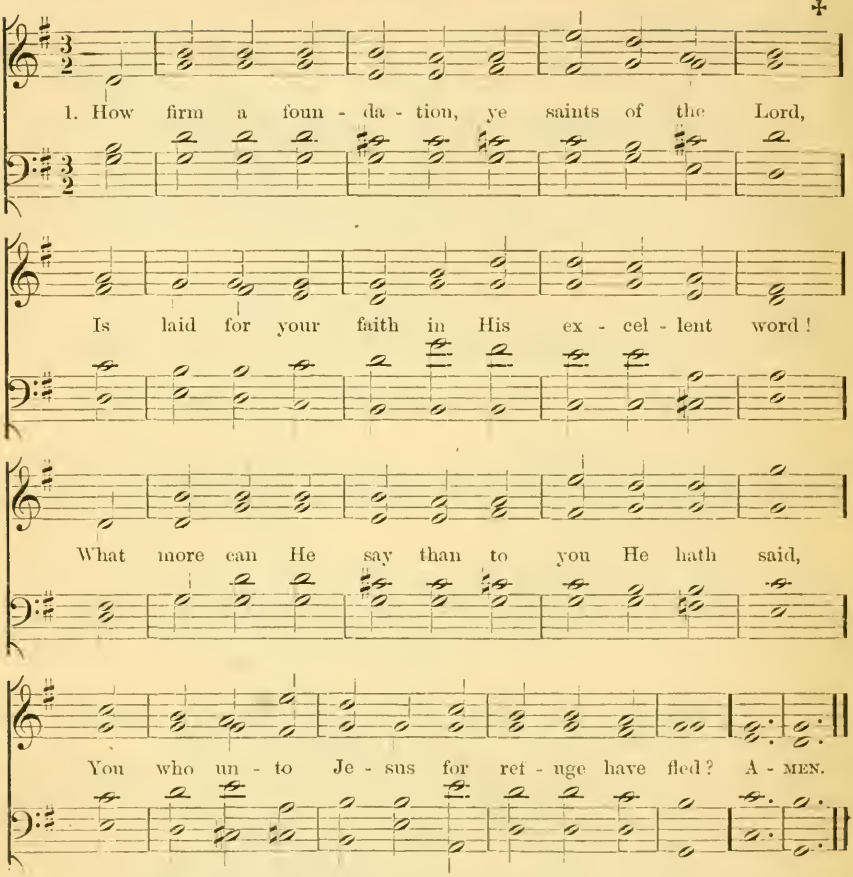
4 God's word through all shall have free
And ask no man's permission: [sway,
The Spirit and His gifts convey
Strength to defy perdition.
The body to kill,
Wife, children, at will,
The wicked have power:
Yet lasts it but an hour!
The kingdom's ours for ever!

5 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
For ever be outpouring
All glory, from the heavenly host,
And saints on earth adoring:
Through time's utmost bound
That chorus resound,
And swell evermore,
Like stormy ocean's roar,
Through endless ages rolling. Amen.

398. How firm a foundation.

"I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

11s. ✝



2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd.
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

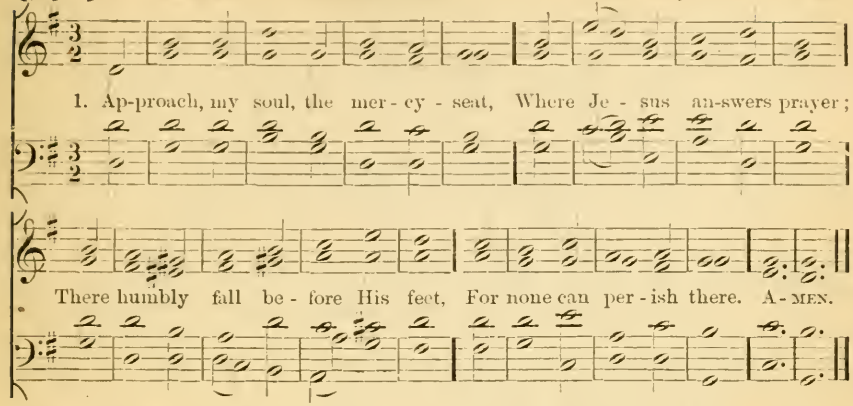
3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake. AMEN.

399. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous." C. M.



2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee.
And such, O Lord, am I.

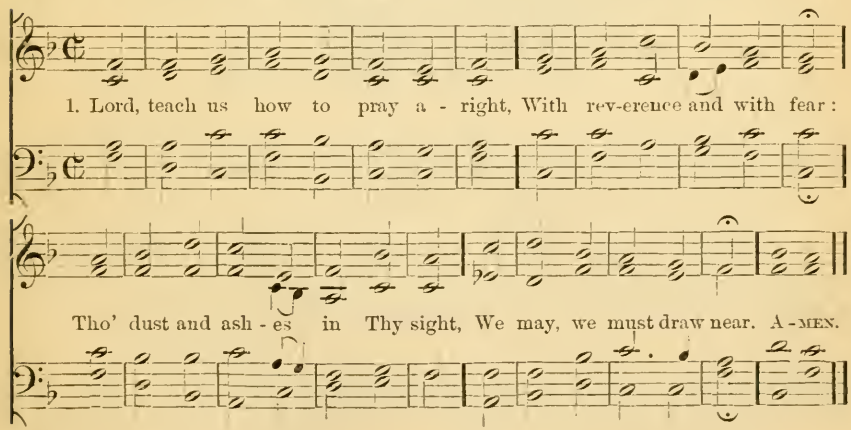
3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name. AMEN.

400. Lord, teach us how to pray aright.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." C. M.



2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live.

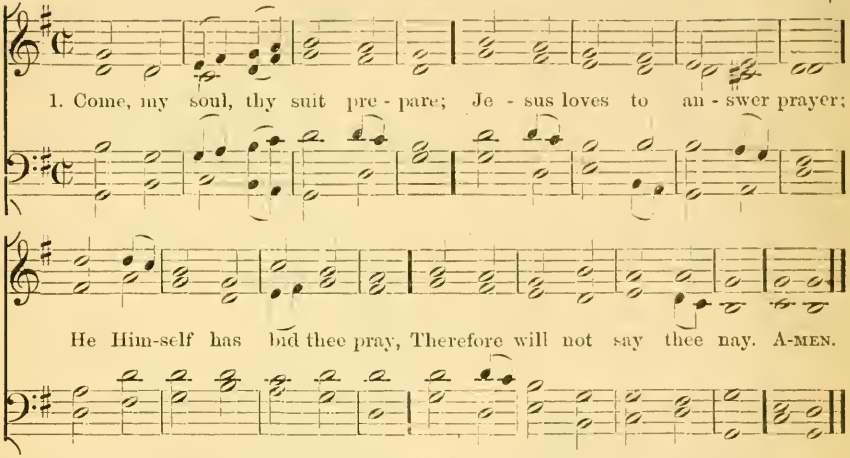
3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

4 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus, strengthen'd with all might,
We, through Thy spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright. AMEN.

401. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." 7s. †

First Tune.



2 Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

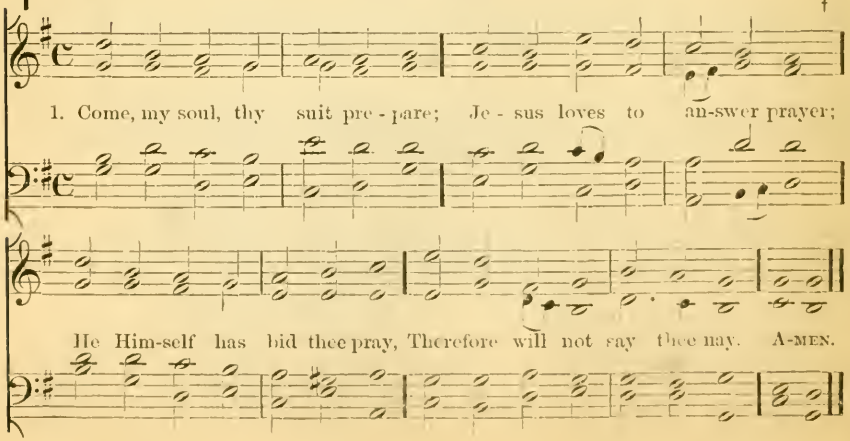
4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast:
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death. Amen.

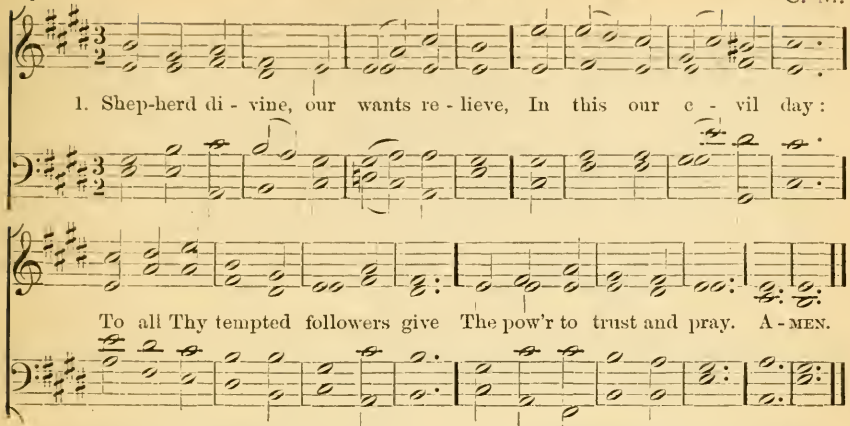
401.

Second Tune. 7s. †



402. Shepherd divine, our wants relieve.

"And he said, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." C. M.



2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the Cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

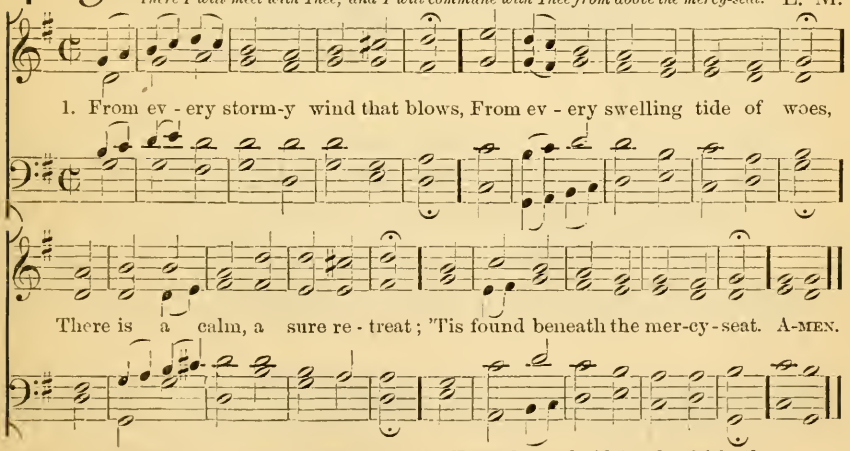
3 The Spirit's interceding grace
Give us the faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

4 Till Thou the Father's love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let Thee go:

5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And say,—I died for thee. AMEN.

403. From every stormy wind that blows.

"There I will meet with Thee; and I will commune with Thee from above the mercy-seat." L. M.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

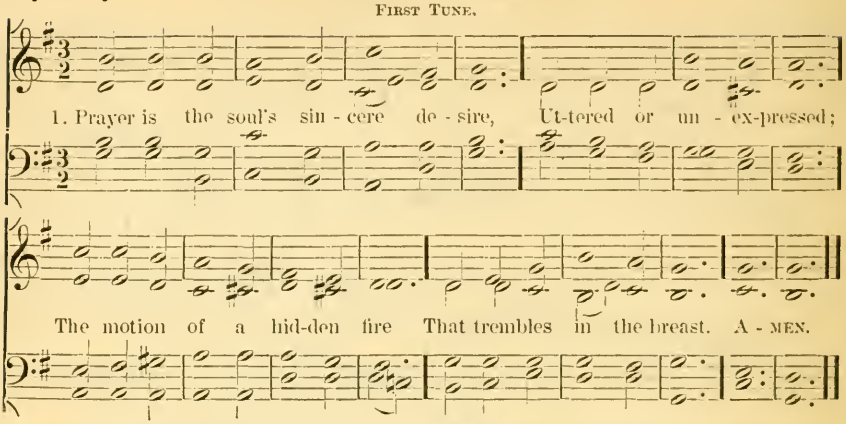
3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. AMEN.

404. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.

"Lord, teach us to pray." C. M.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
The watchword at the gates of death.—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

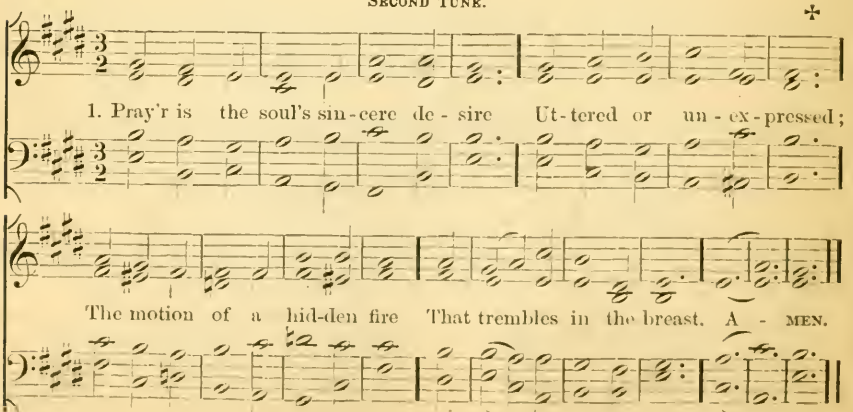
6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

404.

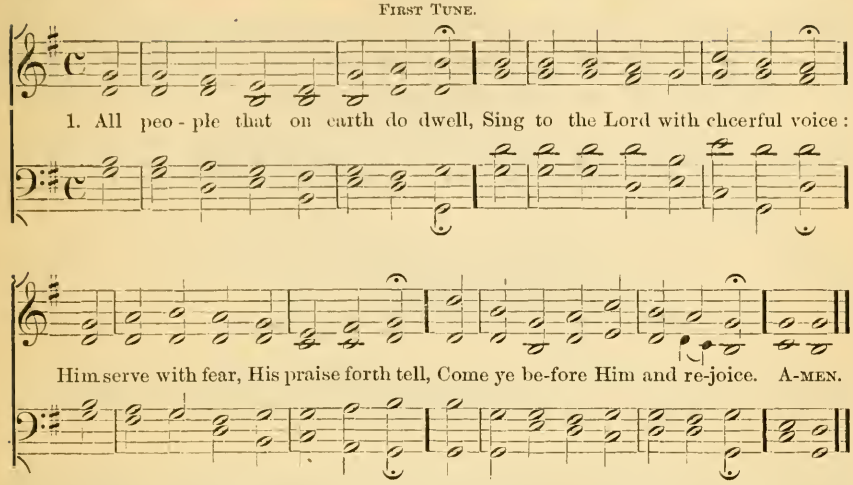
SECOND TUNE. C. M.



405. All people that on earth do dwell.

"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands." L. M.

First Tune.

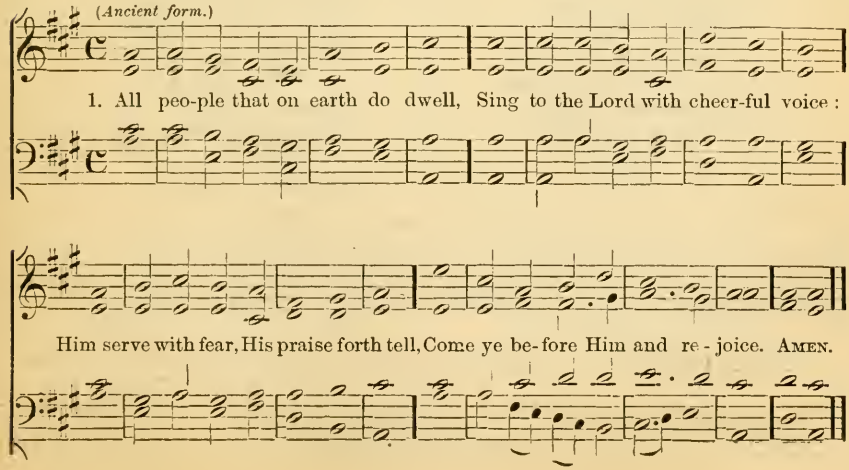


2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

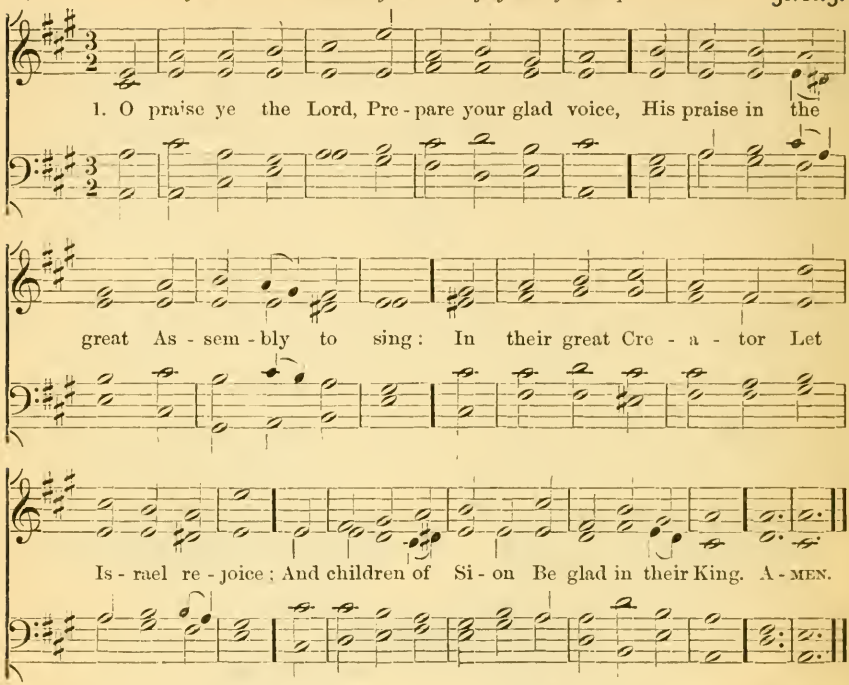
4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure. Amen.

405. Second Tune. L. M.



406. O praise ye the Lord.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song: let the congregation of saints praise Him." 5s.6s.5.

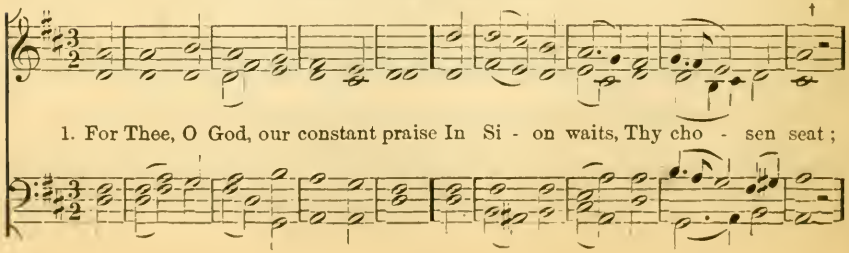


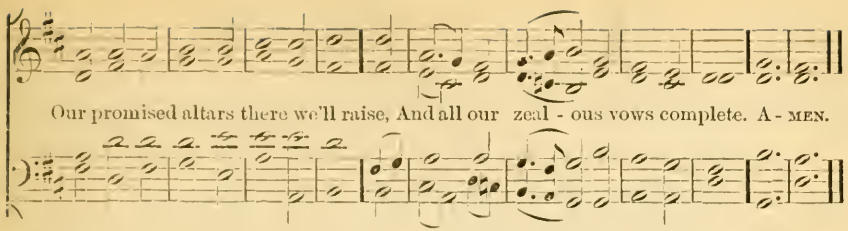
2 Let them His great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express:
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, Who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring:
O therefore for ever
All praise to Him yield! AMEN.

407. For Thee, O God, our constant praise.

"Thou, O God, art praised in Sion." L. M.





2 Thou, Who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend Thy listening ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

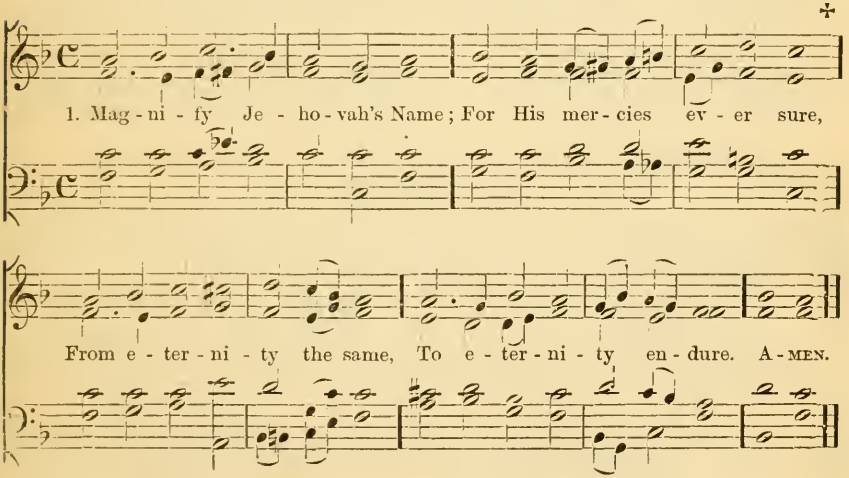
3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain;
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Bless'd is the man who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives. AMEN.

408. Magnify Jehovah's Name.

"O give thanks unto the Lord: for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever."

7s.



2 Let His ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

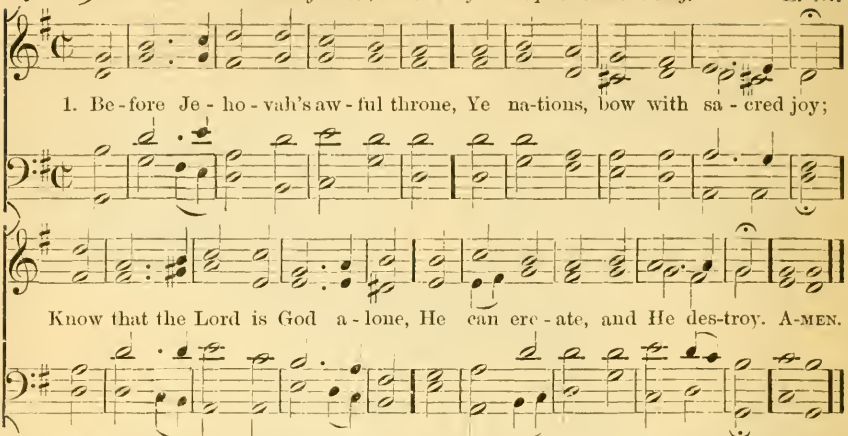
4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace! AMEN.

409. Before Jehovah's awful throne.

"Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song." L. M.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd
He brought us to His fold again.

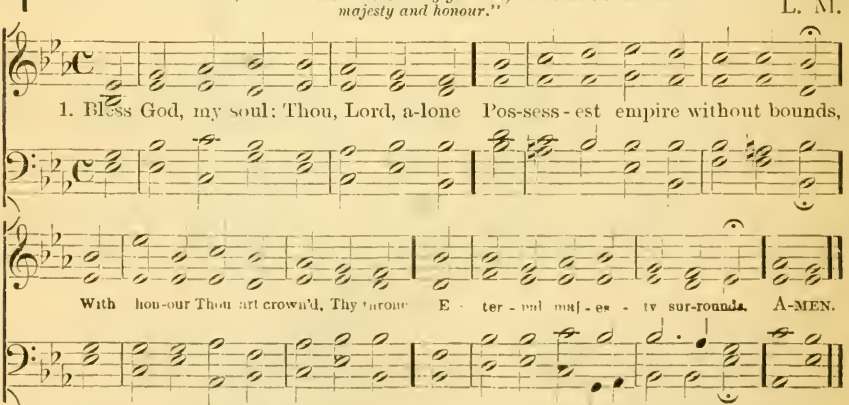
3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

410. Bless God, my soul; Thou, Lord, alone.

"O Lord, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour." L. M.



2 With light Thou dost Thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
The canopy of state to make.

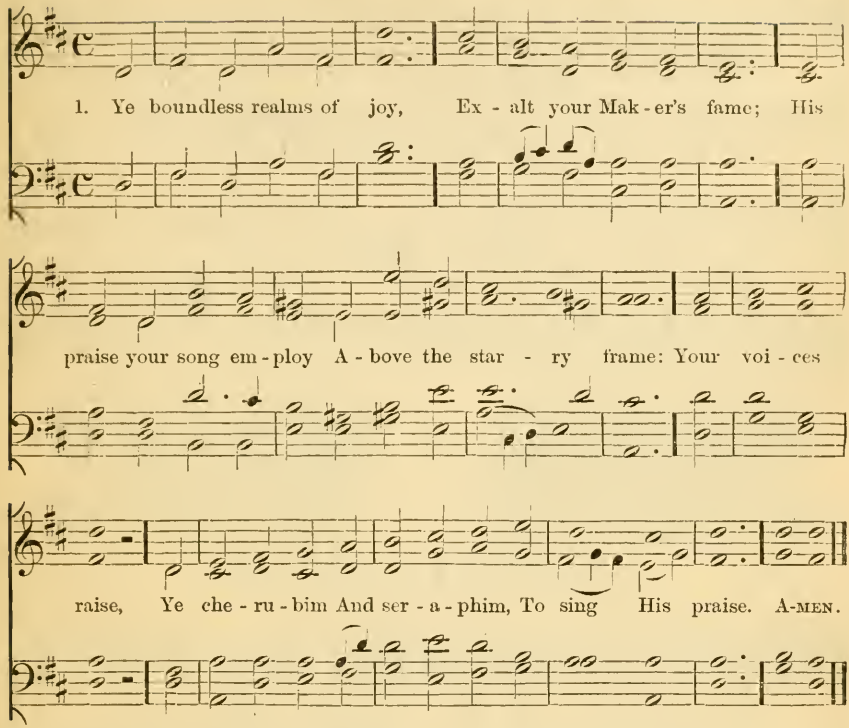
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds His chariot are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steed with which He flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All prompt to do their sovereign's will.

5 In praising God while He prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ:
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in Him is my joy. AMEN.

411. Ye boundless realms of joy.

"O praise the Lord of heaven." 6s.4s.



2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

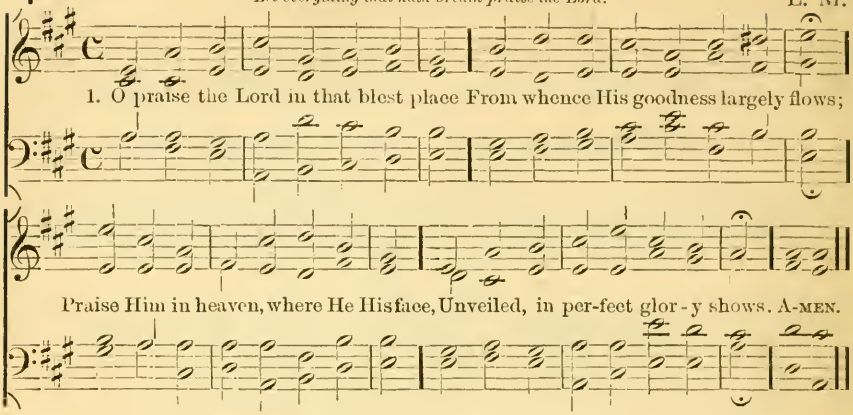
3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By Whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. AMEN.

412. O praise the Lord in that blest place.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." L. M.



2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

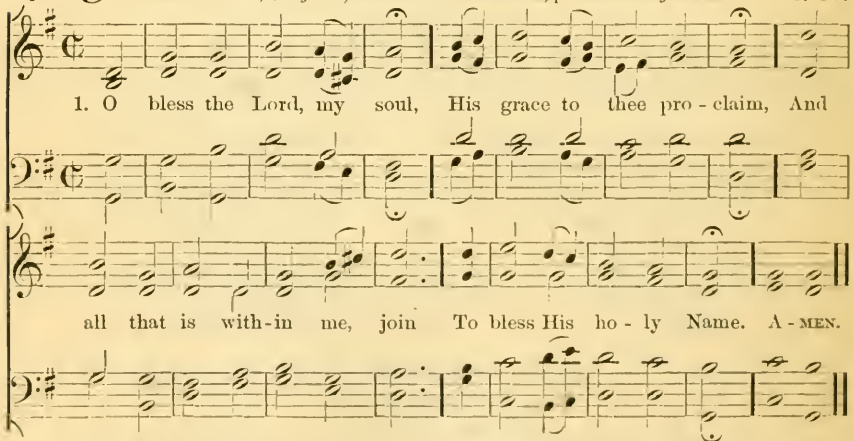
3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills His praise rebound;
Praise Him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise—
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ: [AMEN.
Let every creature praise the Lord!

413. O bless the Lord, my soul.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise His holy Name." S. M.



2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

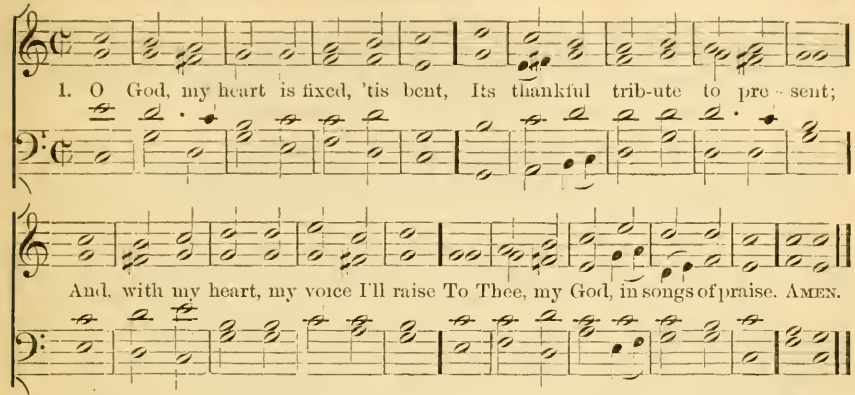
3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle's, He renews
The vigour of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul.
His grace, His love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless His holy Name. AMEN.

414. O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent.

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise." L. M.



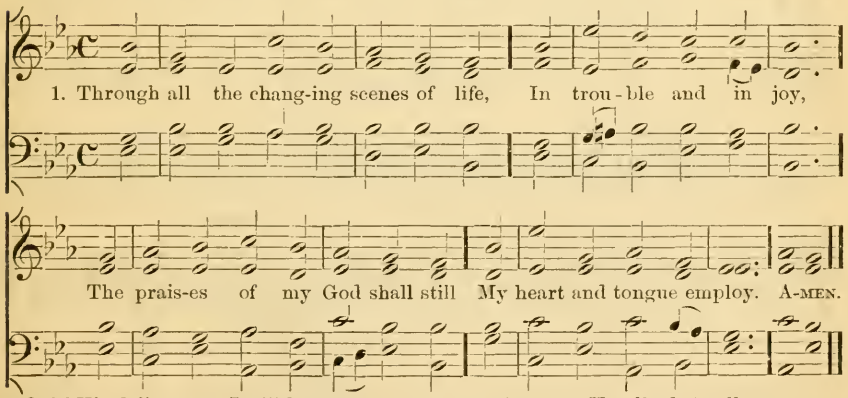
2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.
Amen.

415. Through all the changing scenes of life.

"I will alway give thanks unto the Lord." C. M.



2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

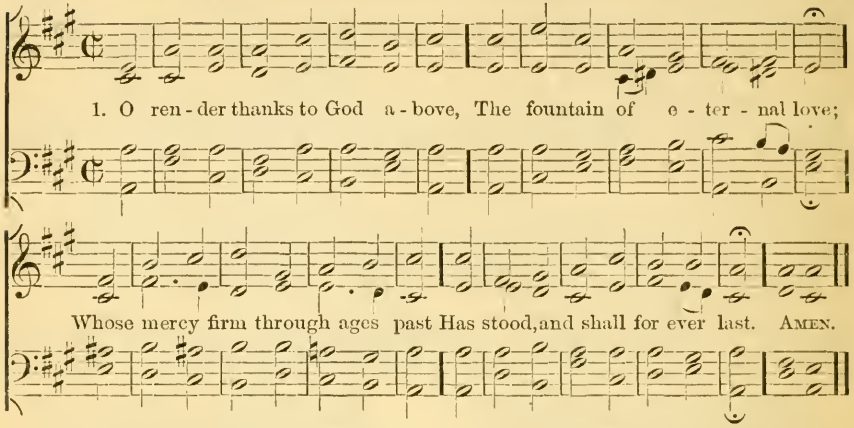
4 The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

5 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care. Amen.

416. O render thanks to God above.

"O give thanks unto the Lord: for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever." L. M.



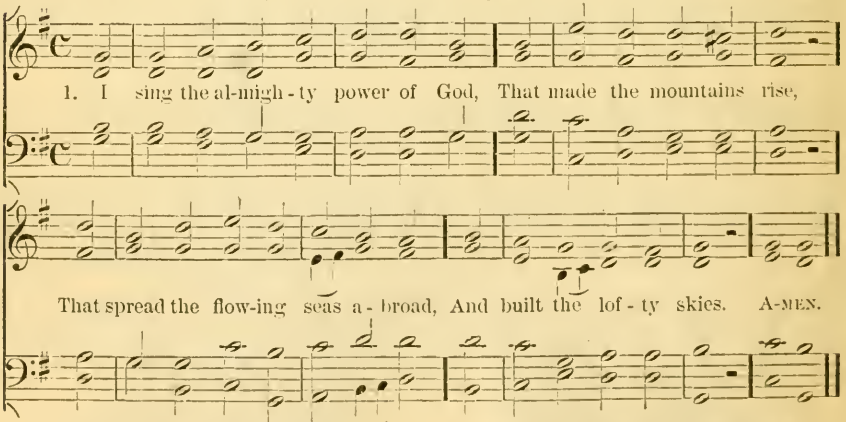
2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd;
Let all His saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens, Praise ye the Lord!
AMEN.

417. I sing the almighty power of God.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy Name in all the earth." C. M.



2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command.
And all the stars obey.

3 Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky,

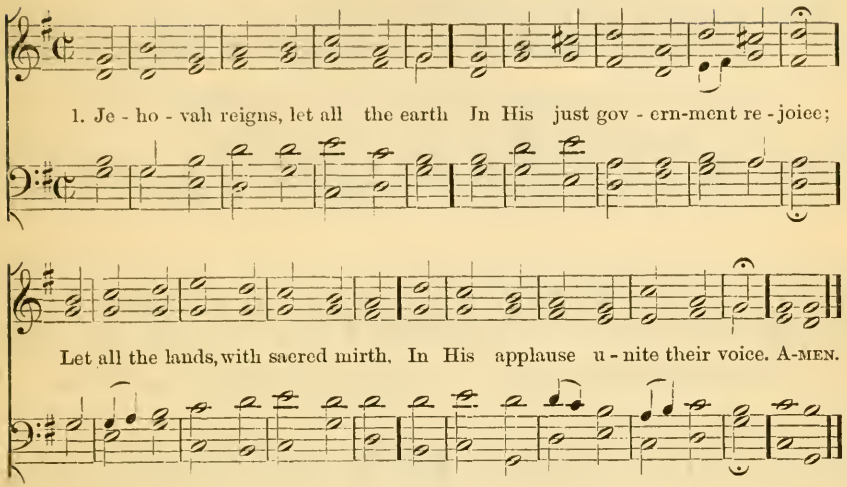
4 There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

5 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh? AMEN.

418. Jehovah reigns, let all the earth.

"The Lord is King; the earth may be glad thereof." L. M.

First Tune.



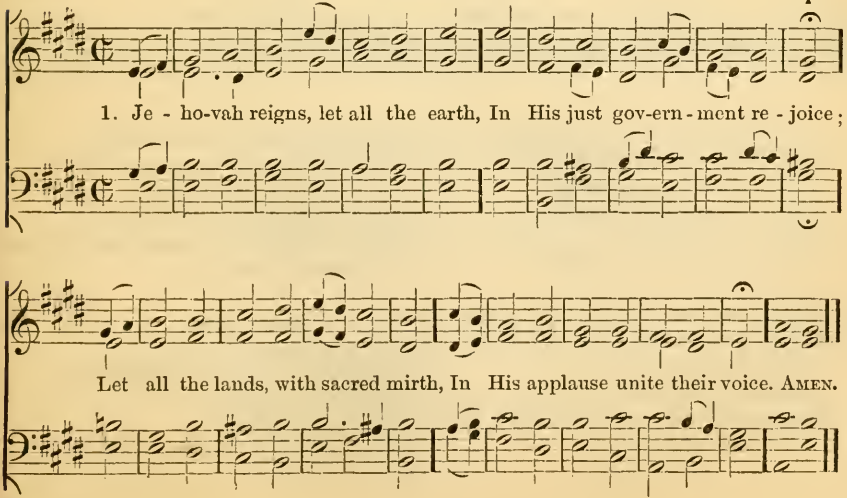
2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of His seat.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned.

Amen.

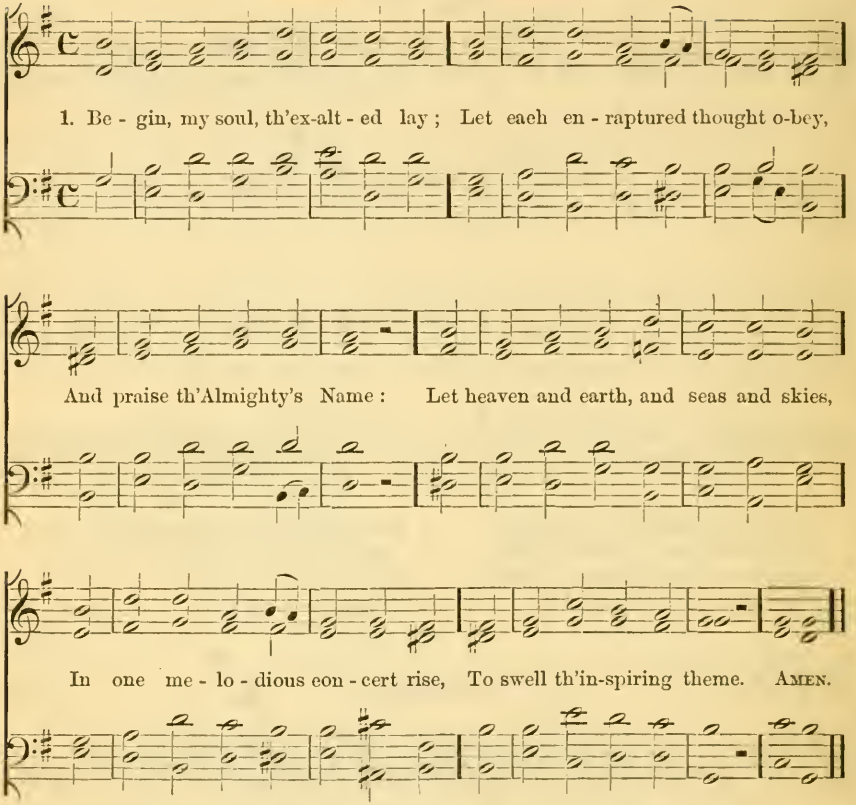
418.

Second Tune L. M.



419. Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." 8s. 6s.



2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow ;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim Him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

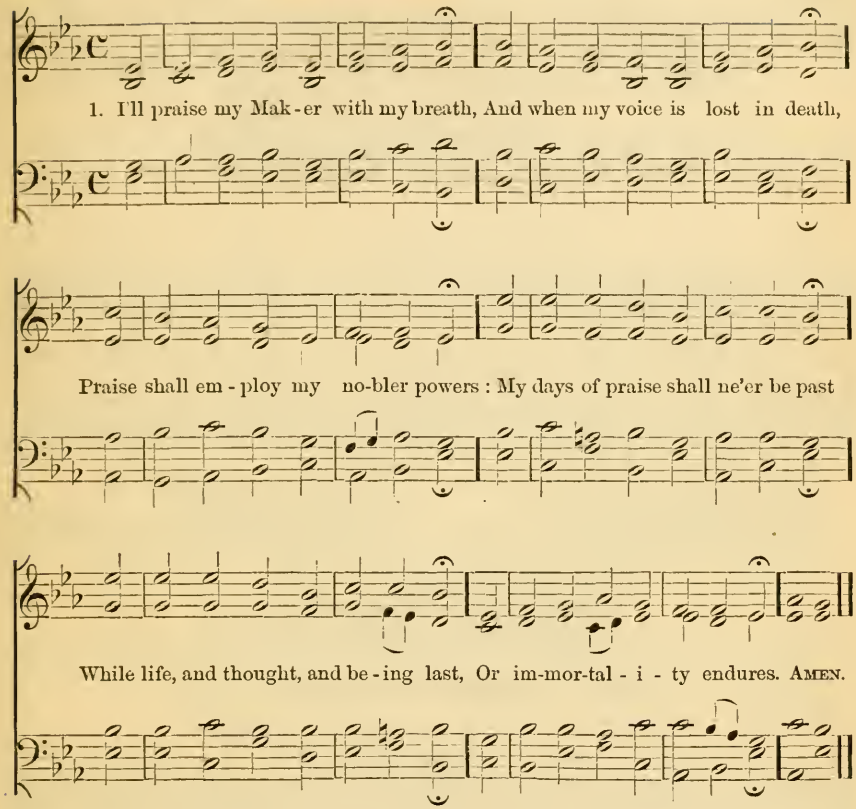
4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread His tremendous Name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is and so shall last
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

420. I'll praise my Maker with my breath.

"As long as I have any being, I will sing praises unto my God." Six 8s.



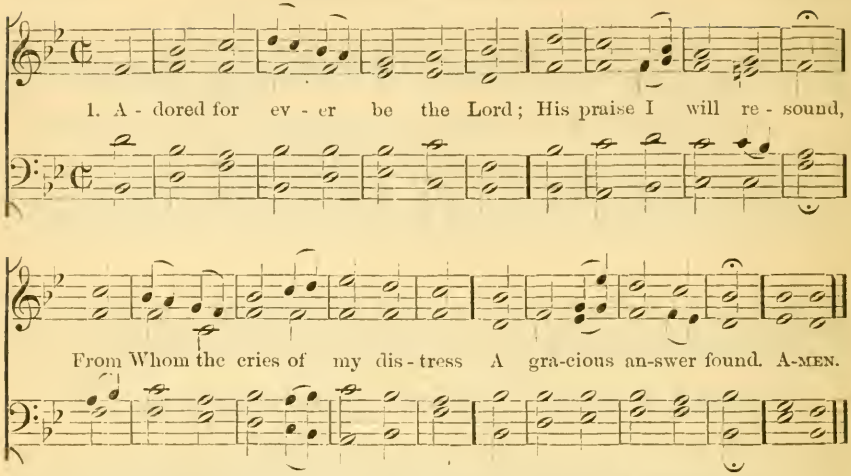
2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find His promise vain. AMEN.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more. AMEN.

421. Adored for ever be the Lord.

"The Lord is my Strength, and my Shield." C. M.



2 He is my strength and shield; my heart
Has trusted in His Name;
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.

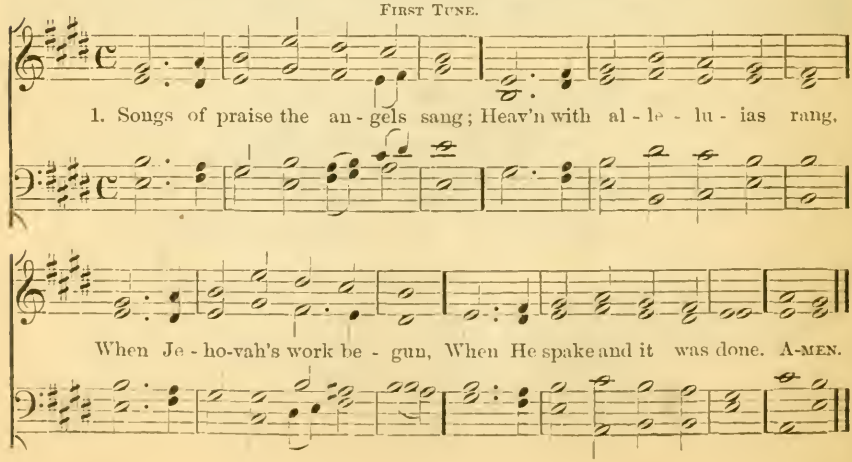
3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of His anointed flock.

4 O save and bless Thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That they may never swerve. AMEN.

422. Songs of praise the angels sang.

"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." 7s.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

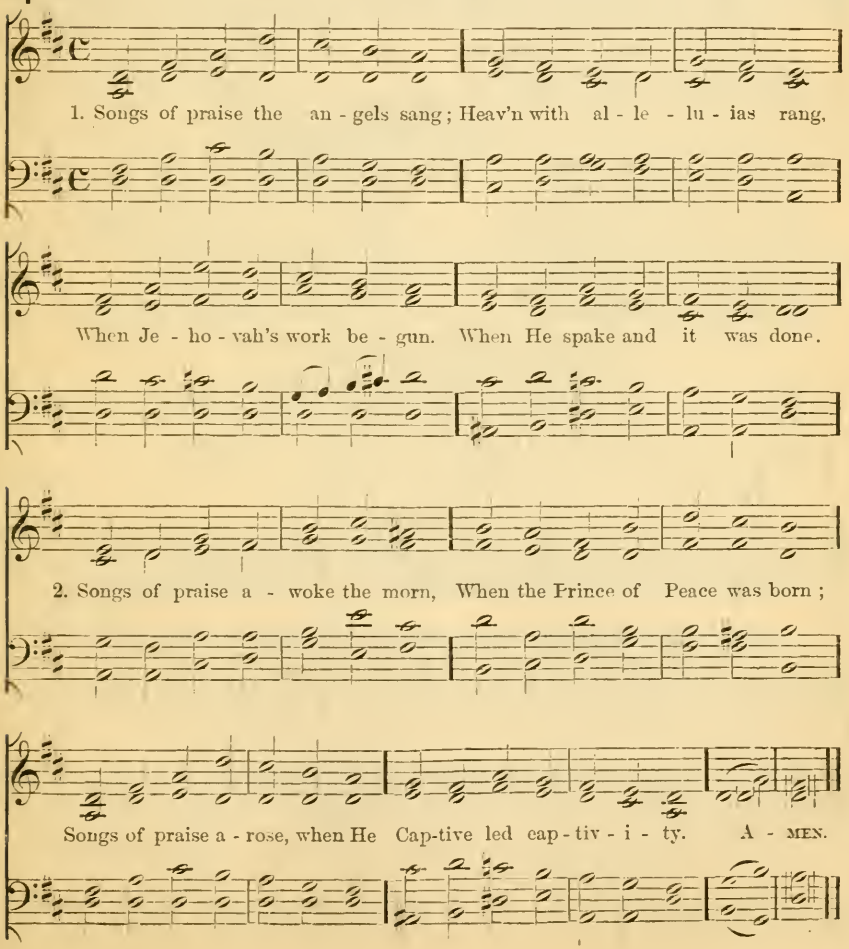
4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below; with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. AMEN.

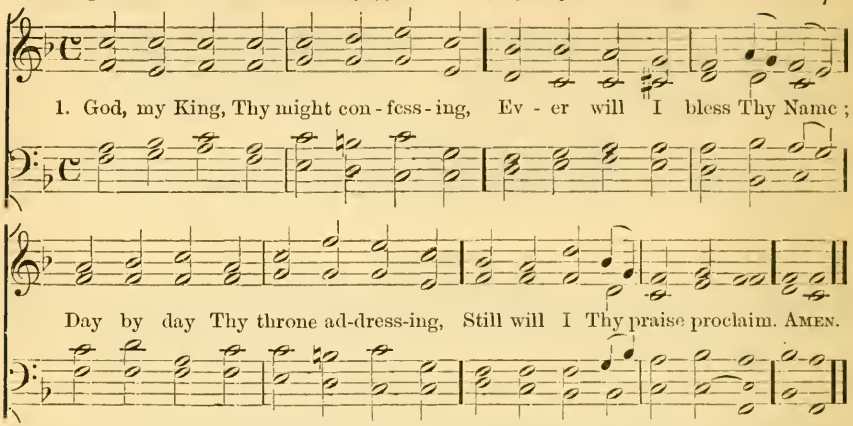
422.

SECOND TUNE. 7s.



423. God, my King, Thy might confessing.

"I will magnify Thee, O God, my King." 8s. 7s.



2 Honour great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

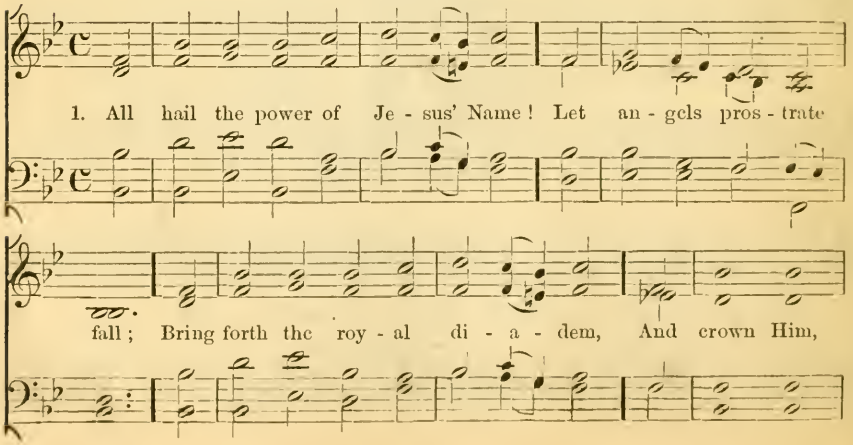
5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

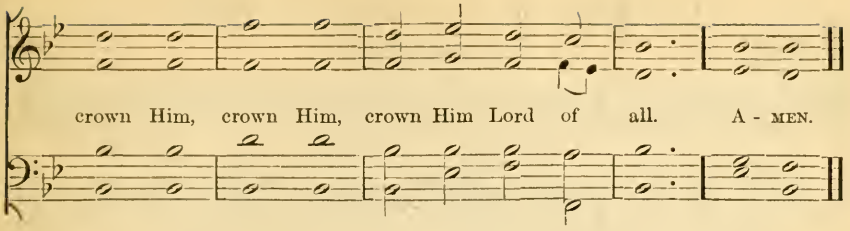
6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power. AMEN.

424. All hail the power of Jesus' Name!

"He is Lord of lords and King of kings." C. M.

FIRST TUNE.





2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God Incarnate! Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!

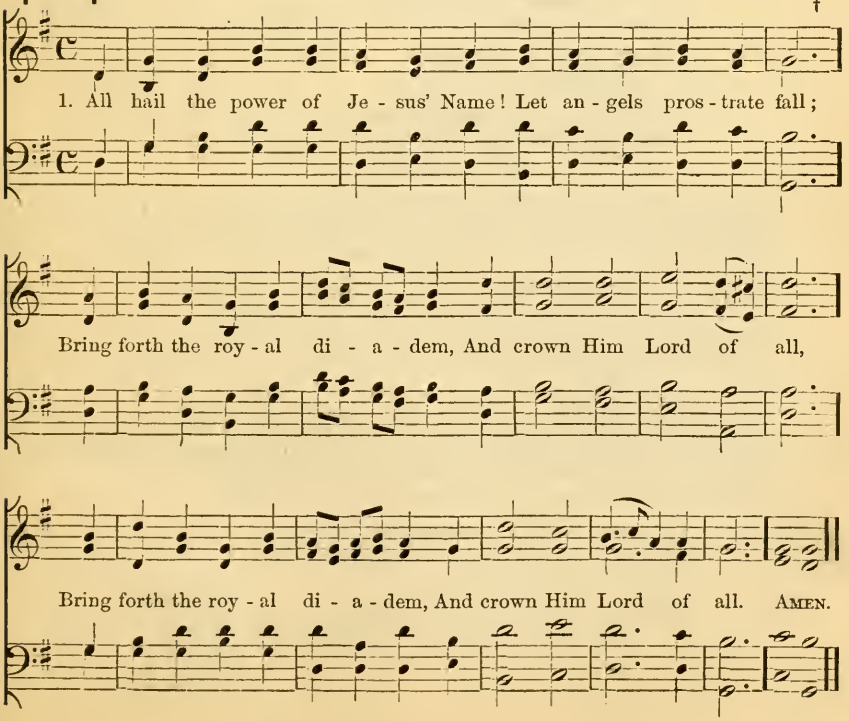
4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all Majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

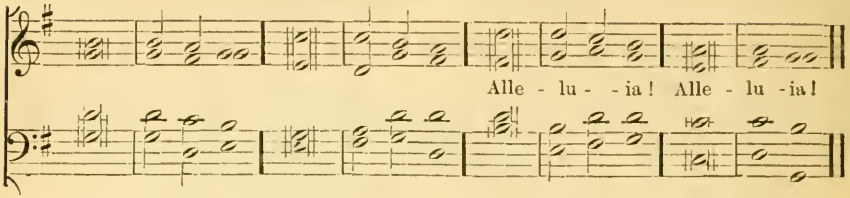
424.

SECOND TUNE. C. M.



425. The strain upraise of joy and praise.

"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord." P. M.



The strain upraise of joy and *praise,* Alle- | luia!
To the glory of their King
Shall the *ran*som'd | people sing, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
And the *choirs* that | dwell on high,
Shall re-*echo* | through the sky, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!

They in the *rest* of | Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones with *joy* the | chorus swell, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
The planets beaming *on* their | heavenly way,
The shining constella*tions,* | join and say, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye *winds* on | pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye light*nings,* | wildly bright,
In *sweet* con- | sent unite || *your* Alle- | luia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye *storms* and | winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar *frost* and | summer glow:
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And *glo*rious | forests, sing, || *Al*le- | luia!

First let the birds, with *painted* | plumage gay,
Exalt their great Crea*tor's* | praise, and say, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
Then let the beasts of *earth,* with | varying strain,
Join in creation's *hymn* and | cry again, | *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!

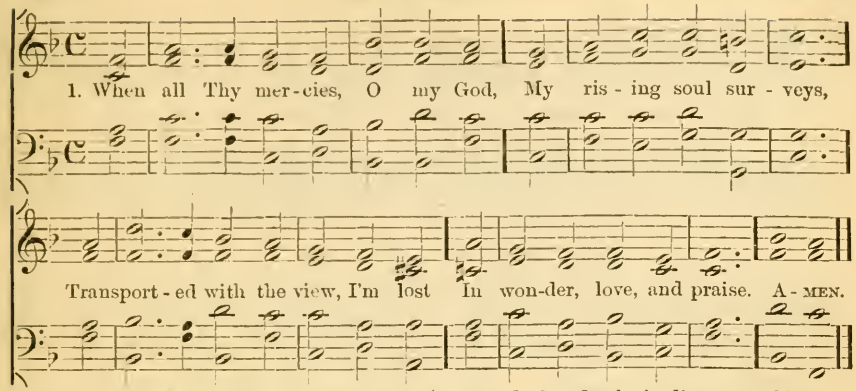
Here let the mountains thunder *forth* so- | norous, | *Al*le- | luia!
There let the valleys sing in *gen*der | chorus, || *Al*le- | luia!
Thou jubilant *abyss* of | ocean, cry, || *Al*le- | luia!
Ye tracts of earth and *conti*- | nents, reply || *Al*le- | luia!

To God, who *all* cre- | ation made,
The frequent *hymn* be | duly paid: | *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the *Lord* Al- | mighty loves: || *Al*le- | luia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that *Christ,* the | King, approves: || *Al*le- | luia!
Wherefore we sing, both heart and *voice* a- | waking, || *Al*le- | luia!
And children's voices echo, an*swer* | making, || *Al*le- | luia!

Now from all *men* | be outpoured
Allelu*ia* | to the Lord;—
With Allelu*ia* | evermore
The Son and Spi*rit* | we adore.
Praise be *done* to the | Three in One,
*Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia! || Amen.

426. When all Thy mercies, O my God.

"My cup runneth over." C. M.



2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

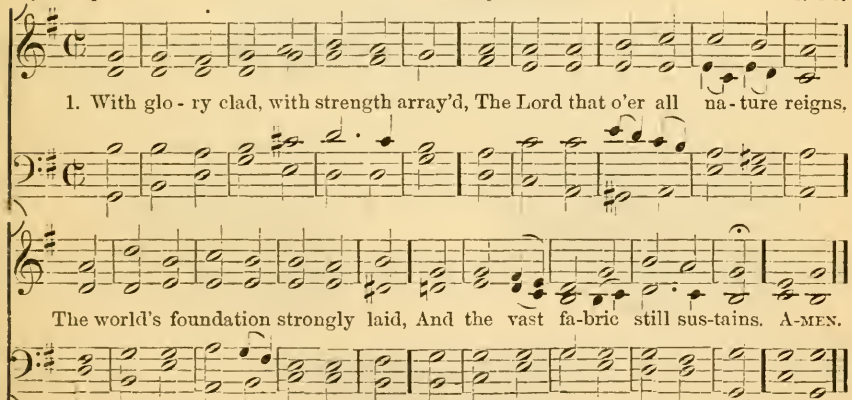
4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. AMEN.

427. With glory clad, with strength arrayed.

"The Lord is King." L. M.



2 How surely stablish'd is Thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

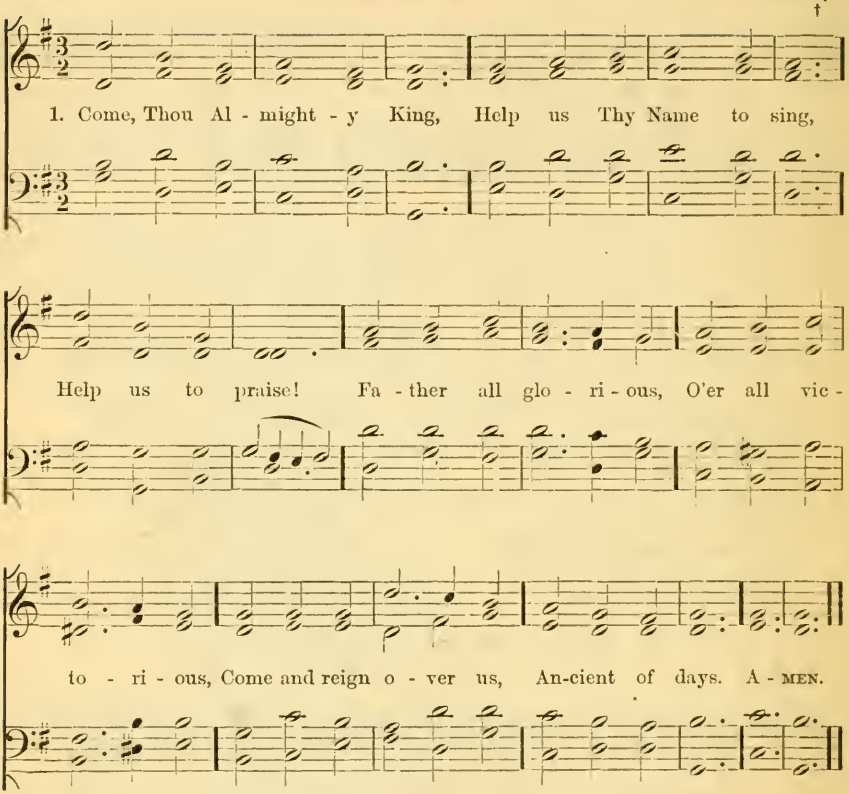
3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel. AMEN.

428. Come, Thou Almighty King.

"Holy, Holy, Holy."

6s. 4s.



2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

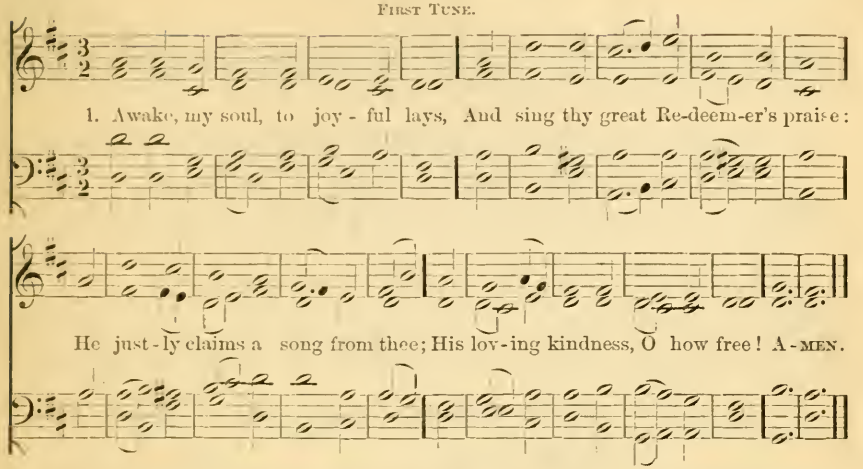
3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To Thee, great One in Three;
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. AMEN.

429. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul." L. M.

First Tune.



2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

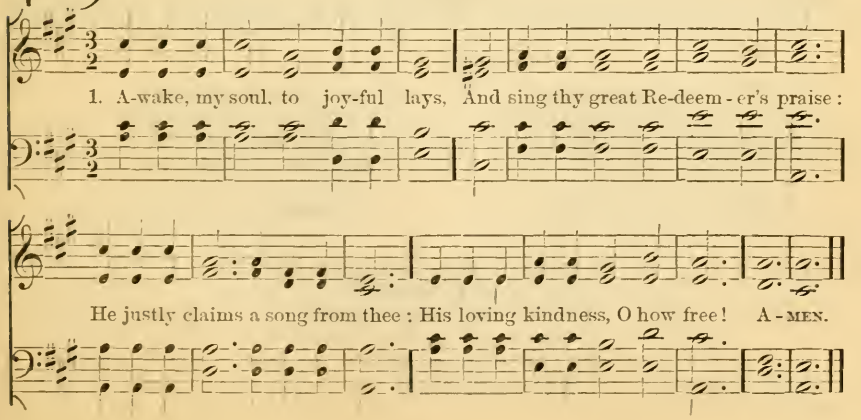
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death! Amen.

429.

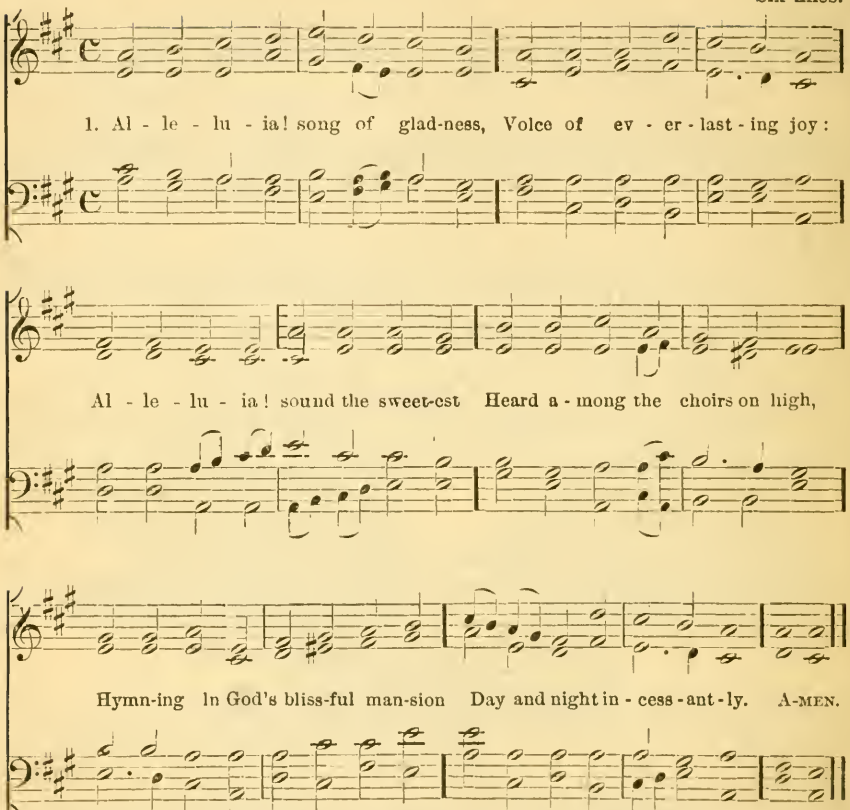
Second Tune. L. M.



430. Alleluia! song of gladness.

"And again they said, Alleluia."

8s. 7s.
Six lines.



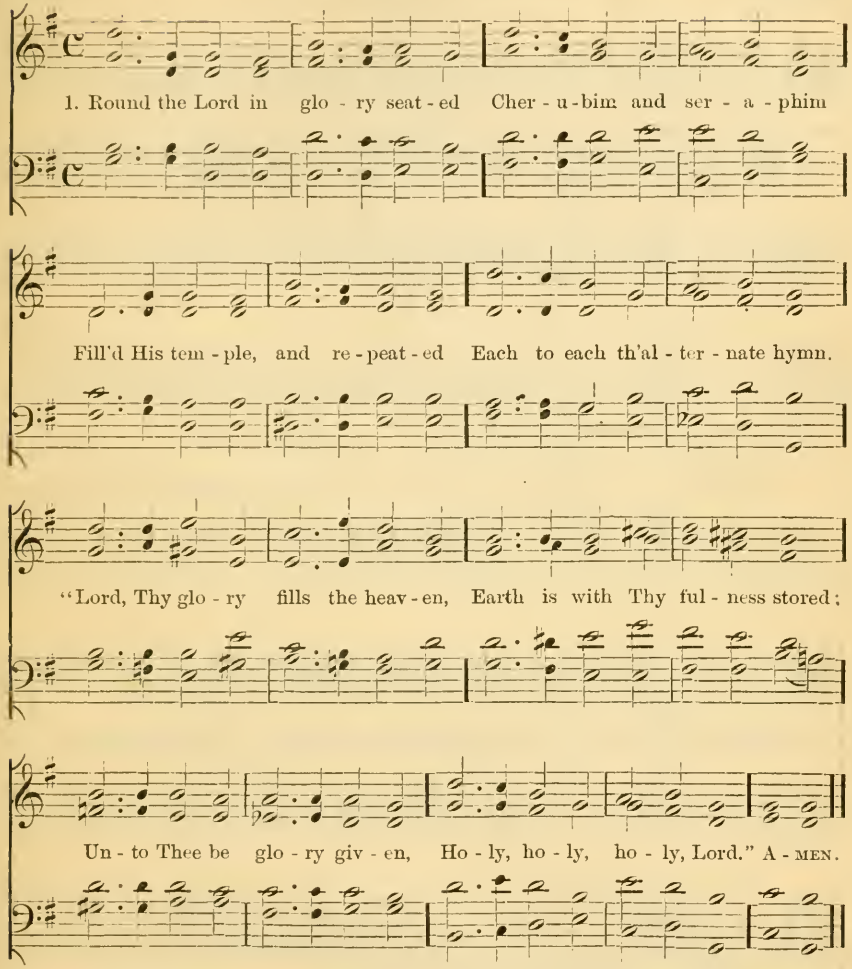
2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
Thou may'st lift the joyful strain:
Alleluia! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train.
Faint and feeble are our praises
While in exile we remain.

3 Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn,
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
'Midst our joyful strains are borne;
For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.

4 Praises with our prayers uniting,
Hear us, blessed Trinity;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
There the Paschal Lamb to see,
Then to Thee our alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

431. Round the Lord in glory seated.

"One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy." 8s. 7s. D.



2 Heaven is still with glory ringing.
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him.
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

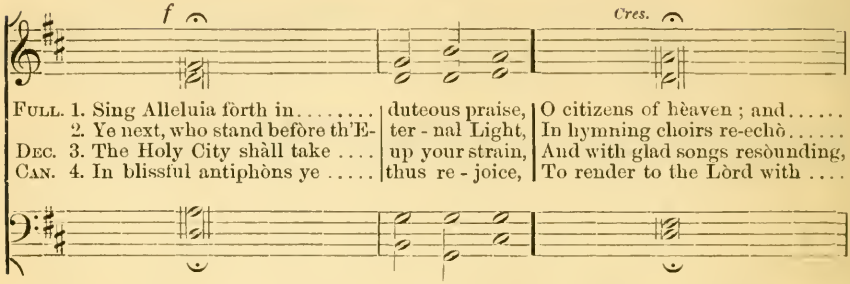
3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord."
Thus the glorious Name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts most High.

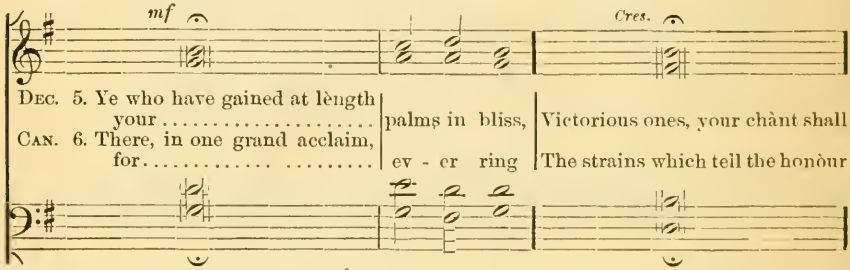
AMEN.

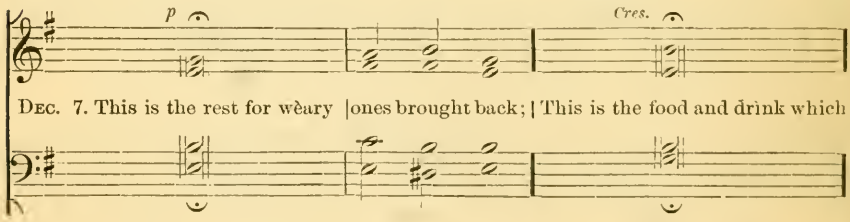
432. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.

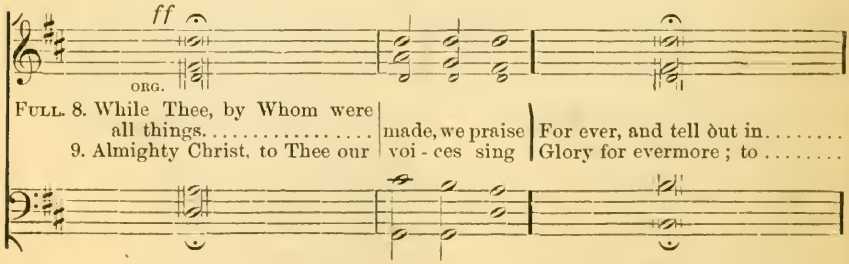
"And all her streets shall say, Alleluia." P. M.

First Tune.



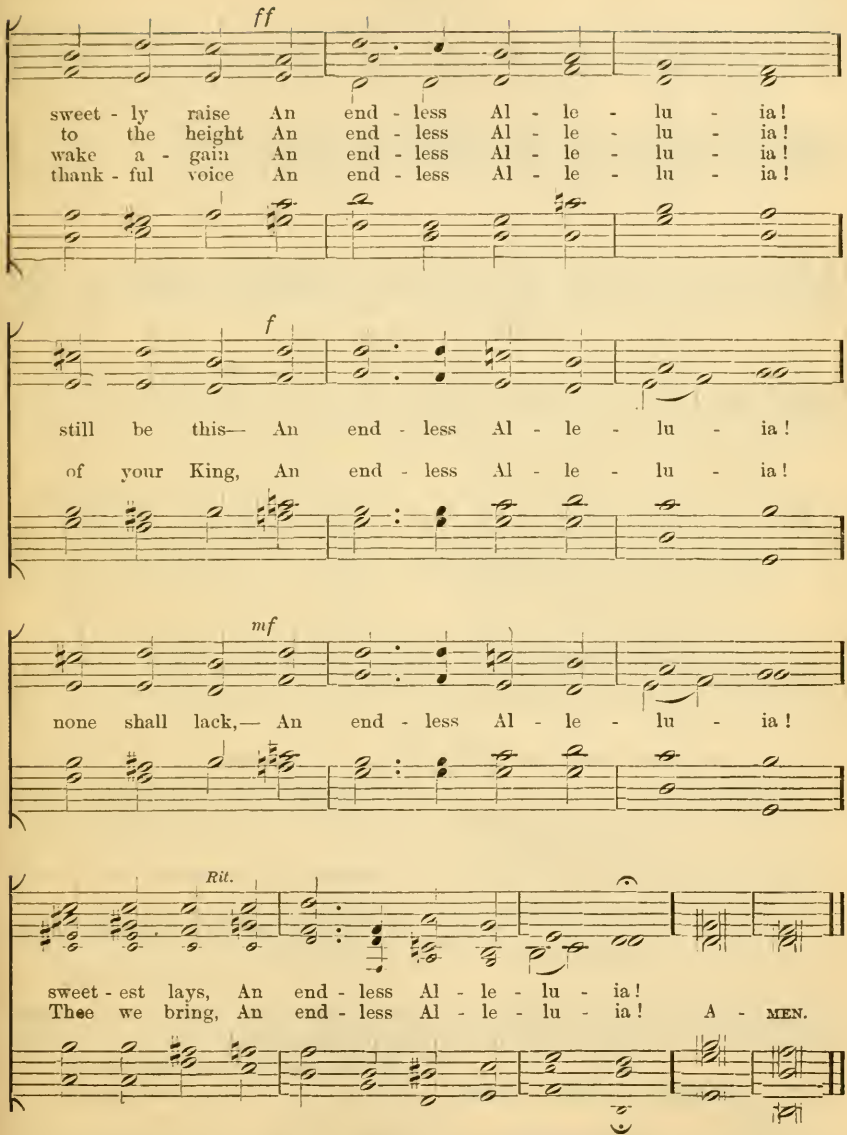






The performance of this Tune is capable of various modifications: *e. g.*, the whole may be sung in unison; or, only the 8th and 9th verses (the rest being sung in harmony); or again, the 5th and 6th verses may be sung by Trebles only.

Praise.

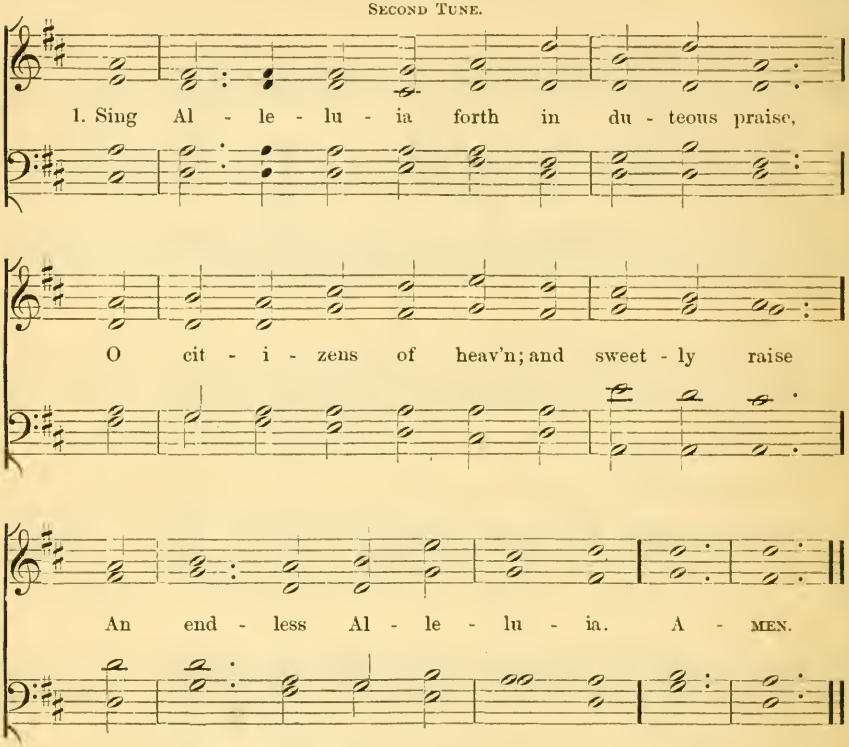

ff
sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
f
still be this— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
of your King, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
mf
none shall lack,— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
Rit.
sweet - est lays, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
Thee we bring, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

432. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.

"And all her streets shall say, Alleluia."

P. M.

SECOND TUNE.



2 Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

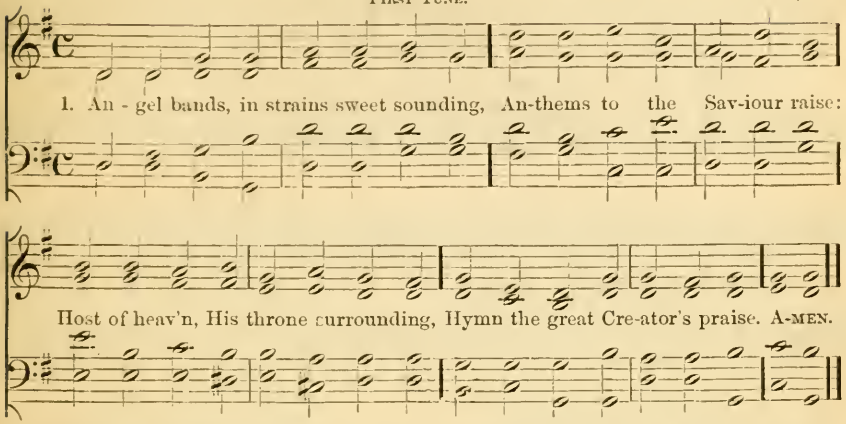
9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. AMEN.

433. Angel bands, in strains sweet sounding.

"Of Him and through Him and to Him are all things: to Whom be glory for ever. Amen."

8s. 7s.

First Tune.



2 Radiant orb of day, adore Him,
Praise Him, thou who rul'st the night;
Heaven of heavens, O bow before Him,
Laud Him, all ye worlds of light.

3 Praise Him, wild and restless ocean,
Praise Him, monsters of the deep;
Praise Him in your rude commotion,
Storms that at His mandate sweep.

4 Hills and mountains, heavenward tower-
Fires that in their bosom glow; [ing,
Clouds around their cliffs dark lowering,
Torrents down their steeps that flow;

5 Verdant fields and valleys blooming,
Insect myriads, own His care;
Wild beasts through the forests roaming,
Warbling tenants of the air.

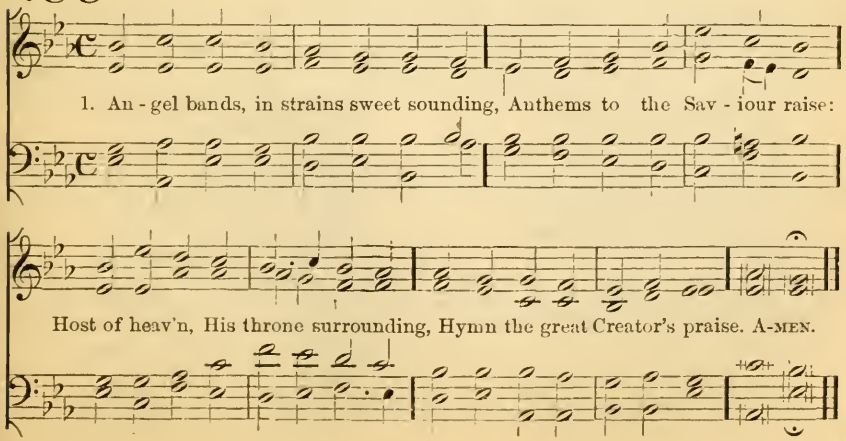
6 Kings and rulers, shout His glory,
People, join the loud acclaim,
Maidens, youth, and fathers hoary
Infants, lisp His holy Name.

7 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Him Who gave you life adore;
Earth and heaven, and all creation,
Praise His Name for evermore. AMEN.

433.

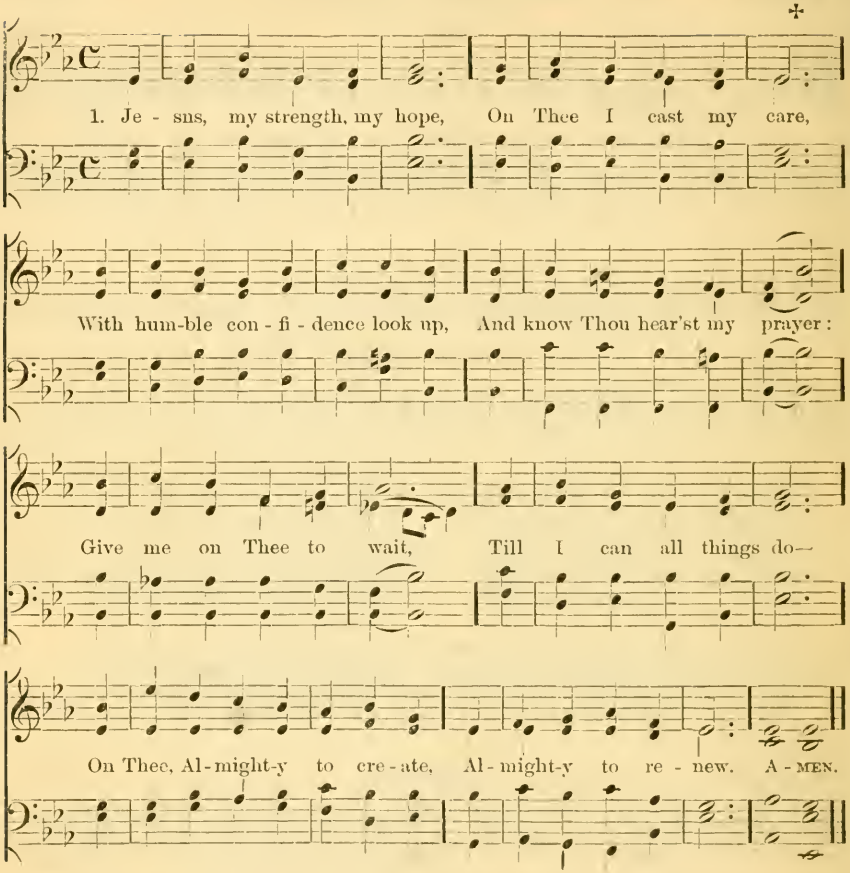
Second Tune.

8s. 7s.



434. Jesus, my strength, my hope.

"Put on the whole armour of God." S. M. D.



2 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated Cross.

3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

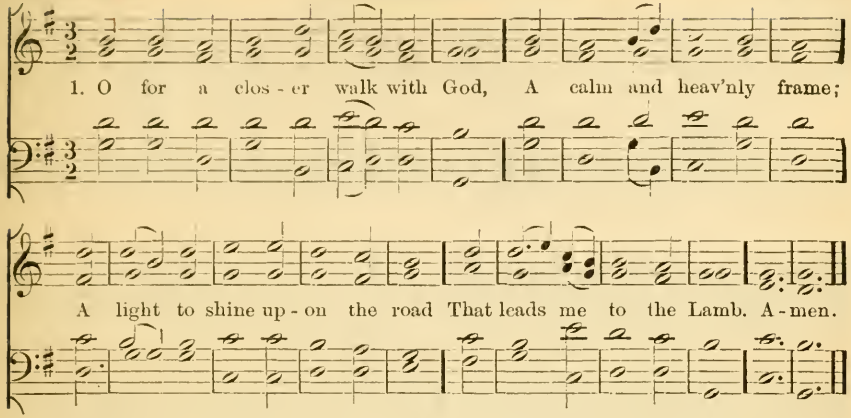
4 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

5 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love. AMEN.

Self-Consecration.

435. O for a closer walk with God.

"Enoch walked with God." C. M.



2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

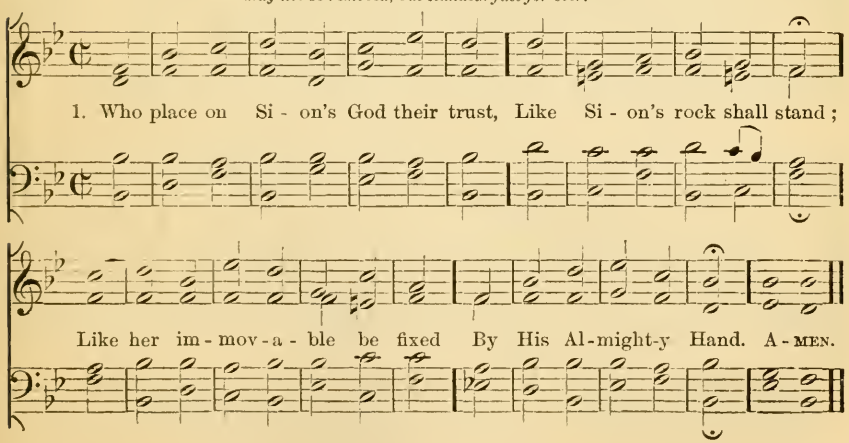
3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. AMEN.

Trust.

436. Who place on Sion's God their trust.

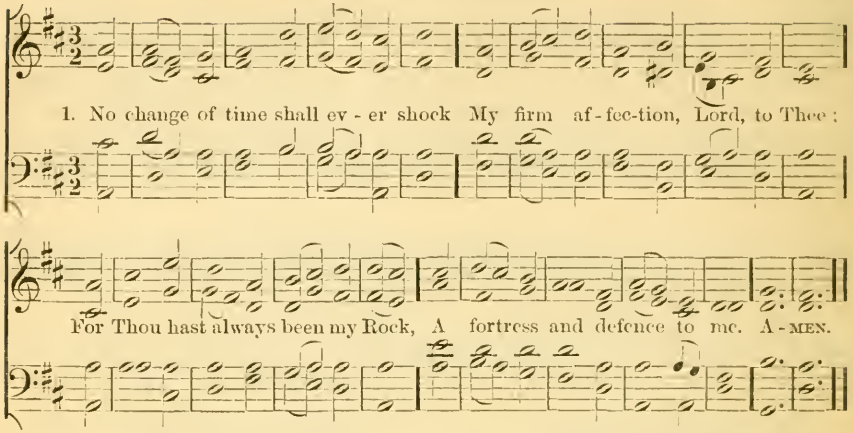
"They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Sion, which may not be removed, but standeth fast for ever." C. M.



2 Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around His saints,
To guard them from their foes. AMEN.

437. No change of time shall ever shock.

"I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength." L. M.

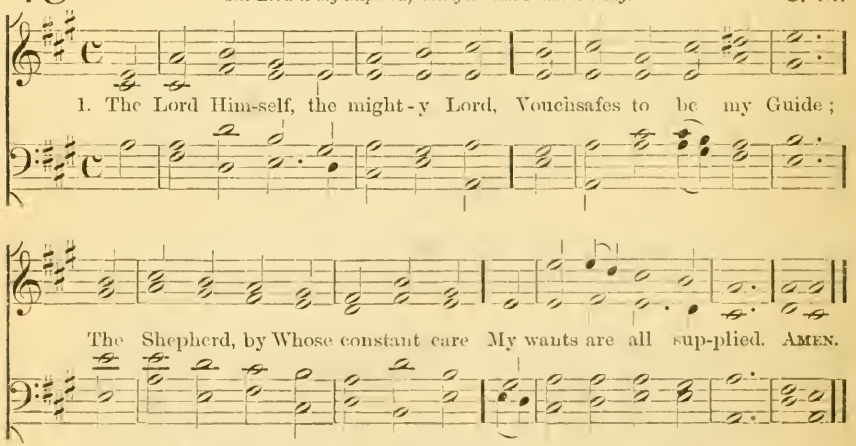


2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe:
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe. AMEN.

438. The Lord Himself, the mighty Lord.

"The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing." C. M.



2 In tender grass He makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

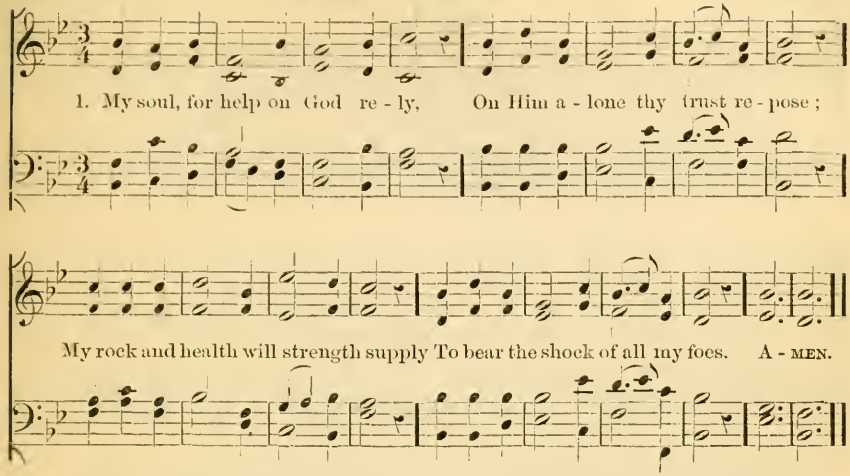
3 He does my wandering soul reclaim.
And, to His endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death.
From fear and danger free;
For there His aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus His wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend. AMEN.

439. My soul, for help on God rely.

"My soul truly waiteth still upon God." L. M.

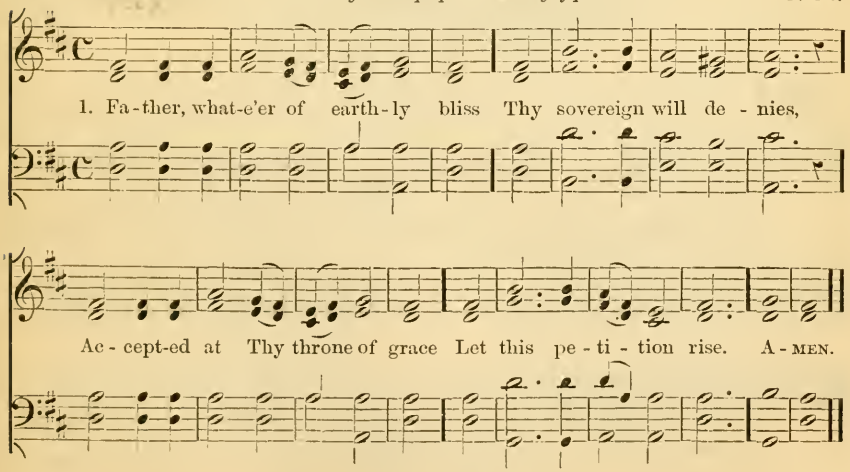


2 God does His saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On Him my soul shall still depend.

3 In Him, ye people, always trust;
Before His throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts. AMEN.

440. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.

"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace." C. M.



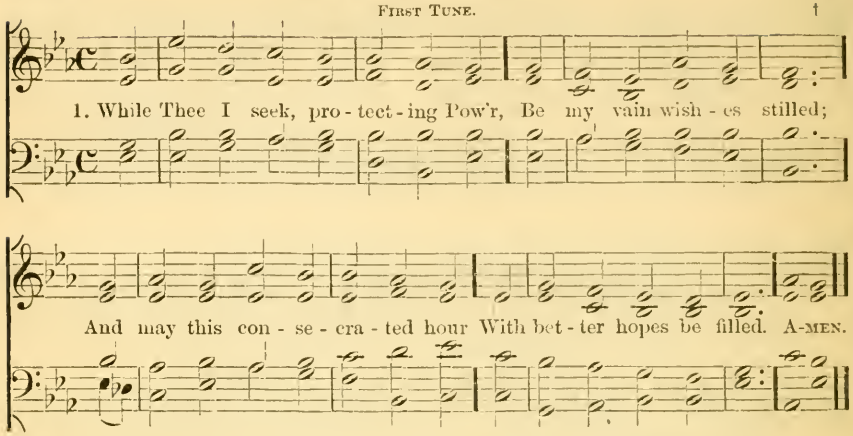
2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. AMEN.

441. While Thee I seek, protecting Power.

"My peace I give unto you." C. M.

First Tune. †



2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

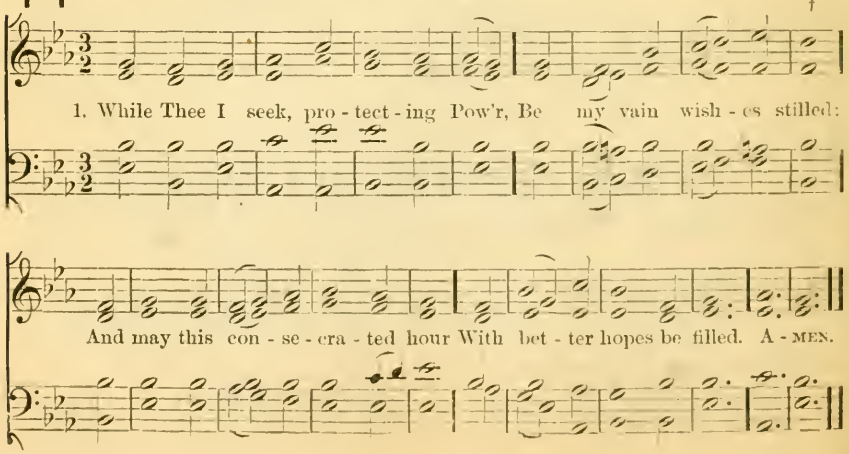
4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee. Amen.

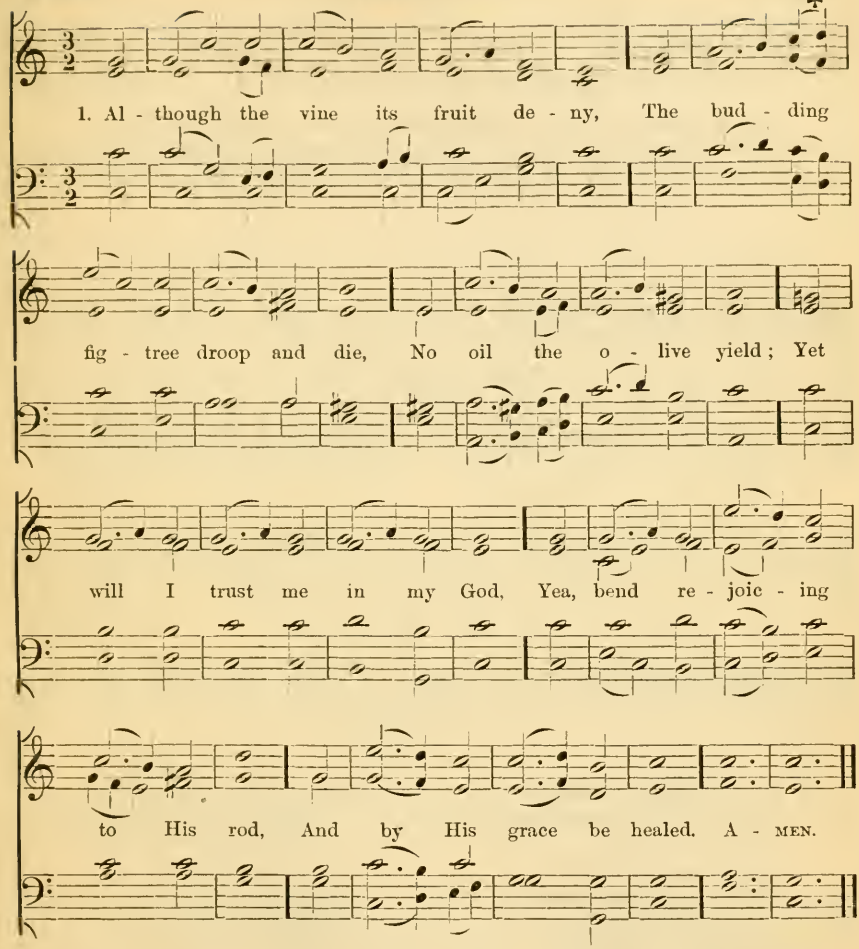
441.

Second Tune. C. M. †



442. Although the vine its fruit deny.

"I will rejoice in the Lord." 8s. 6s.



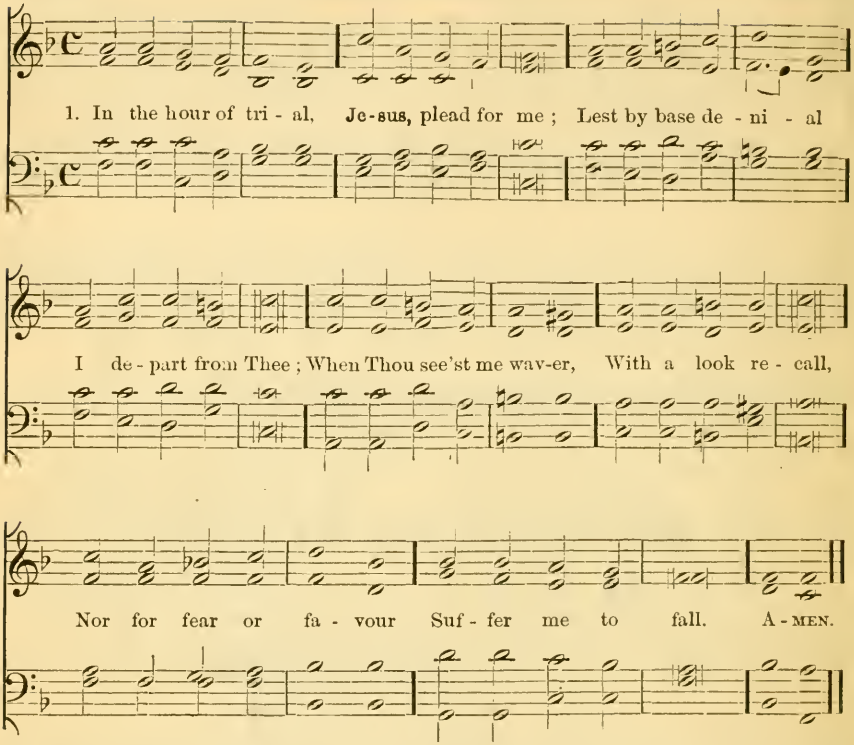
2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though His frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the folds the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in His love:
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above. AMEN.

443. In the hour of trial.

"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." 6s. 5s. D.



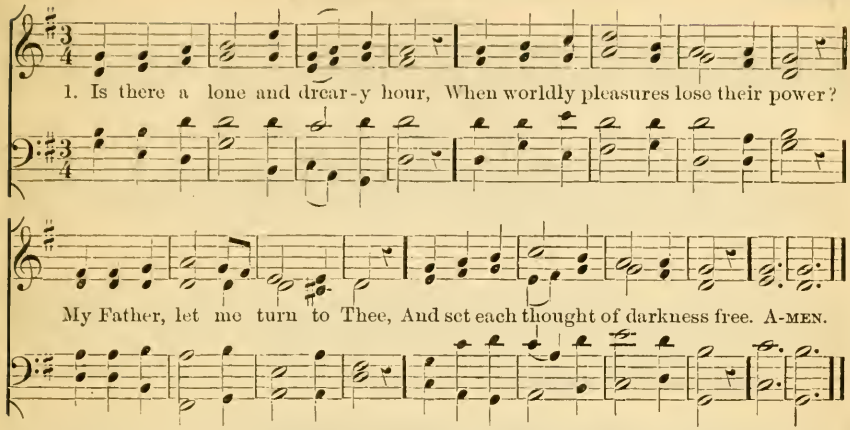
2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below:
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life. AMEN.

444. Is there a lone and dreary hour.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet." L. M.



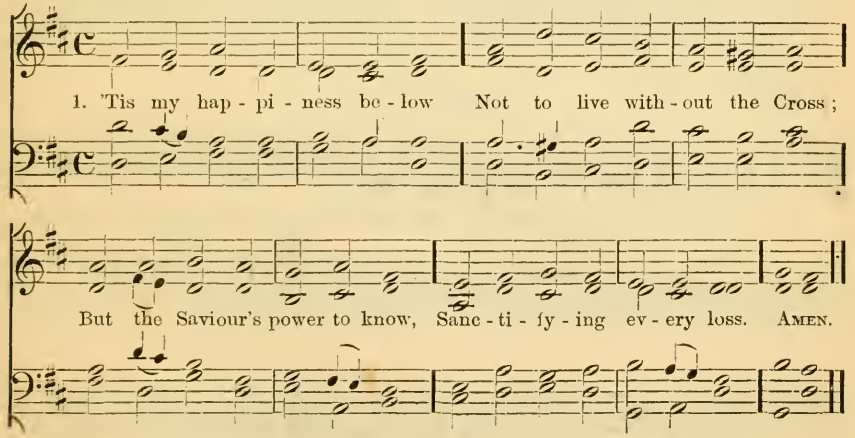
2 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Saviour! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with Thee, their home.

3 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
O Spirit! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own, O God! Thy grace and power.
AMEN.

445. 'Tis my happiness below.

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." 7s.



2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

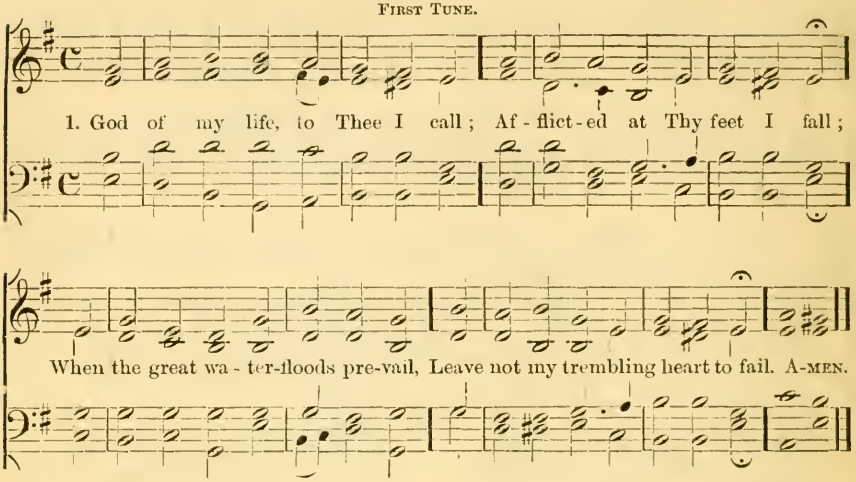
3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a castaway?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet.
Lay me low and keep me there. AMEN.

446. God of my life, to Thee I call.

"I cried unto God with my voice, and He gave ear unto me." L. M.

First Tune.



2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?—
Where but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

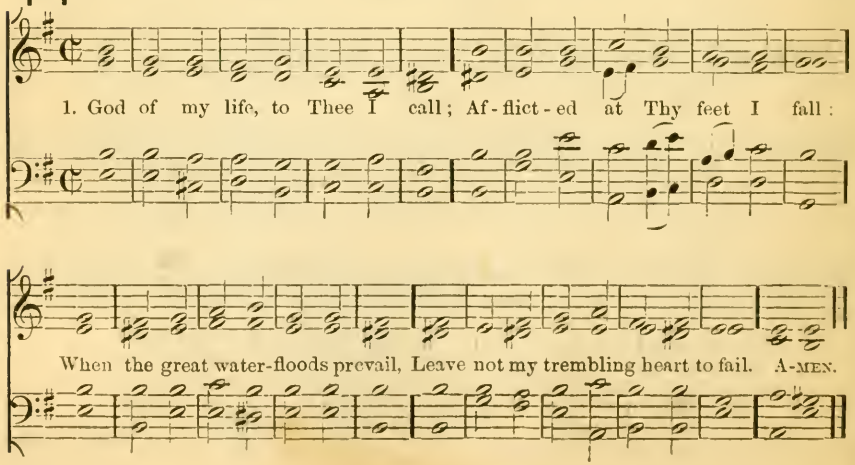
3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain?
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
Amen.

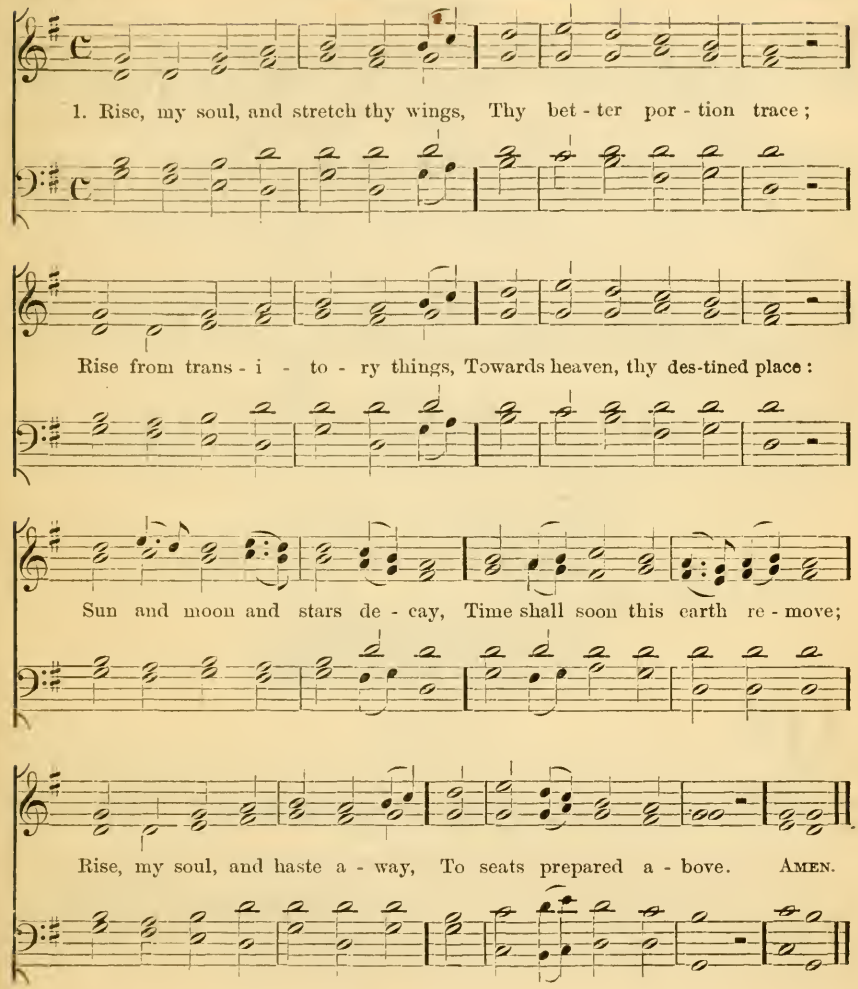
446.

Second Tune. L. M.



447. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

"Our conversation is in heaven." P. M.

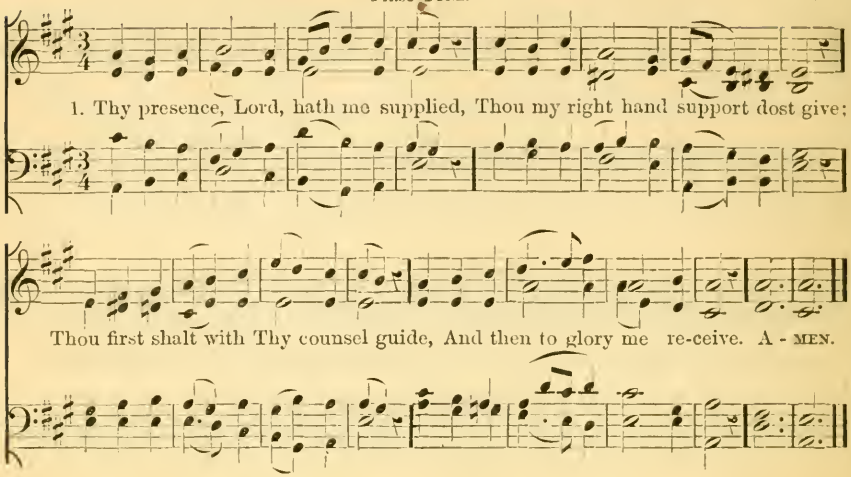


2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given. AMEN.

448. Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied.

"It is good for me to put my trust in the Lord God." L. M.

First Tune.

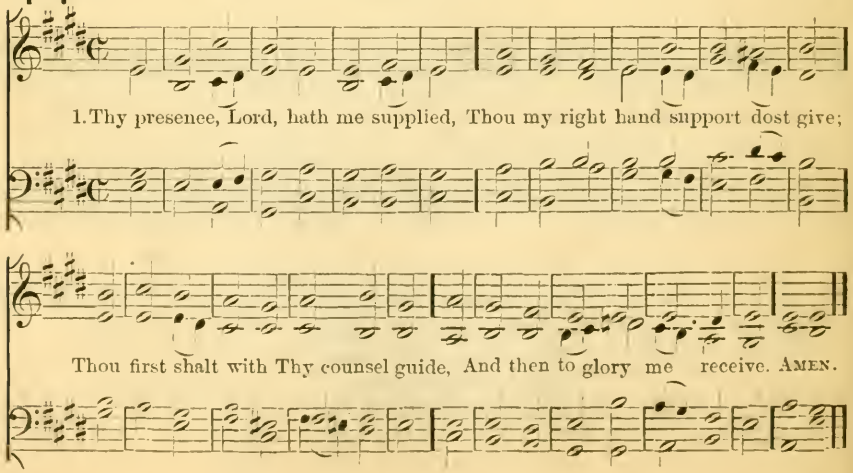


2 Whom then in heaven, but Thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
Compared with Thee, that I desire.

3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be. Amen.

448.

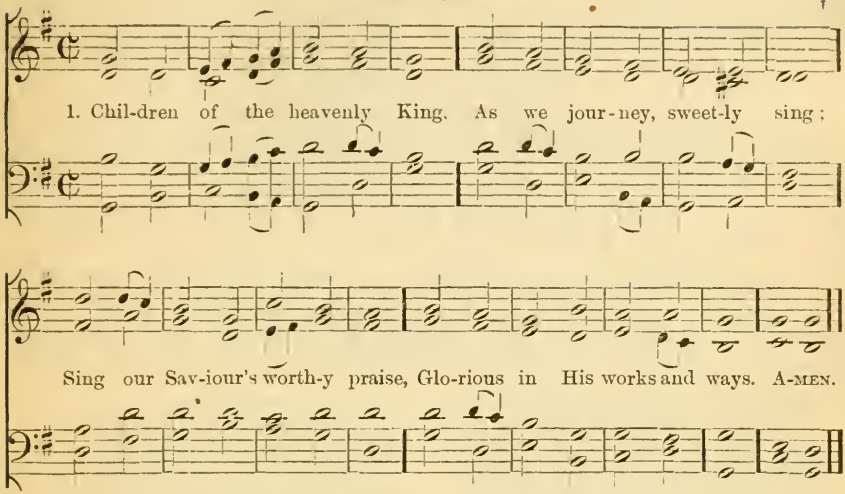
Second Tune. L. M.



449. Children of the heavenly King.

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." 7s.

FIRST TUNE.



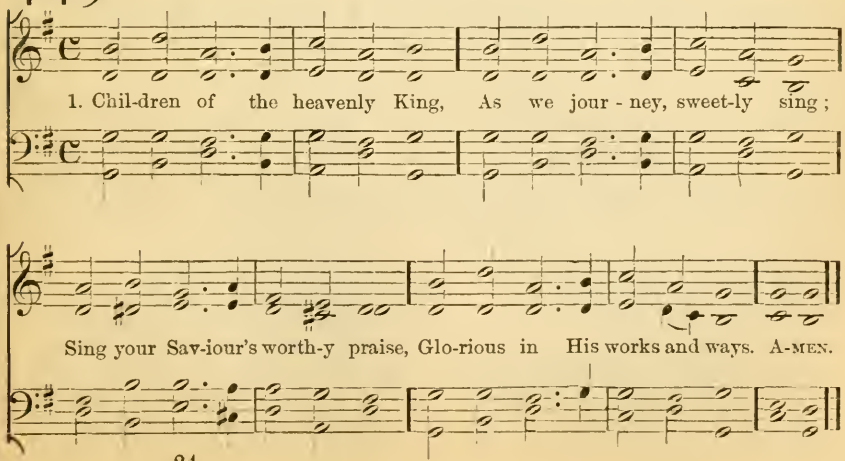
2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our Advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. AMEN.

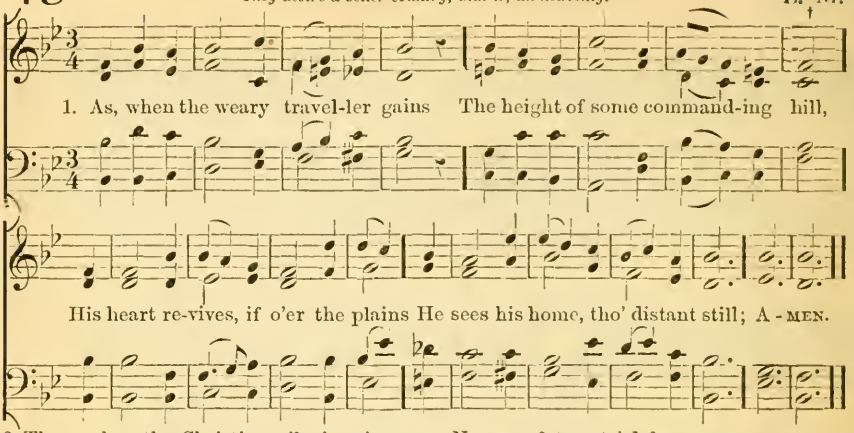
449.

SECOND TUNE. 7s.



450. As, when the weary traveller gains.

"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." L. M.



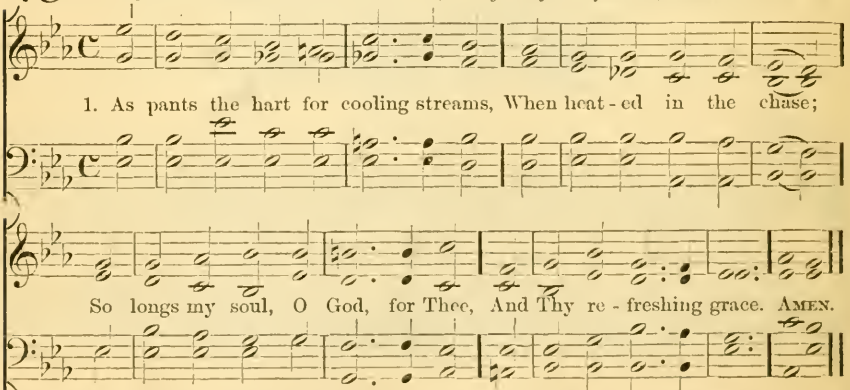
2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of heaven his spirit cheers:
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road. AMEN.

451. As pants the hart for cooling streams.

"Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God." C. M.



2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; Who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

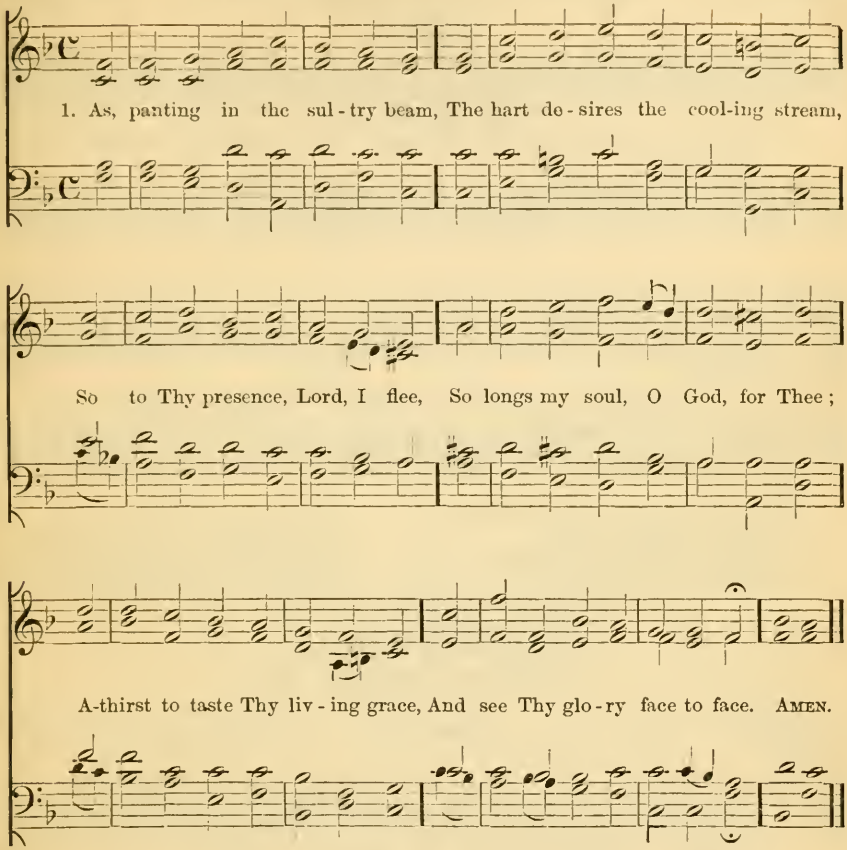
4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where His promised aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still: and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring. AMEN.

452. As, panting in the sultry beam.

"My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the Living God." Six 8s



2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near
To chide my woe and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That 'circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom never suppliants sought in vain;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

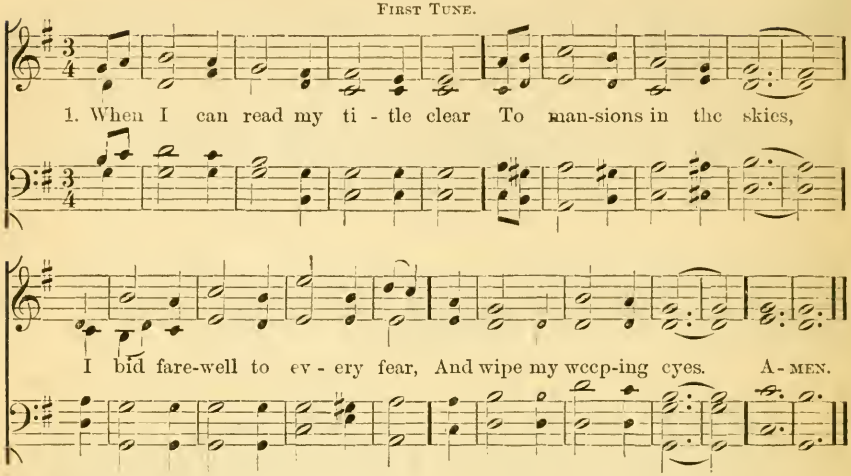
GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN

When I can read my title clear.

453. *"Let not your heart be troubled: in My Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."* C. M.

First Tune.

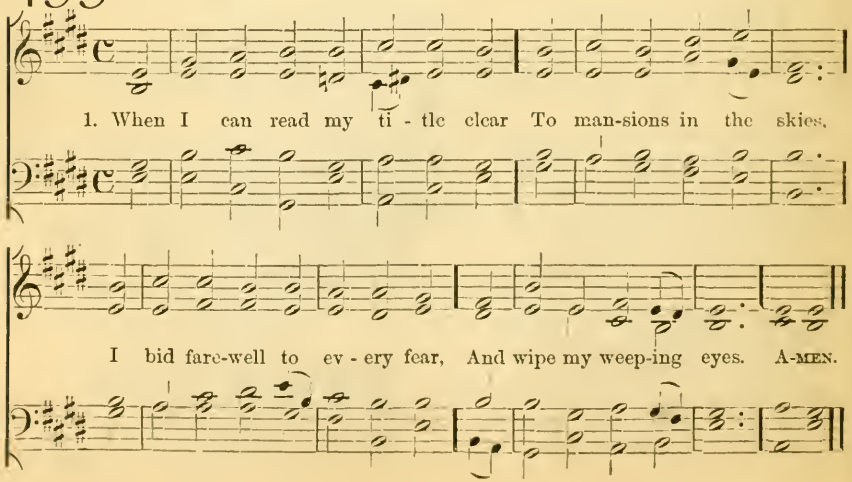


2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. Amen.

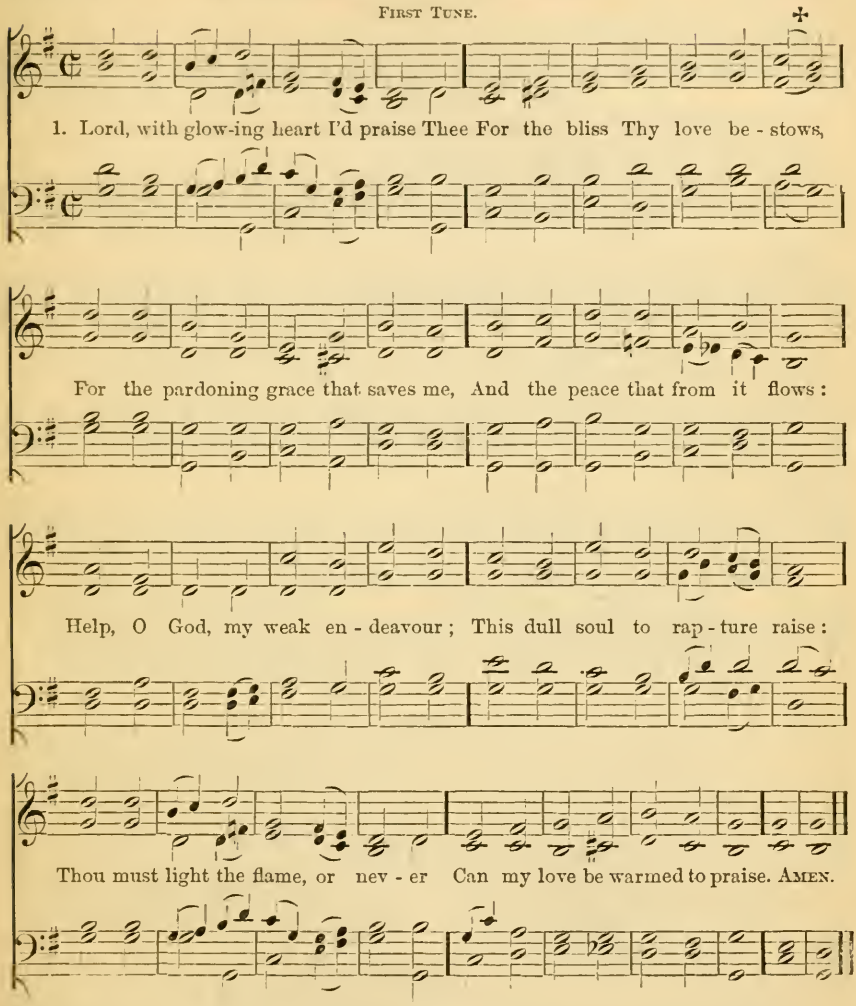
453. Second Tune. C. M.



454. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.

"My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord." 8s. 7s. D.

FIRST TUNE.



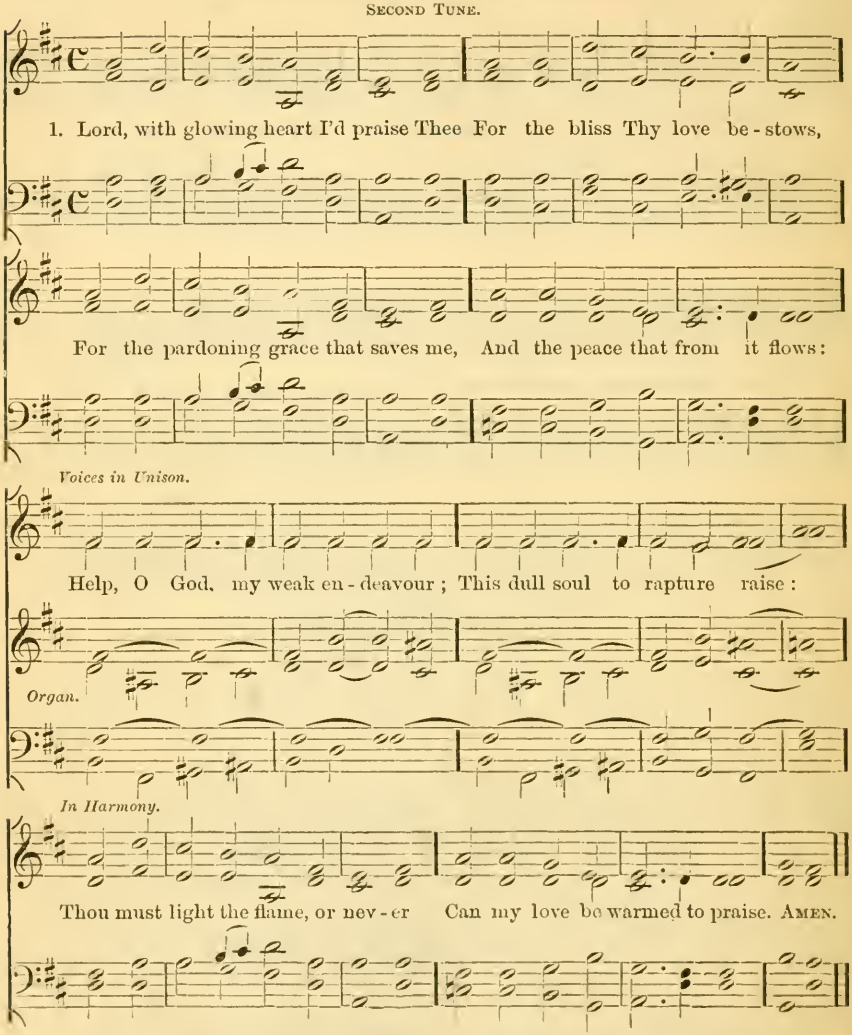
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
AMEN.

454. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.

"My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord." 8s. 7s. D.

SECOND TUNE.



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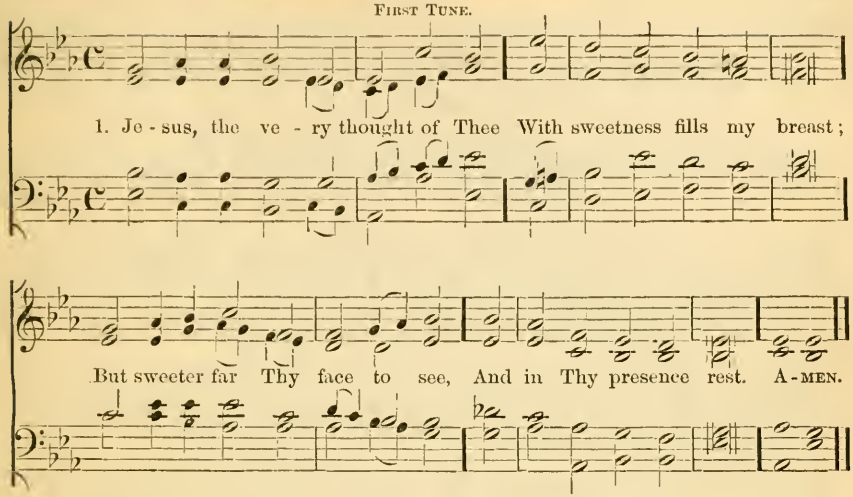
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
AMEN.

455. Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." C. M.

First Tune.



2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

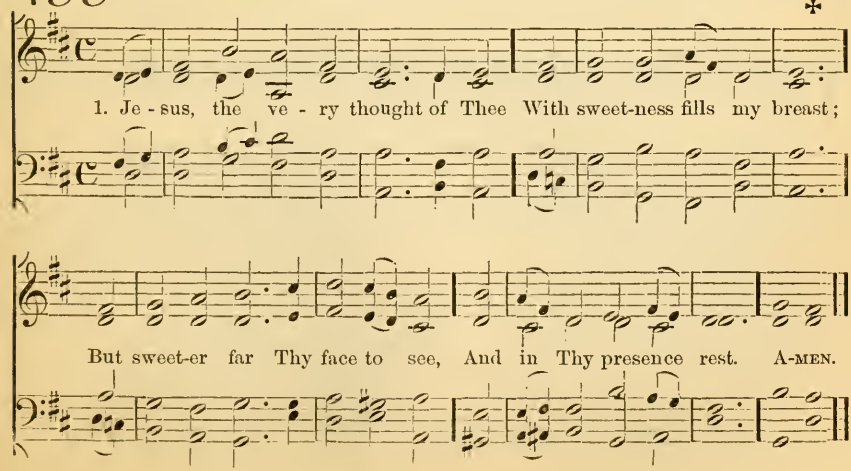
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.

455.

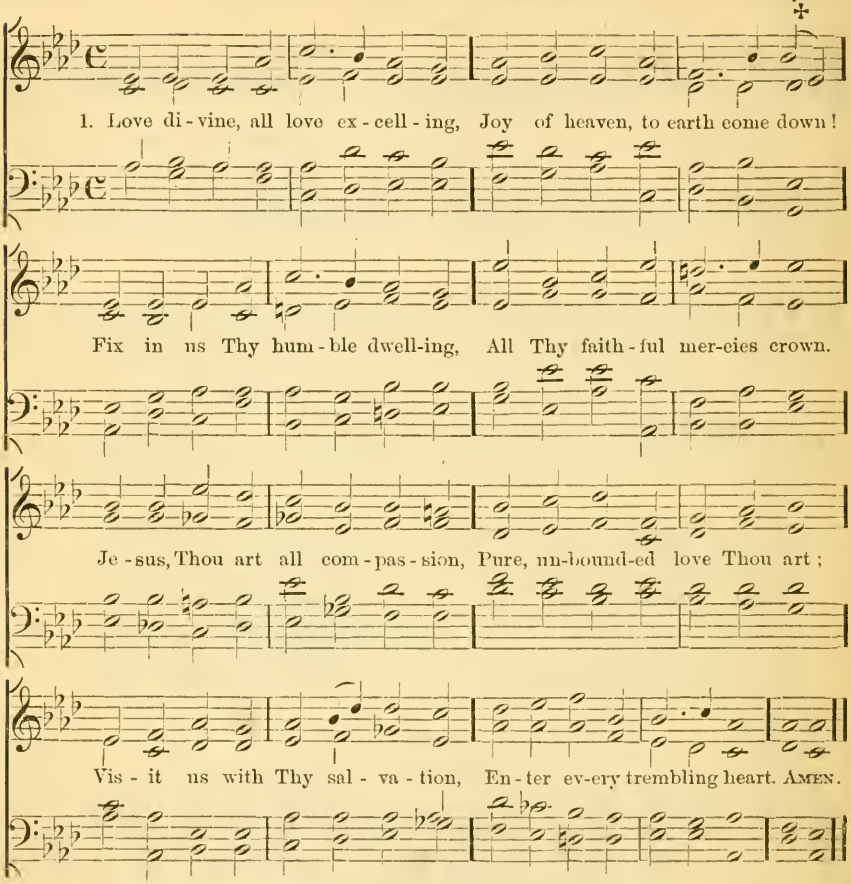
Second Tune. C. M.



456. Love divine, all love excelling.

"The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

8s. 7s. D.



2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

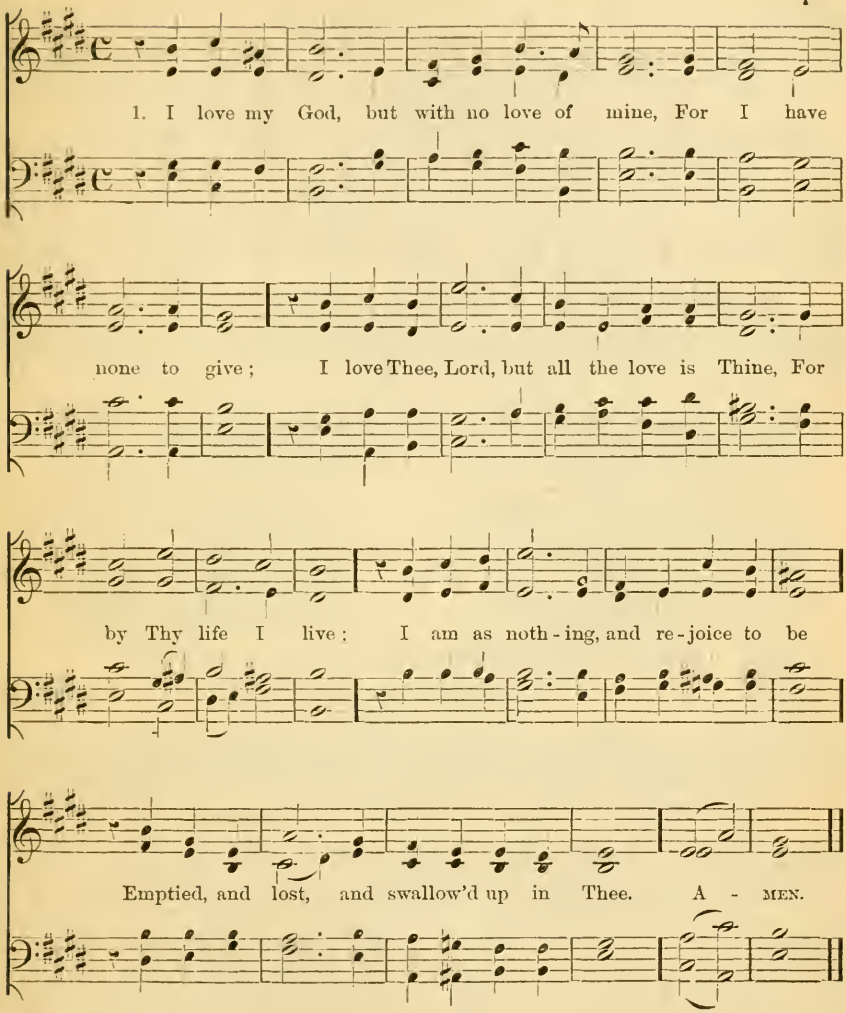
4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

GLORIA PATRI.

LET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne,
Alleluia's everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. AMEN.

457. I love my God, but with no love of mine.

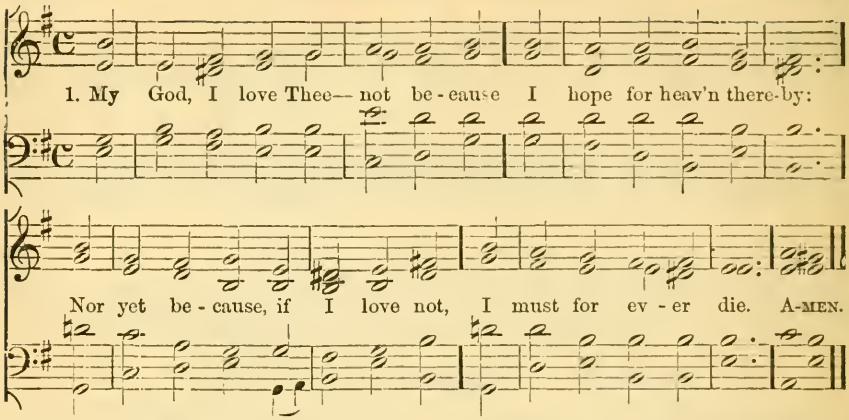
"I will love Thee, O Lord my strength." P. M.



2 Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the blest abide:
Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place. AMEN.

458. My God, I love Thee.

"Lovest thou me?" C. M.



2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

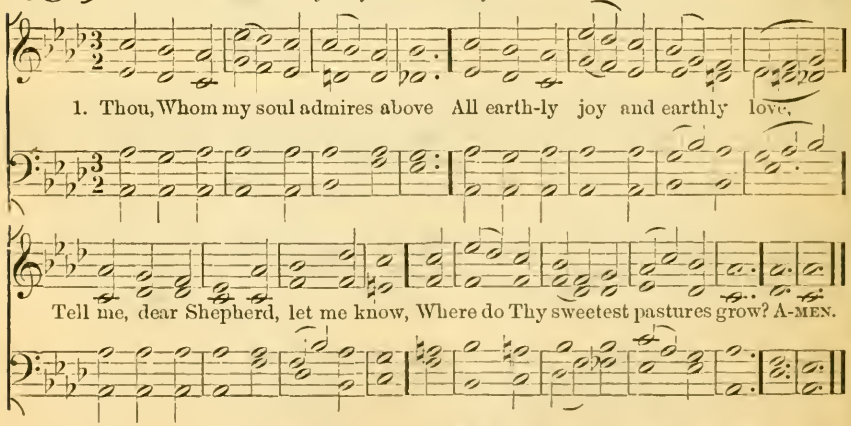
4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King. AMEN.

459. Thou, Whom my soul admires above.

"My soul followeth hard after Thee." L. M.



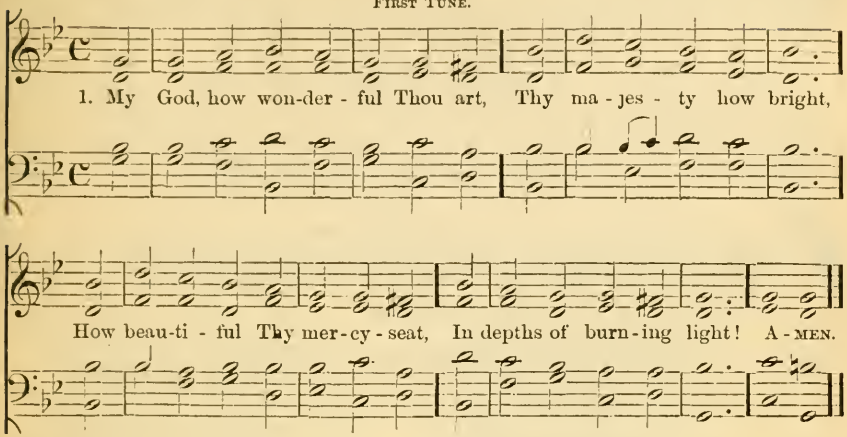
2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should Thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love. AMEN.

My God, how wonderful Thou art!

460. *"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, Whose Name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."* C. M.

First Tune.



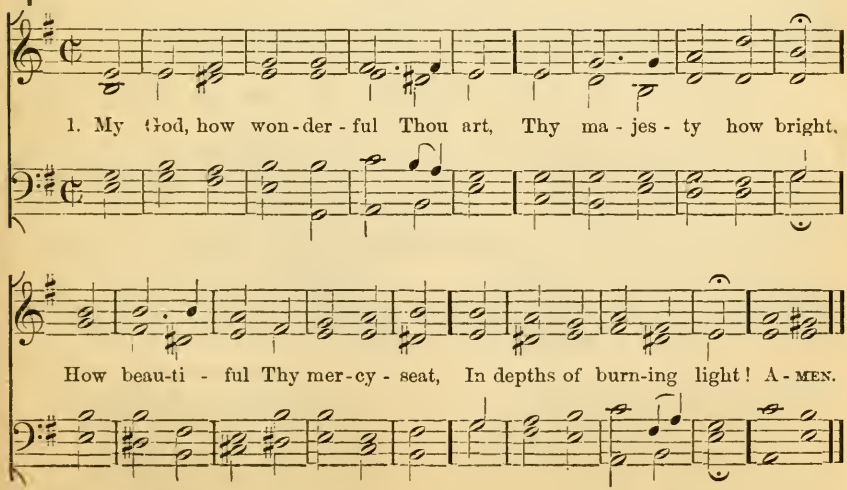
2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

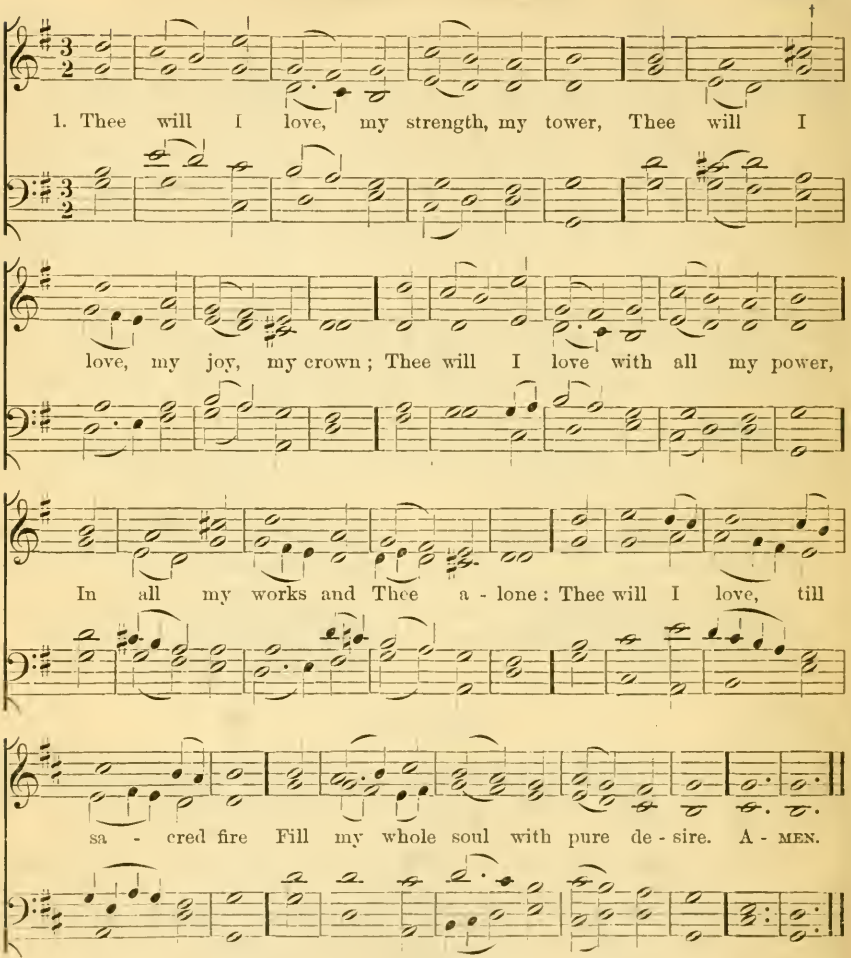
5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart. Amen.

460. Second Tune. C. M.



461. Thee will I love, my strength, my tower.

"I will love Thee, O Lord my strength." Six 8s.



2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun, [shined:
That Thy bright beams on me have
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

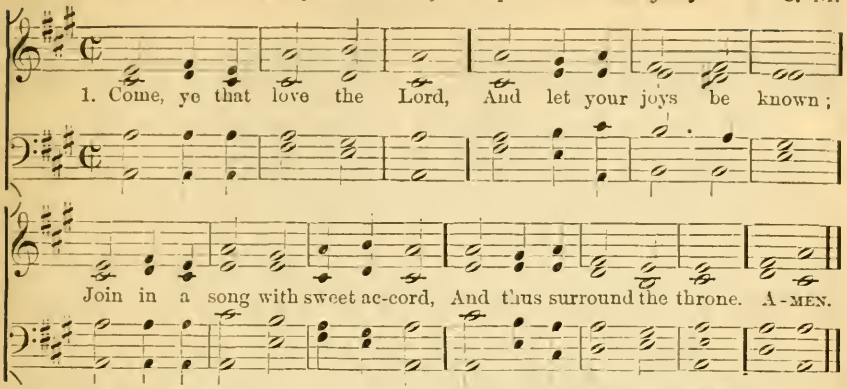
4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

462. Come, ye that love the Lord.

"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with thanksgiving." S. M.



2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

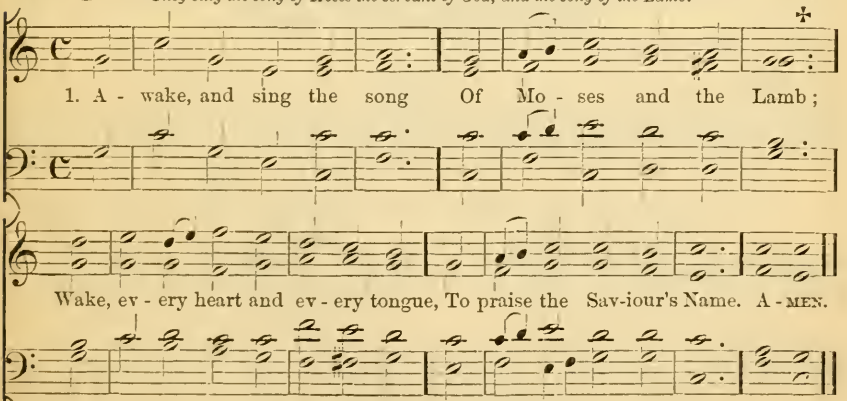
6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're trav'ling through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. AMEN.

463. Awake, and sing the song.

"They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." S. M



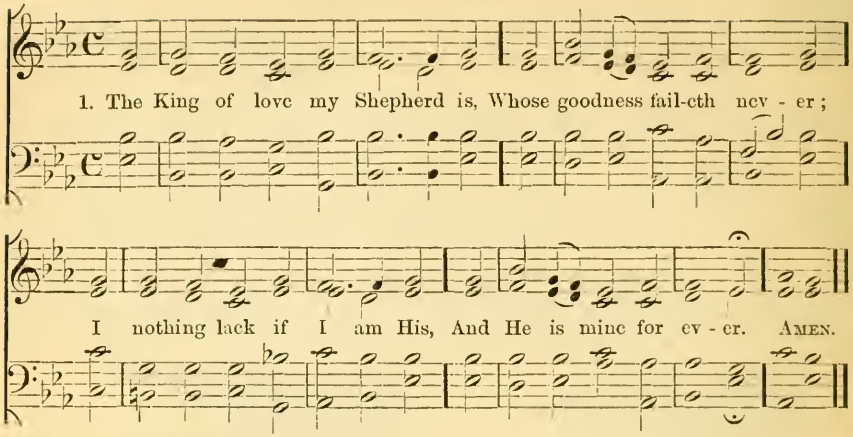
2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come!"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home. AMEN.

464. The King of love my Shepherd is.

"The Lord is my Shepherd." P. M.



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

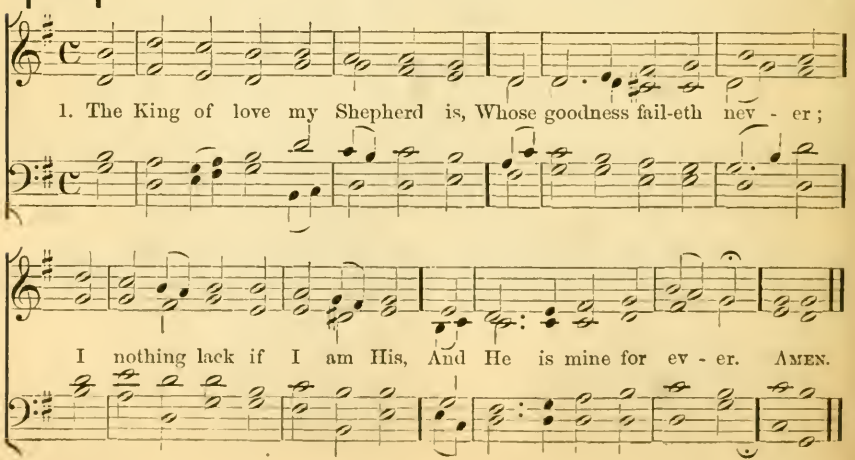
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth.

6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever! Amen.

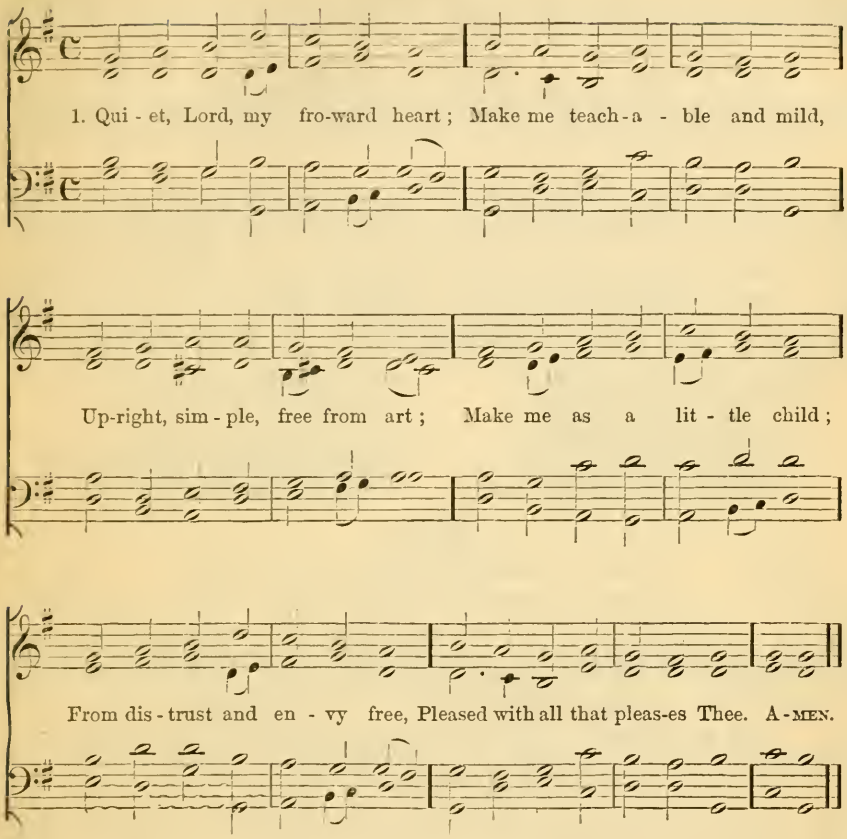
464.

Second Tune. P. M.



465. Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.

"My peace I give unto you." Six 7s.



2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

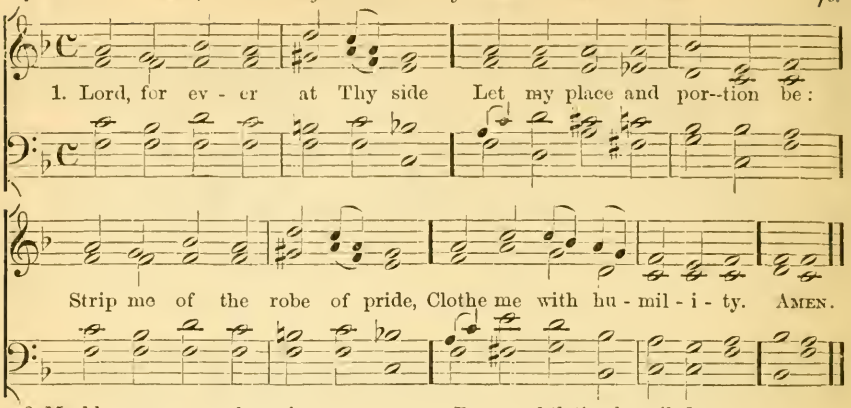
GLORIA PATRI.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. AMEN.

Humility.

466. Lord, for ever at Thy side.

"Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." 7s.



2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

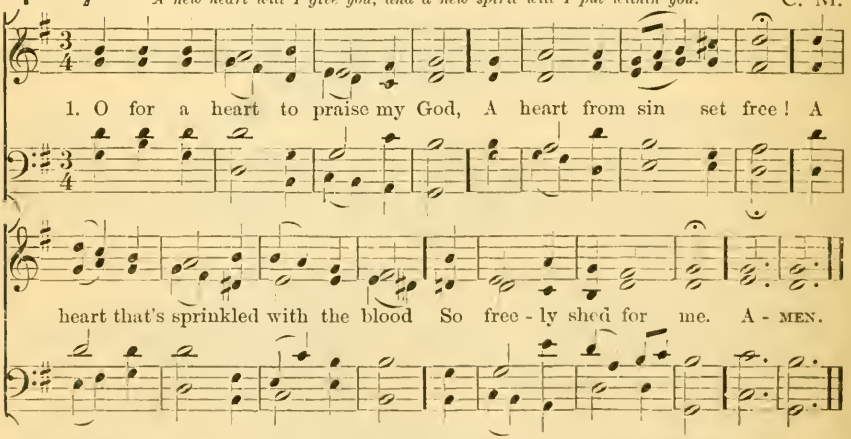
3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just. AMEN.

Peace.

467. O for a heart to praise my God.

"A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." C. M.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

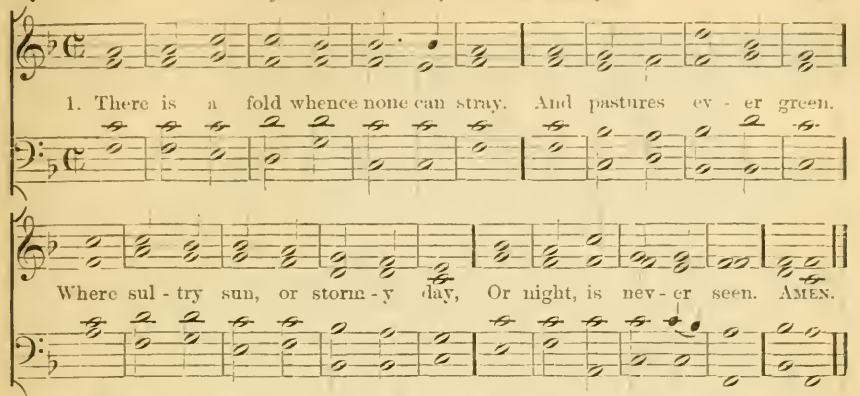
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love. AMEN.

Peace.

468. There is a fold whence none can stray.

"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." C. M.



2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light, it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.

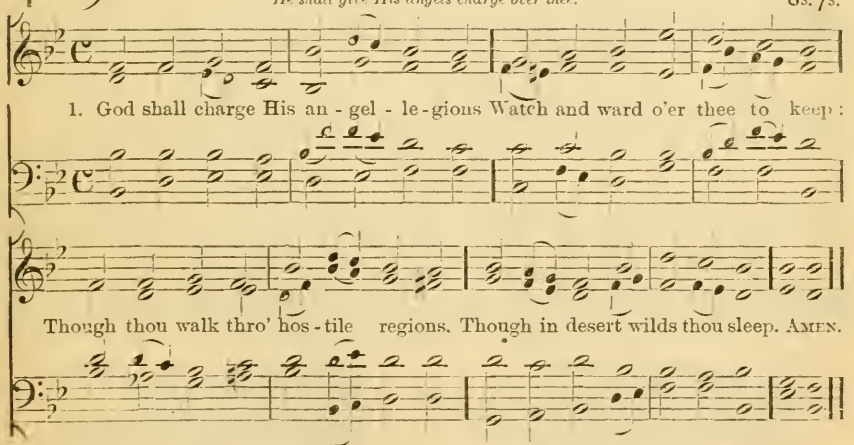
4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with Thee,—
My Saviour, this is life! AMEN.

Courage.

469. God shall charge His angel-legions.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee." 8s. 7s.



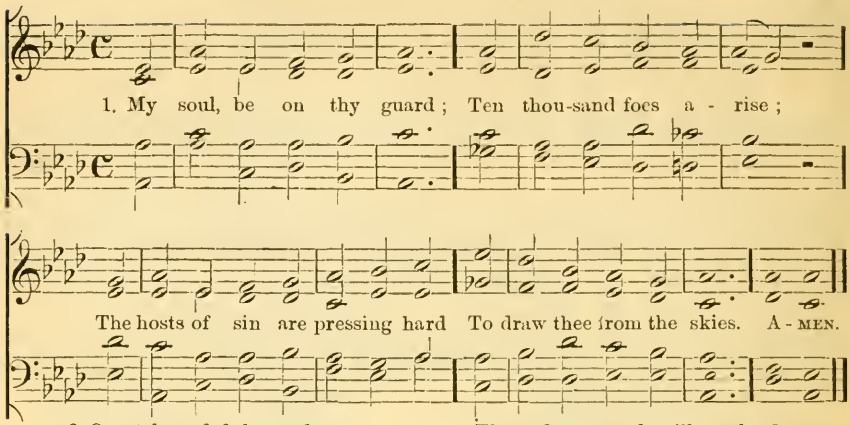
2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double.
Crown with life beyond the grave. AMEN.

470. My soul, be on thy guard.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." S. M.



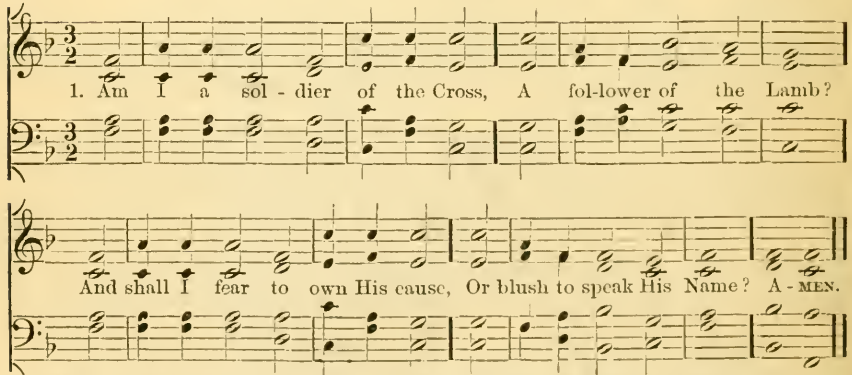
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore,

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode. AMEN.

471. Am I a soldier of the Cross?

"Fight the good fight." C. M.



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

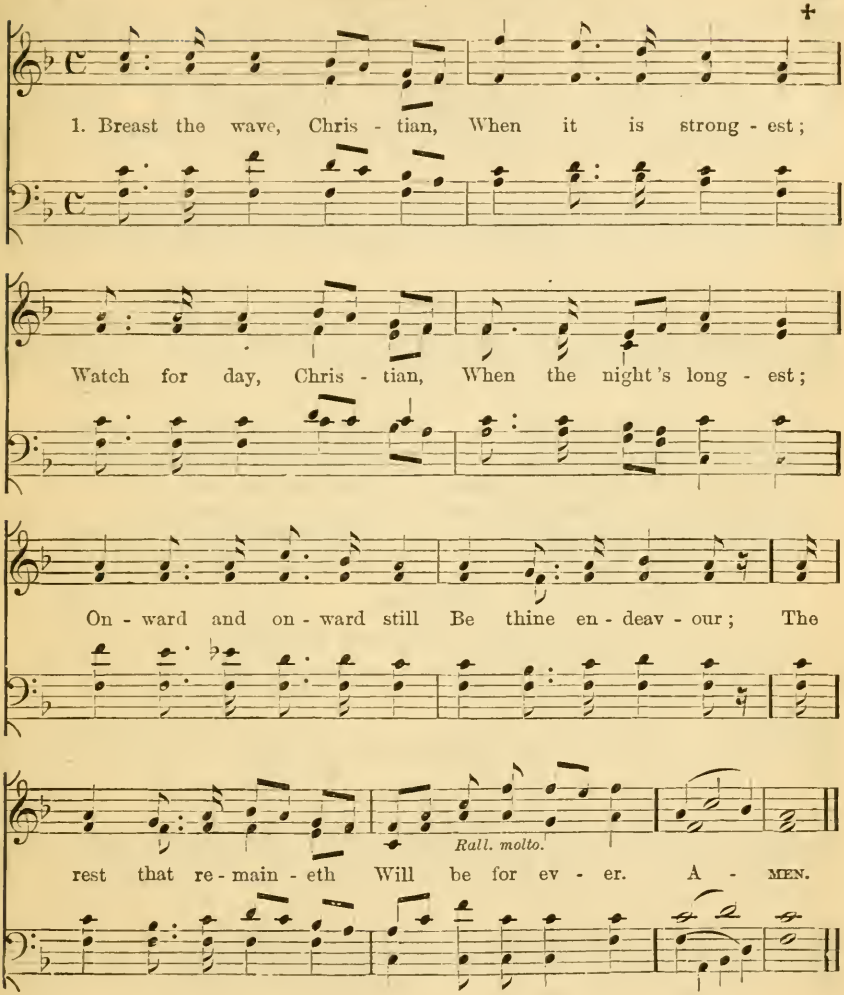
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the Cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be Thine. AMEN.

472. Breast the wave, Christian.

"Be of good cheer: it is I: be not afraid." P. M.



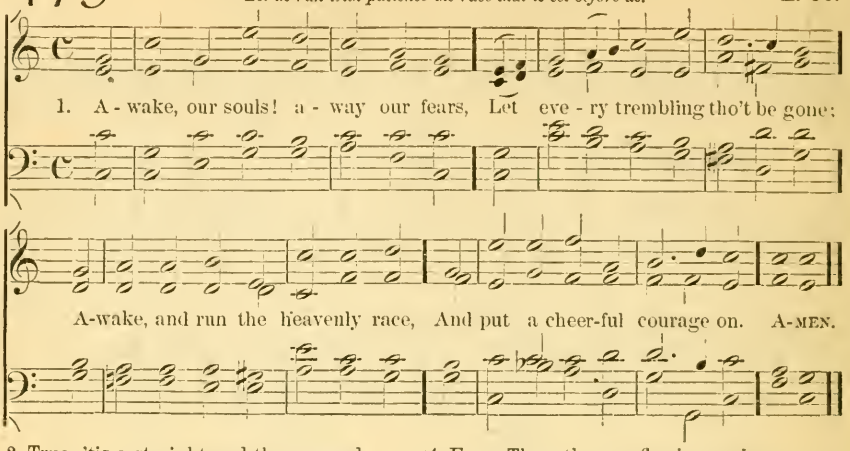
2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He Who had promisèd
Faltereth never;
He Who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever. AMEN.

Courage.

473. Awake, our souls! away our fears.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us." L. M.



2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, Whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

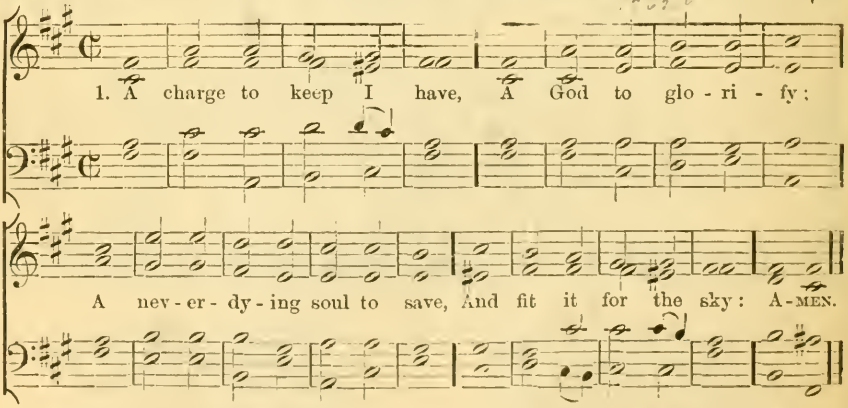
4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road. AMEN.

Action.

474.* A charge to keep I have.

"Let us labour to enter into that rest." S. M.



2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

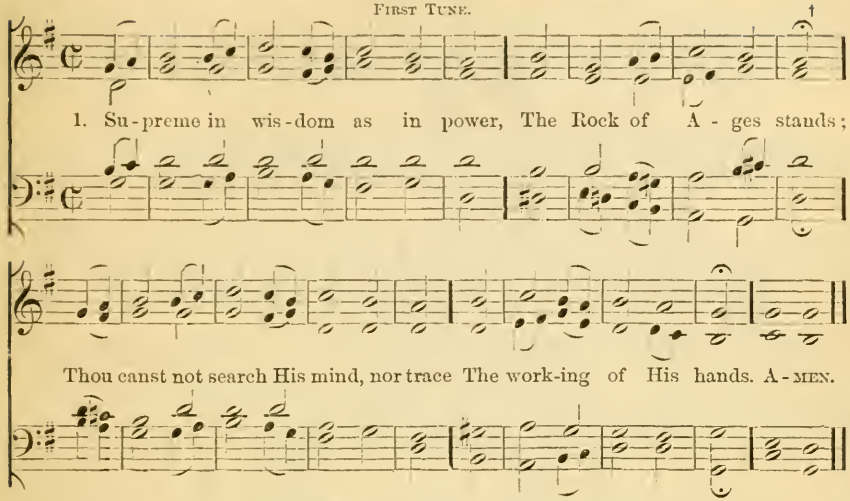
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely:
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. AMEN.

* The tune for Hymn 413 or 482 may be used instead.

475. Supreme in wisdom as in power.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." C. M.

First Tune.



2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

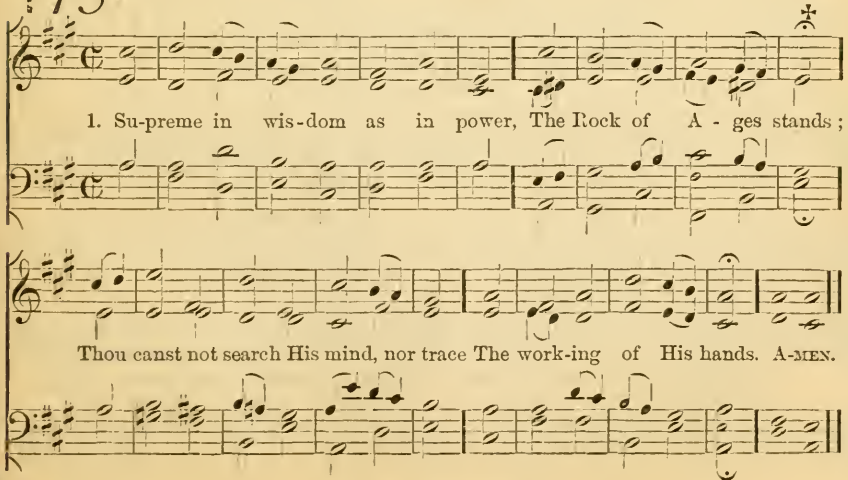
3 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above. Amen.

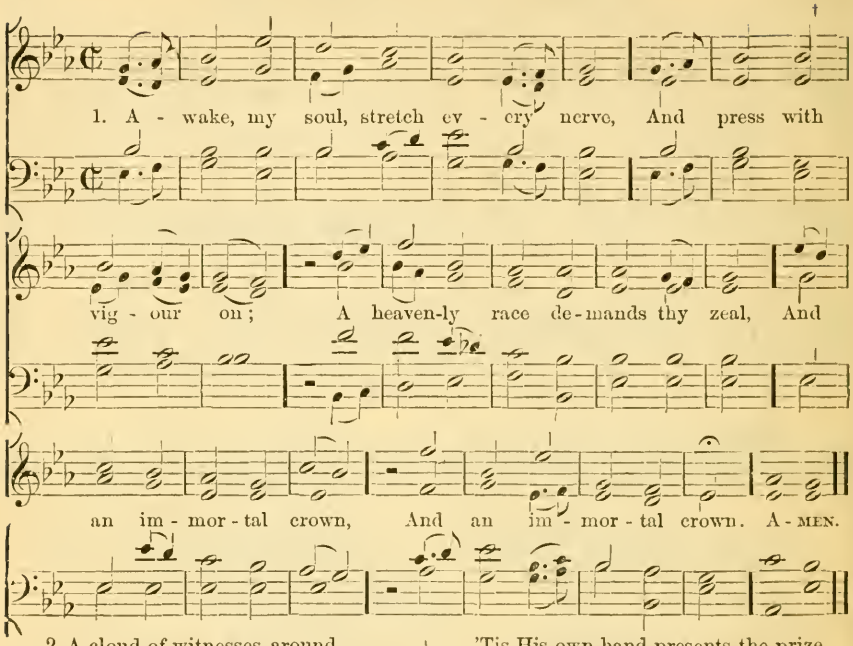
475.

Second Tune. C. M.



476. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God." C. M.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

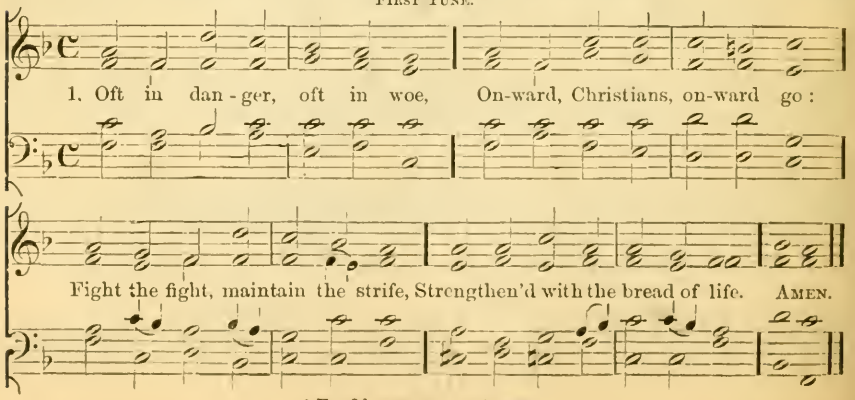
3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown. AMEN.

477. Oft in danger, oft in woe.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." 7s.

FIRST TUNE.

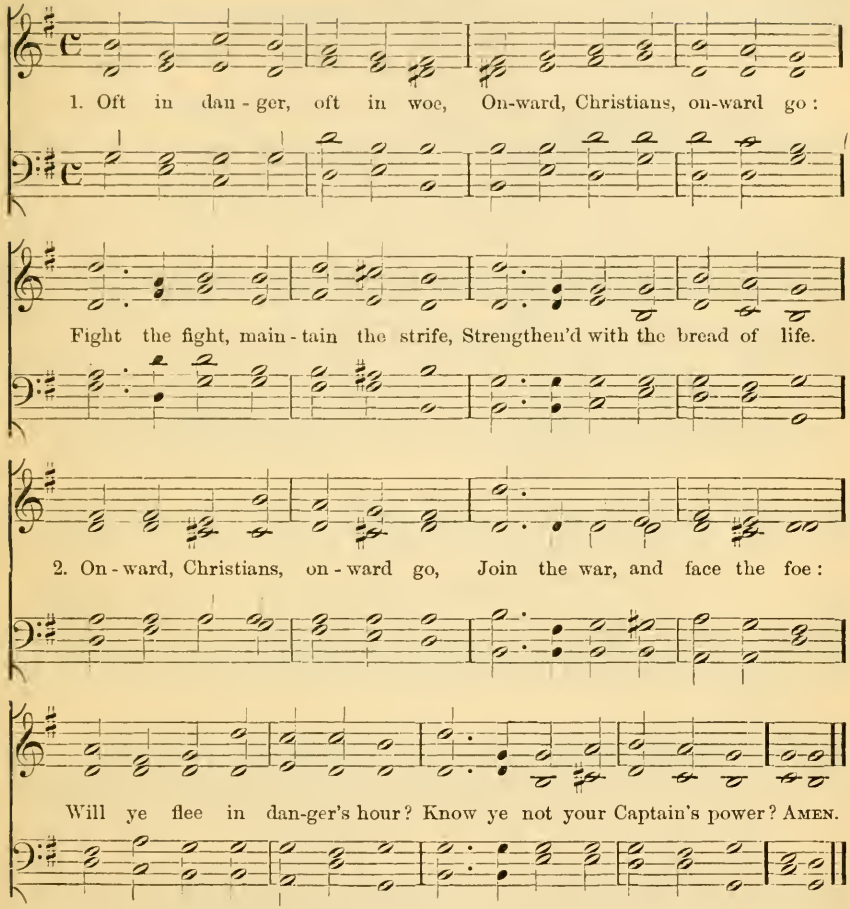


* For 2d verse see next page.

477. Oft in danger, oft in woe.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." 7s

SECOND TUNE.



3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

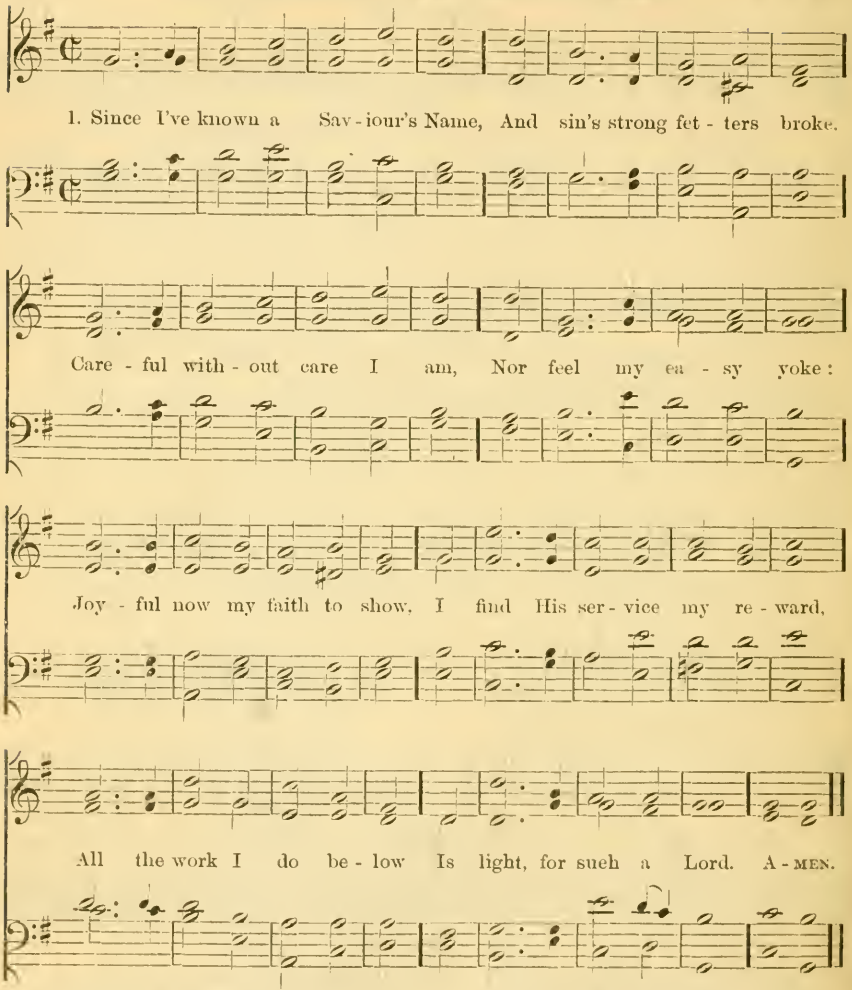
5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

GLORIA PATRI.

Hymns of glory and of praise
Father, unto Thee we raise:
Holy Jesus, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be. AMEN.

478. Since I've known a Saviour's Name.

"These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." P. M.

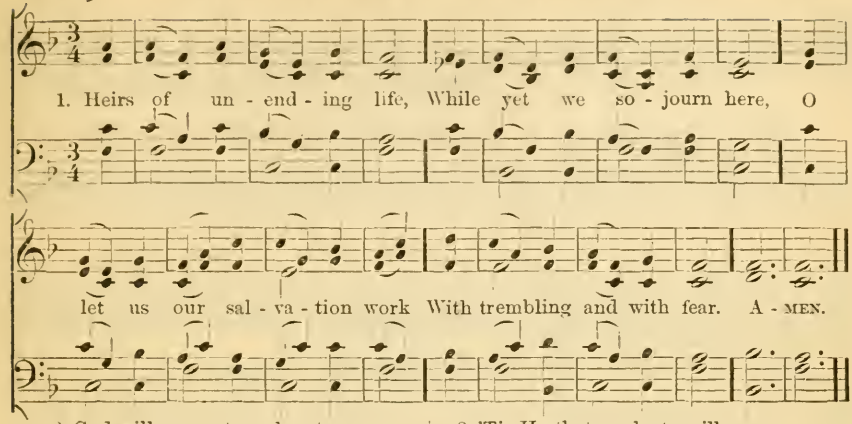


2 To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to Thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy goodness see:
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thee face to face! AMEN.

479.* Heirs of unending life.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." S. M.



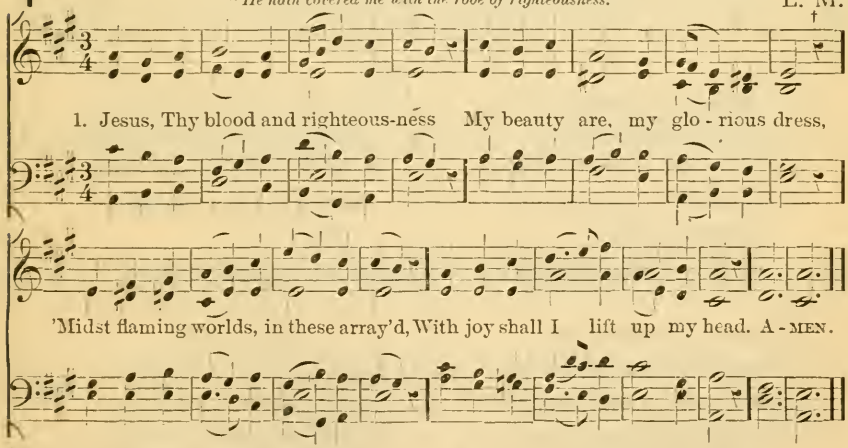
2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours.
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do:
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too! AMEN.

XI.—THE JUDGMENT.

480. Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." L. M.



2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

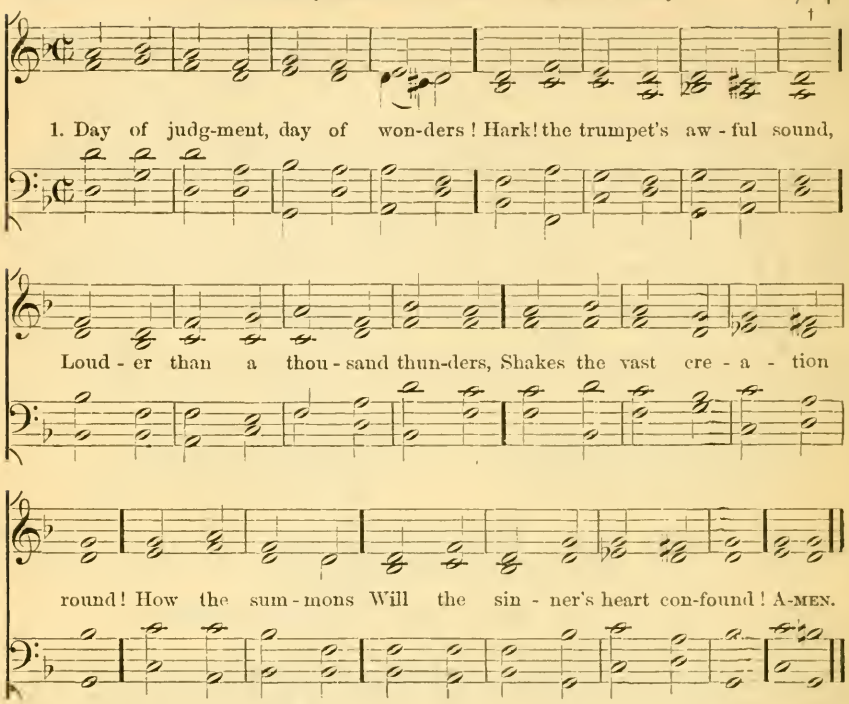
3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail:
Now take the spoils of death and hell.
AMEN.

* The tune for Hymn 413 may be used instead.

481. Day of judgment, day of wonders!

"All that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth." 8s. 7s. 4.



2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine,
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine!

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near ye blessèd,
Take the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.

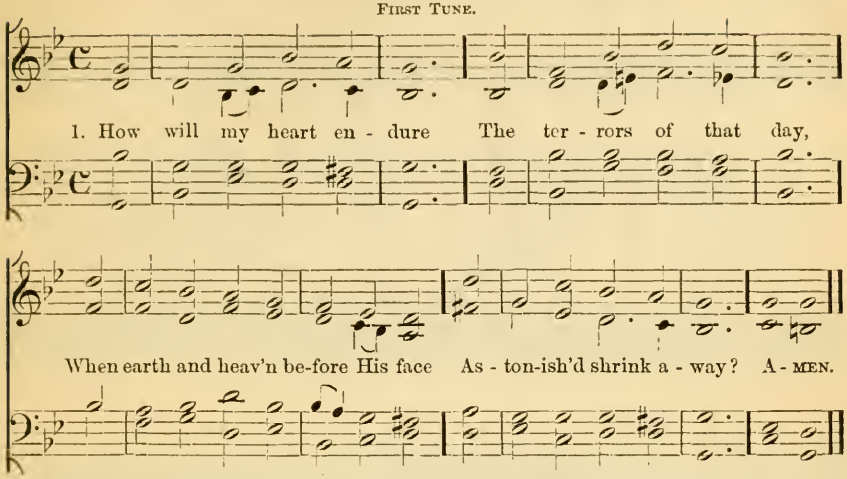
GLORIA PATRI.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

482. How will my heart endure.

"Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." S. M.

First Tune.



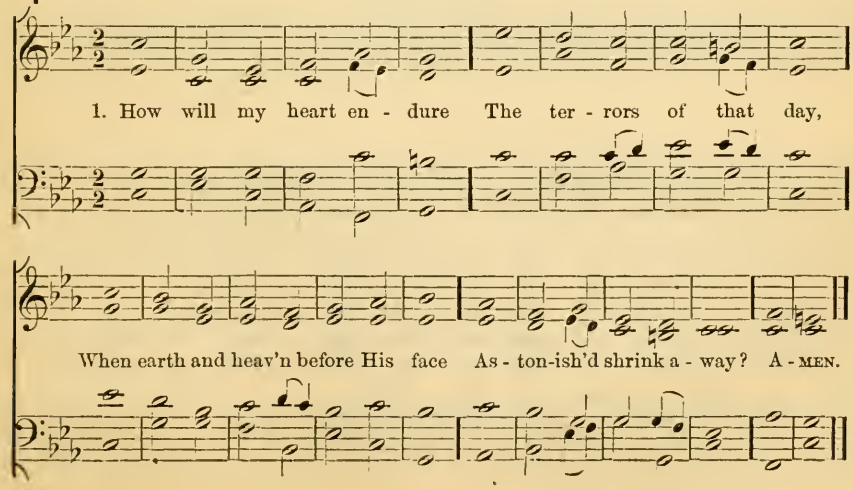
2 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

3 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head. Amen.

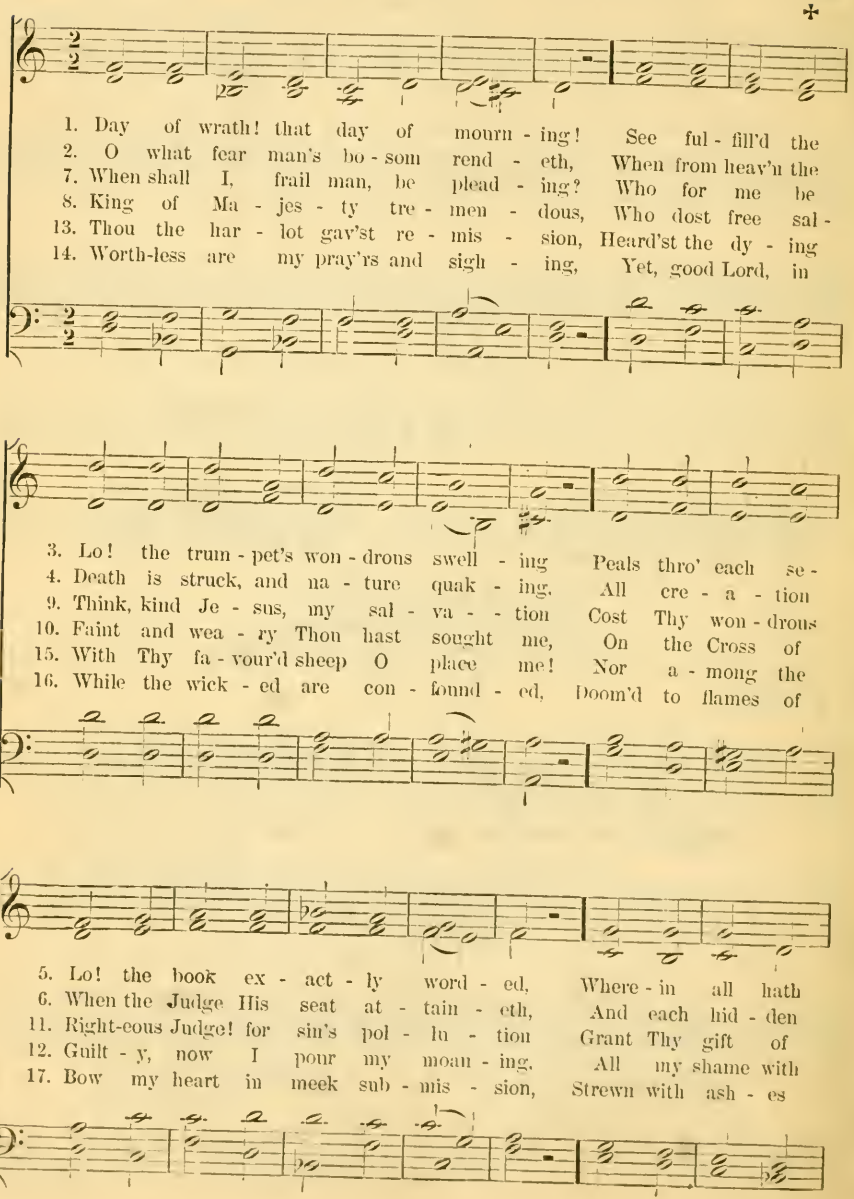
482. S. M.

Second Tune.



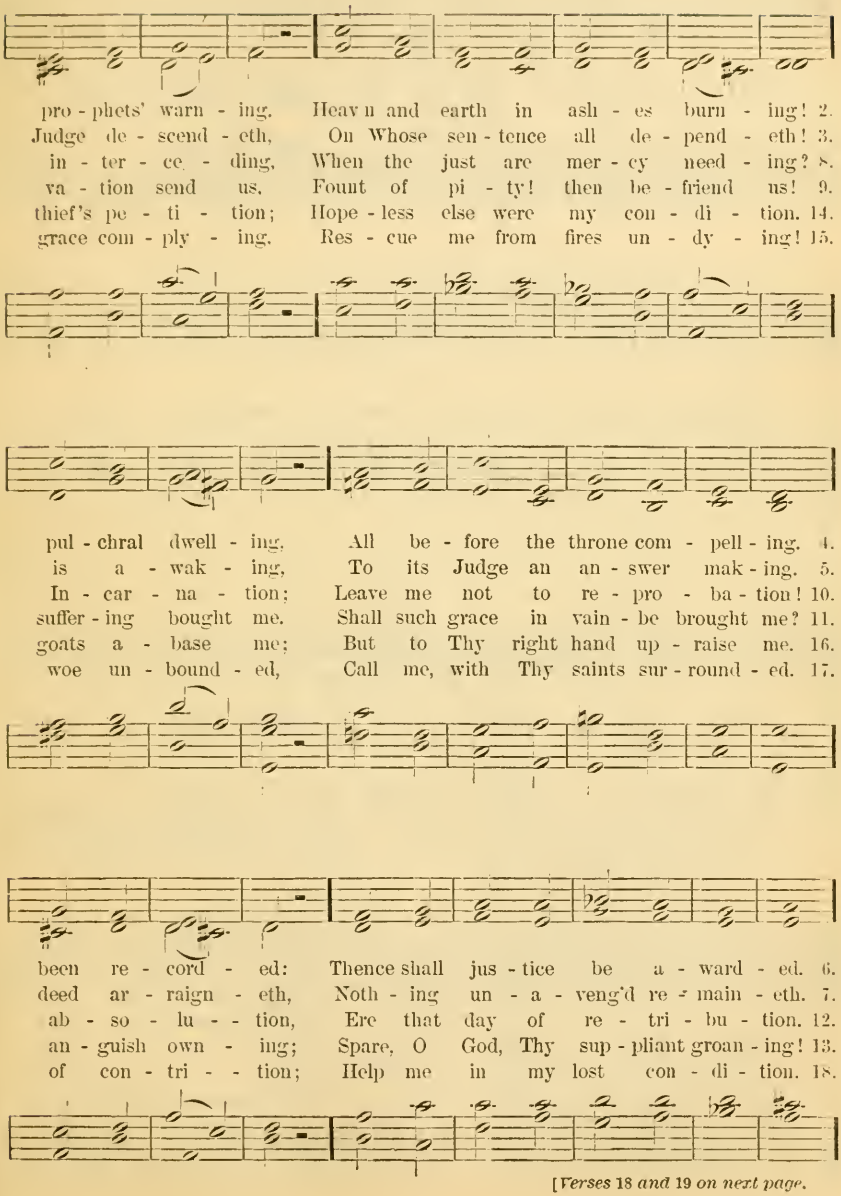
483. Day of wrath! that day of mourning!

"The Lord grant him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day." P. M.



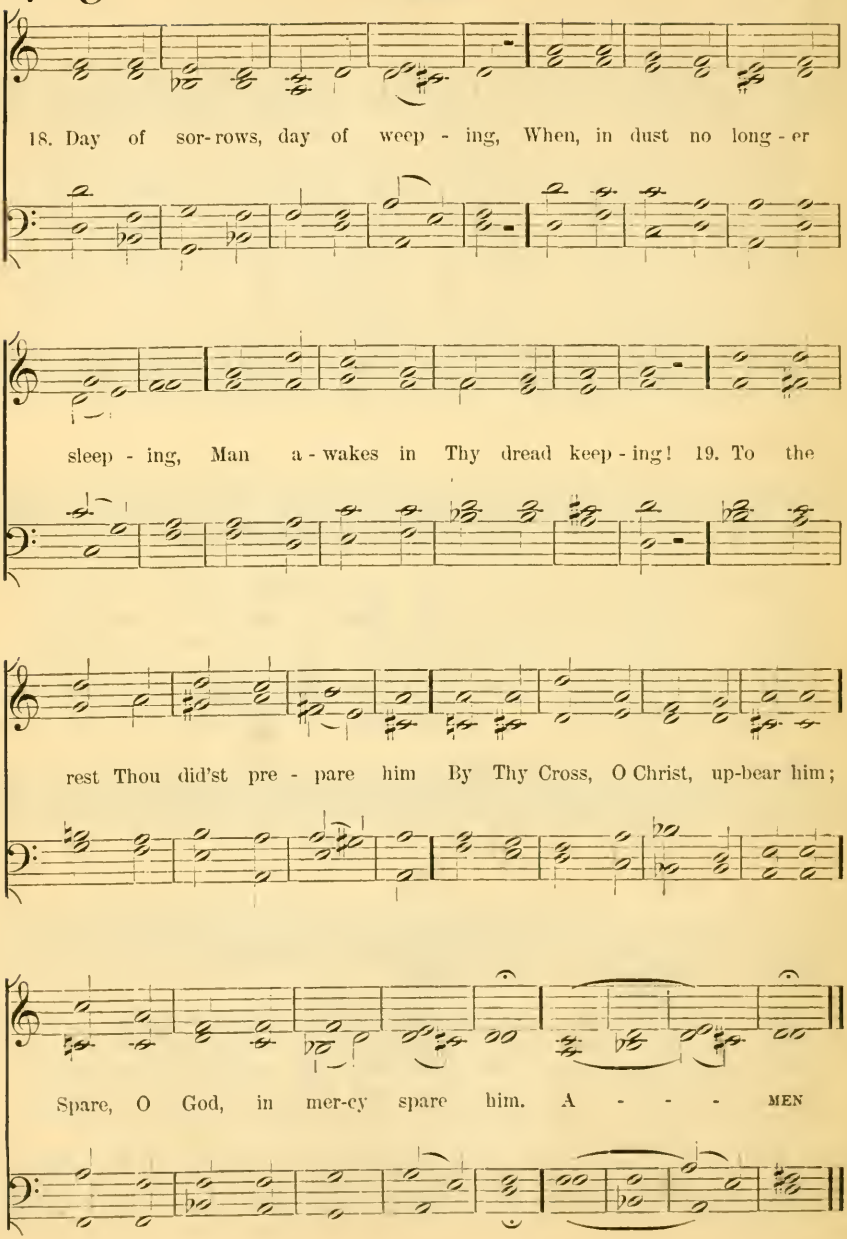
483.

CONTINUED.



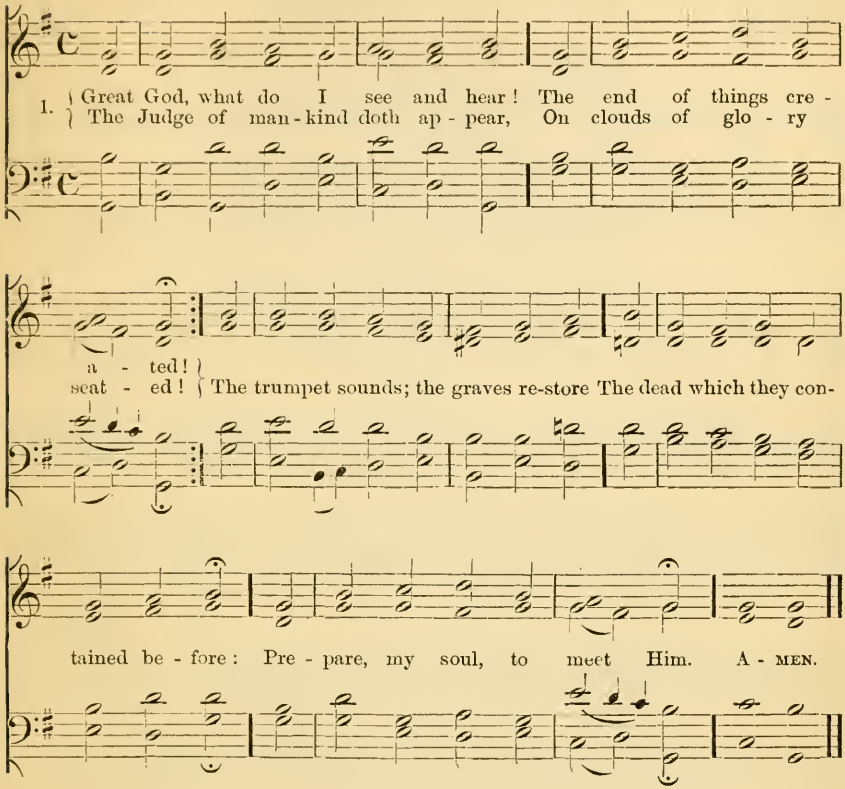
[*Verses* 18 *and* 19 *on next page.*

483. CONCLUDED. P. M.



484. Great God, what do I see and hear!

"The time of the dead is come, that they should be judged." 8s. 7s. 8s.



2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Low at His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

GLORIA PATRI.

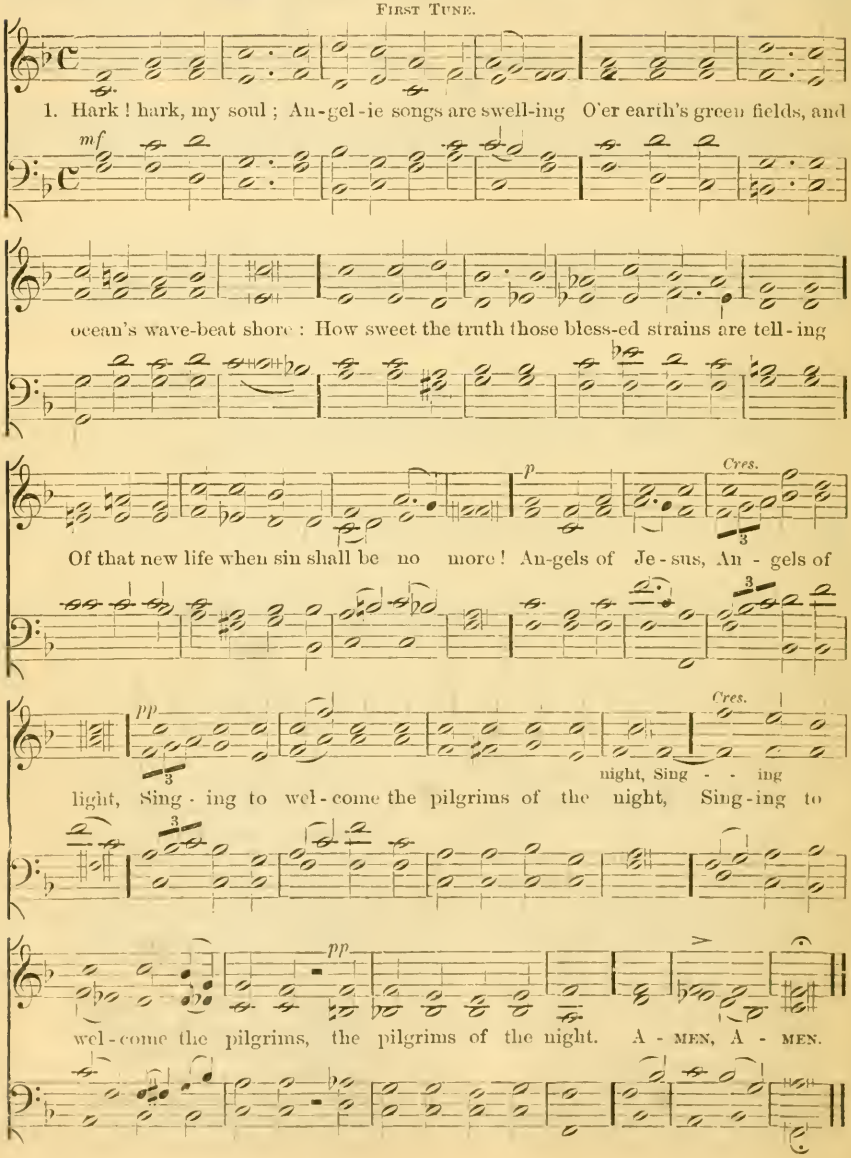
To Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given.
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven. AMEN.

XII.—HEAVEN.

485. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand." P. M.

First Tune.



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

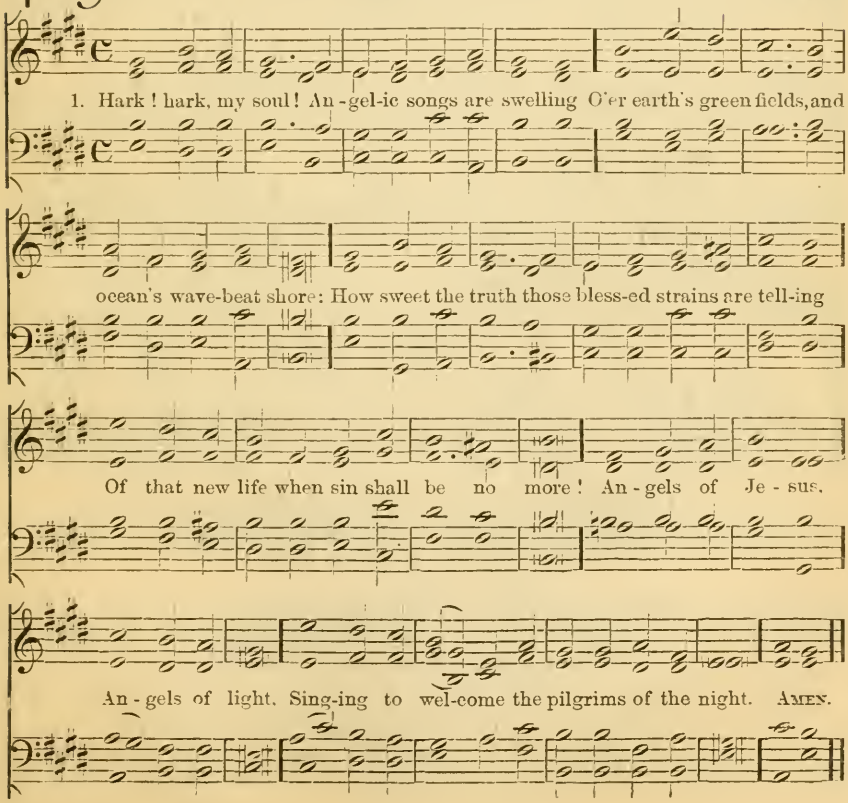
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc. AMEN.

485.

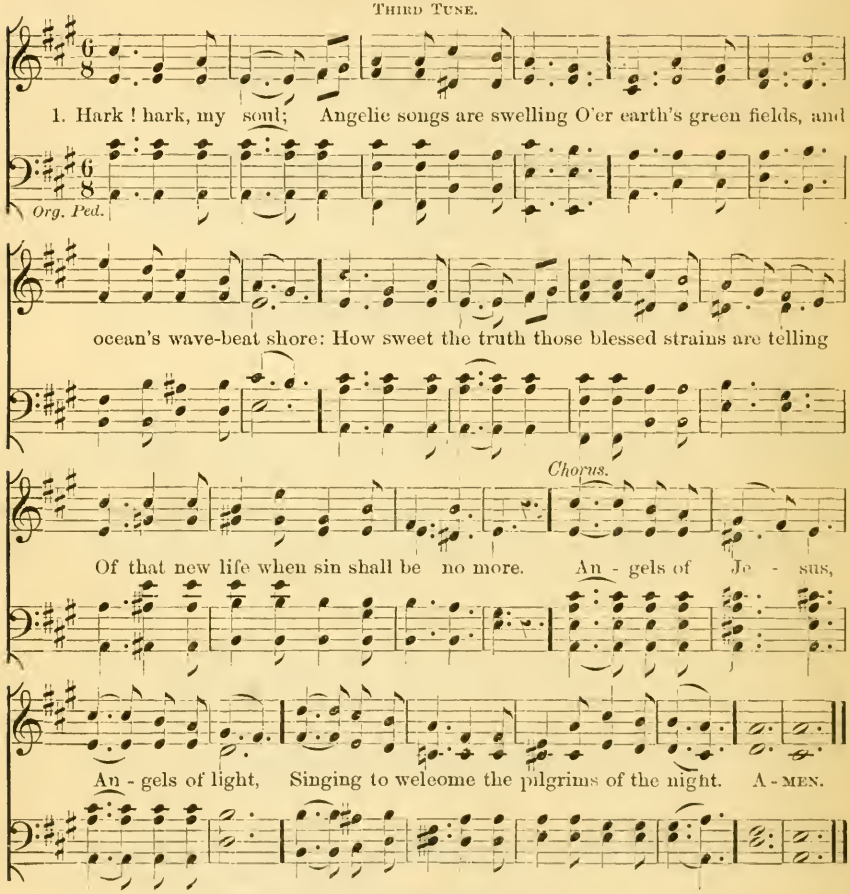
SECOND TUNE. P. M.



485. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand." P. M.

THIRD TUNE.



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

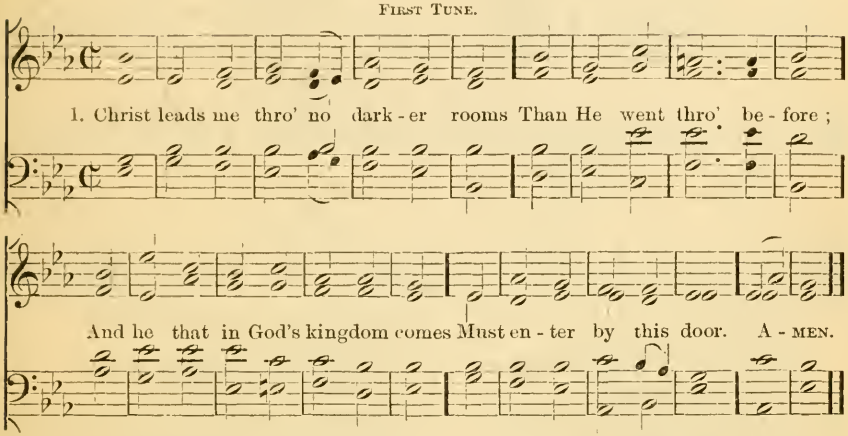
4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc. AMEN.

486. Christ leads me through no darker rooms.

"Leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps." C. M

FIRST TUNE.



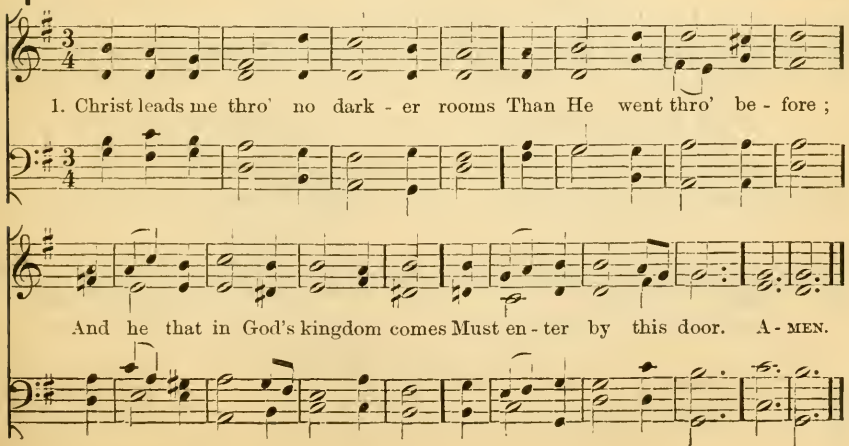
2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be!

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough so Christ knows all.
And I shall be with Him! AMEN.

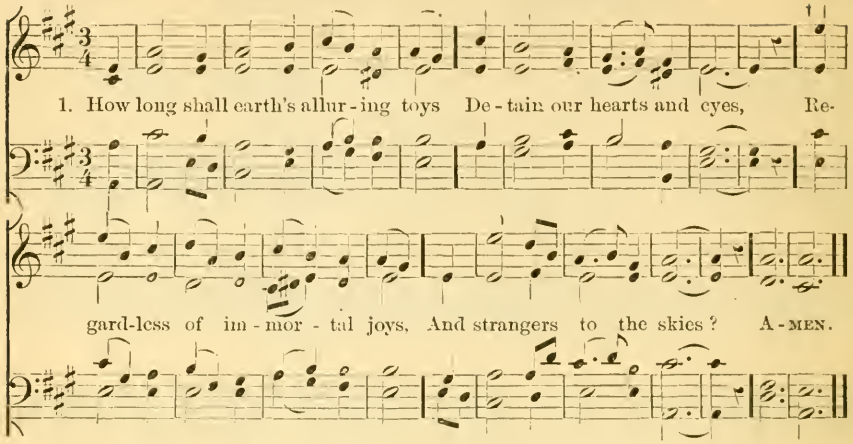
486.

SECOND TUNE. C. M.



487. How long shall earth's alluring toys.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." C. M.



2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas! how vain!
With conscious sighs we own:
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To th se bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

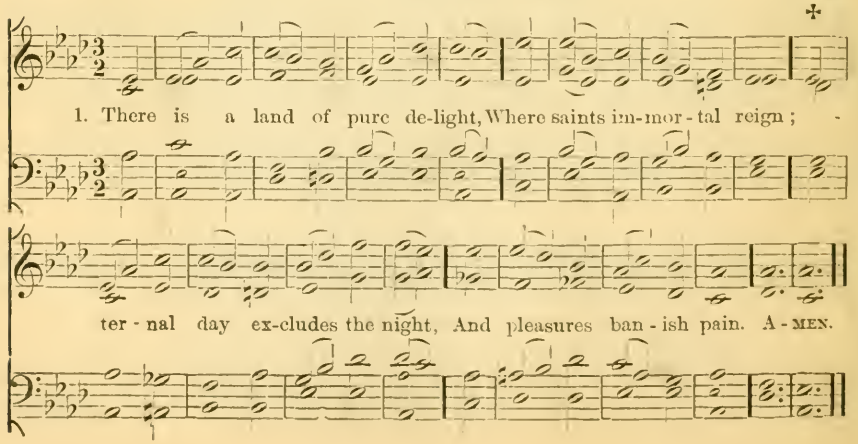
5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of Thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise, [spring
To those bright scenes where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. AMEN.

488. There is a land of pure delight.

"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." C. M.



2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So, to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

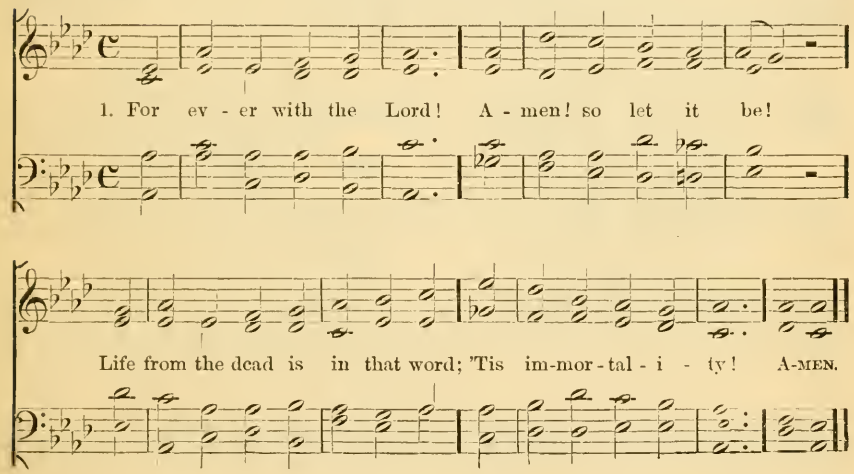
4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumin'd eyes:—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. AMEN.

489. For ever with the Lord.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord." S. M.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

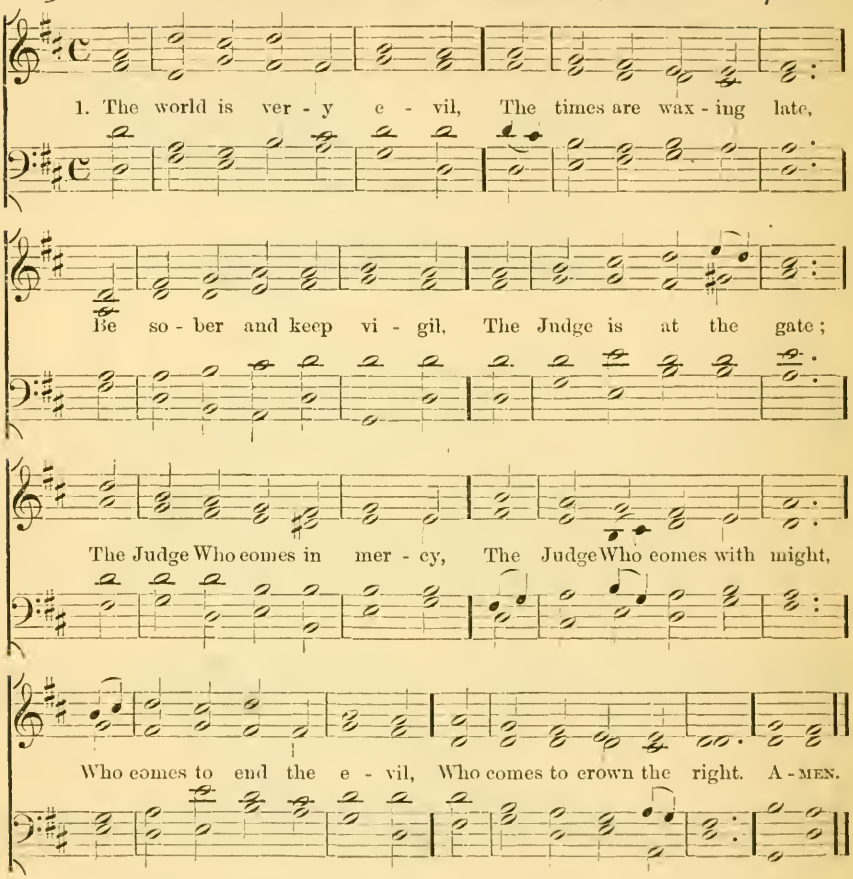
4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace. AMEN.

490. The world is very evil.

"Work your work betimes, and in His time He will give you your reward." 7s. 6s. D.



2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O Home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

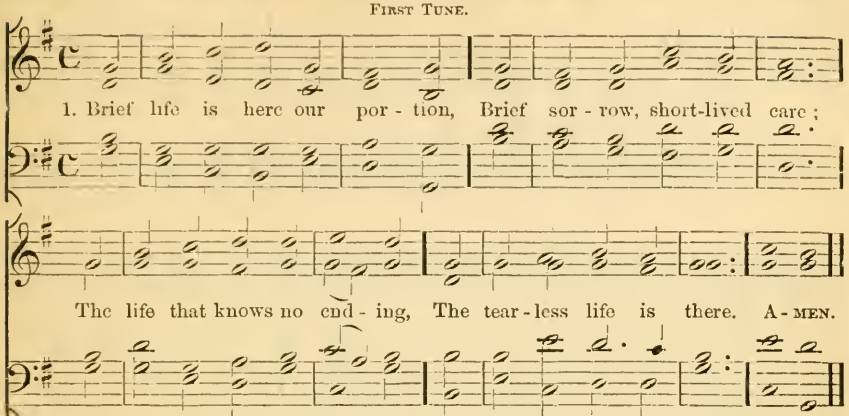
4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest;
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

491. Brief life is here our portion.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." 7s. 6s.

First Tune.



O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

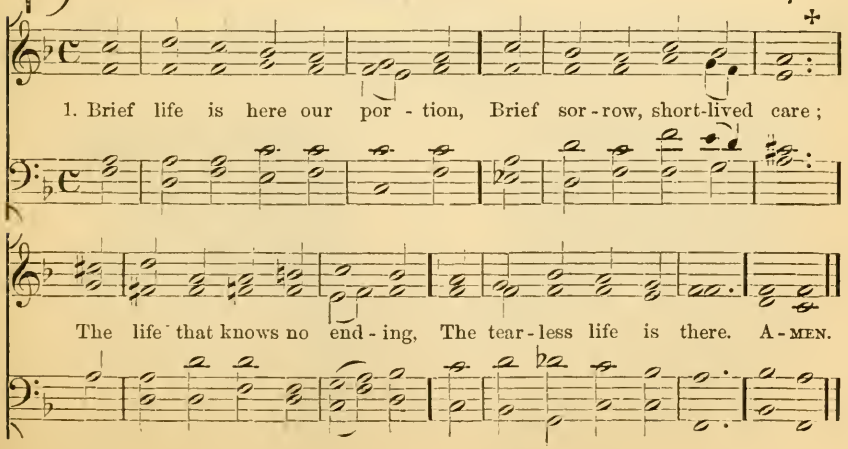
2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

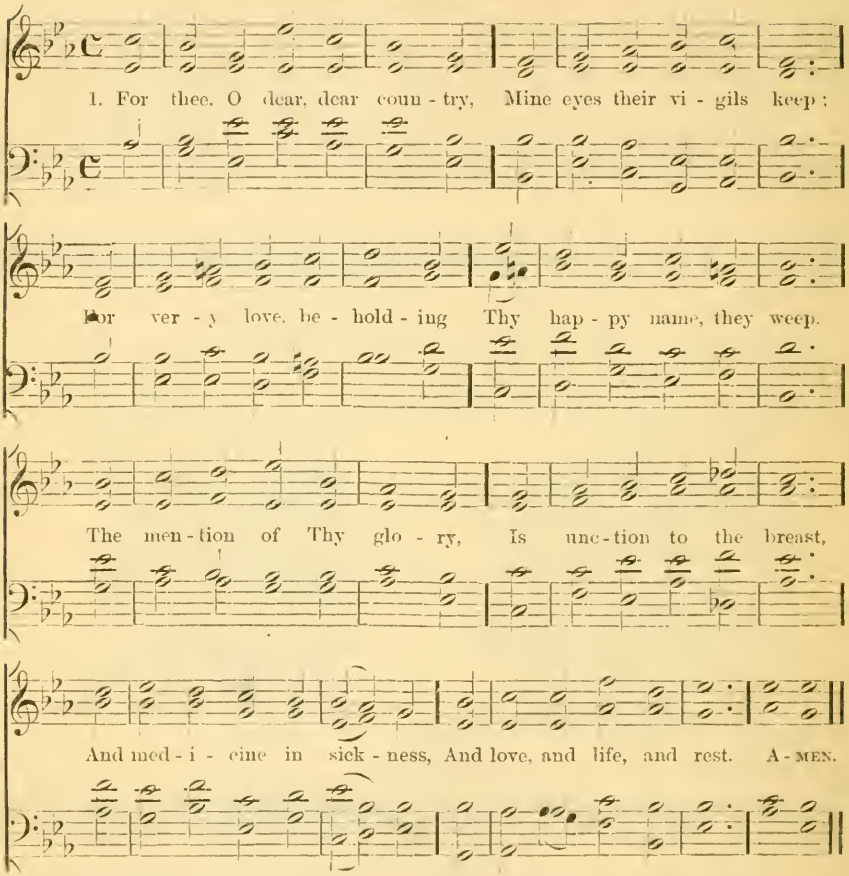
491.

Second Tune. 7s. 6s.



492. For thee, O dear, dear country.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things." 7s. 6s. D.



2 O one, O only mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

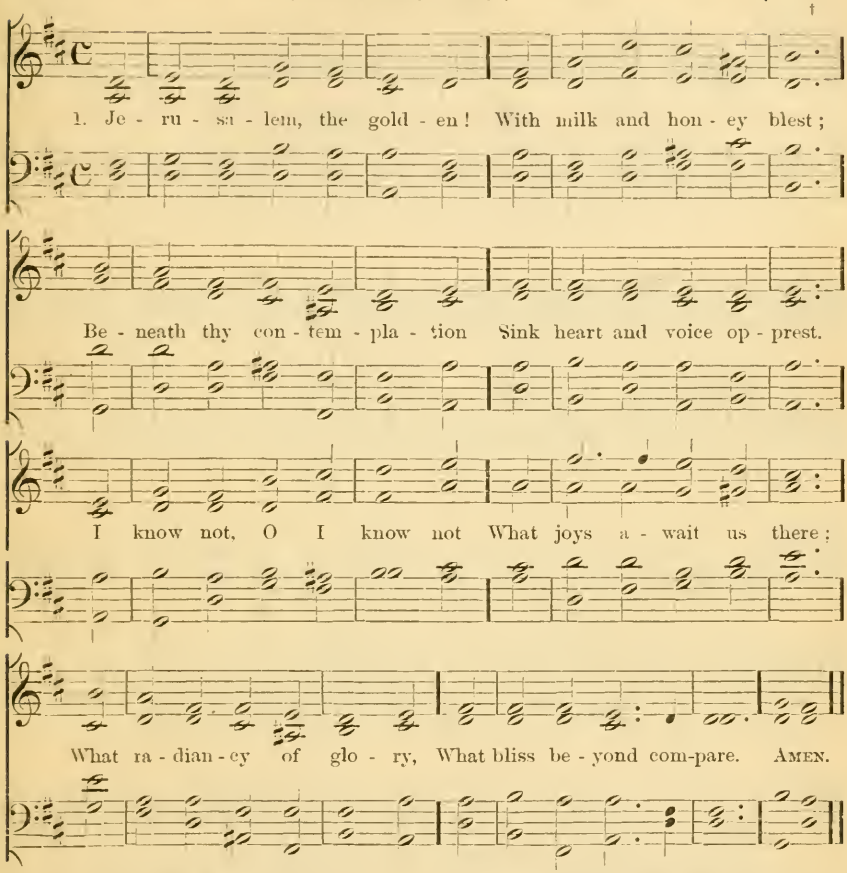
4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

493. * Jerusalem, the golden!

"And he shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God."

7s. 6s. D.



2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

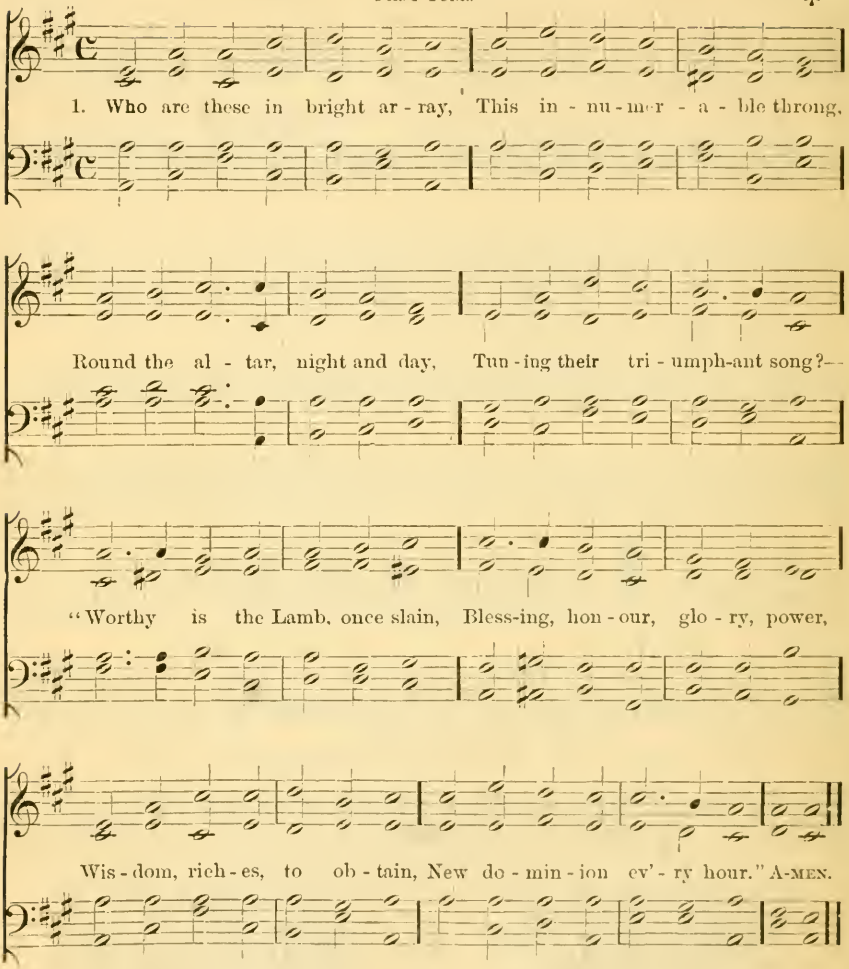
The tune for Hymn 492 may be used for this Hymn.

494. Who are these in bright array?

"What are these, which are arrayed in white robes?"

7s. D.

FIRST TUNE. ✢



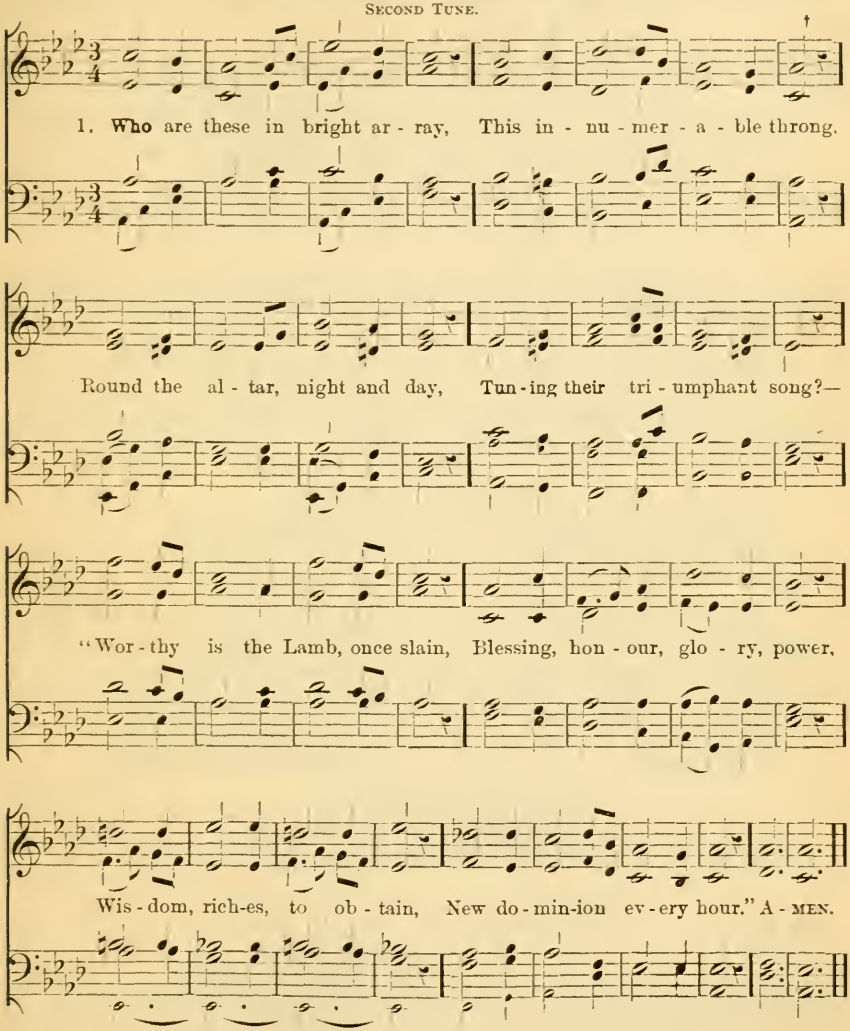
2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears. AMEN

494. Who are these in bright array.

"What are these, which are arrayed in white robes?" 7s. D.

SECOND TUNE.



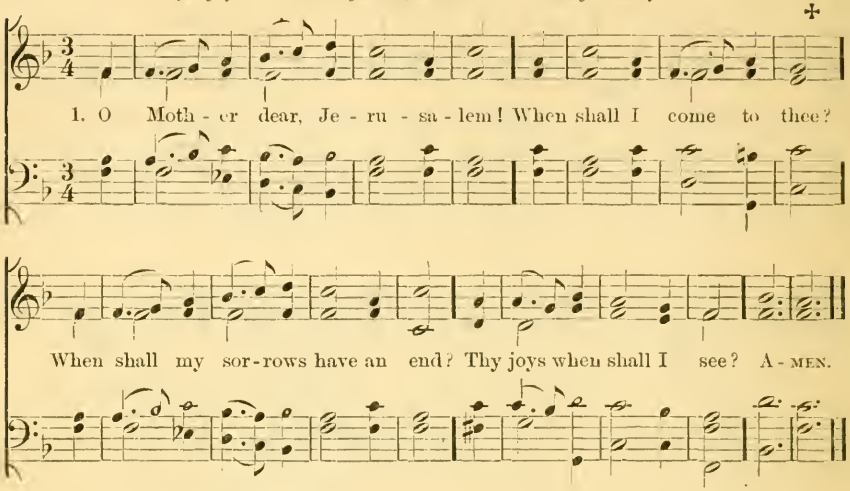
2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His eternal Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears. AMEN

495. O Mother dear, Jerusalem!

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of the Lord did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

C. M.



2 O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Right through the streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow.
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

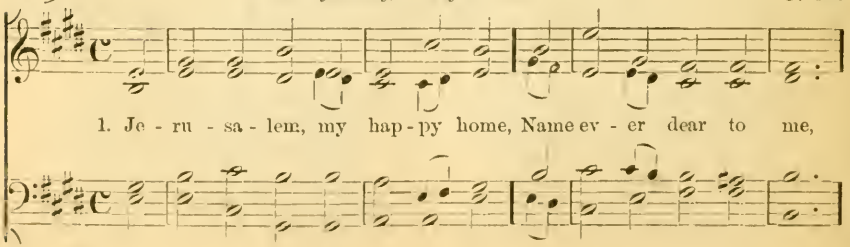
7 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit;
For ever more they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.

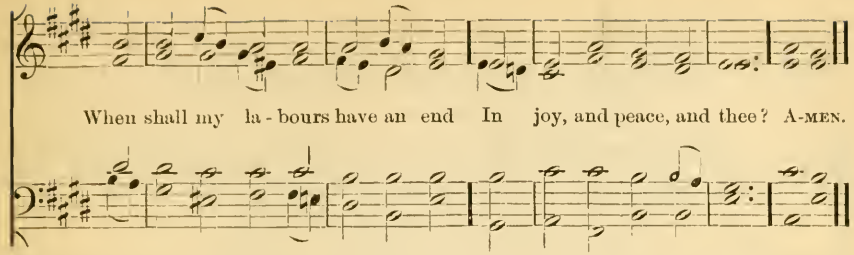
8 O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see? AMEN.

496. Jerusalem, my happy home.

"That great city, the holy Jerusalem."

C. M.





2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

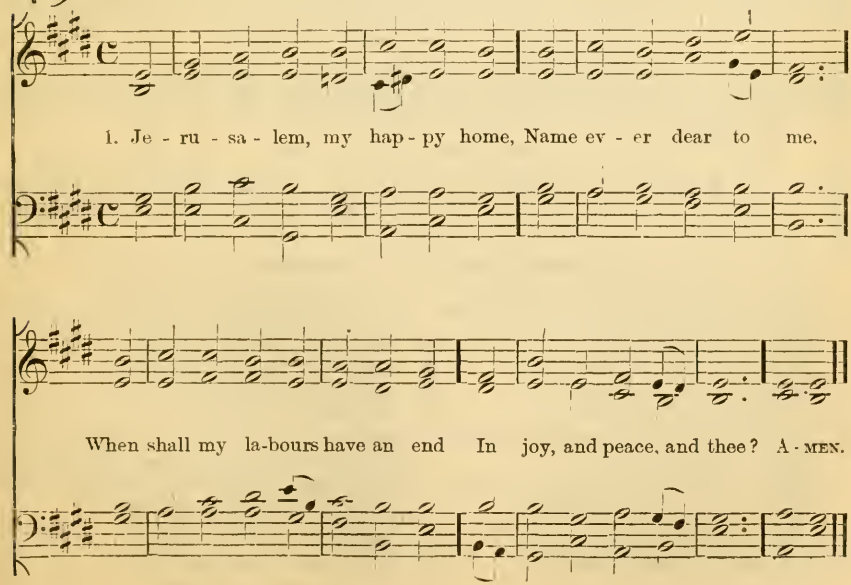
4 Why should I shrink from pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. AMEN.

496.

SECOND TUNE. C. M.

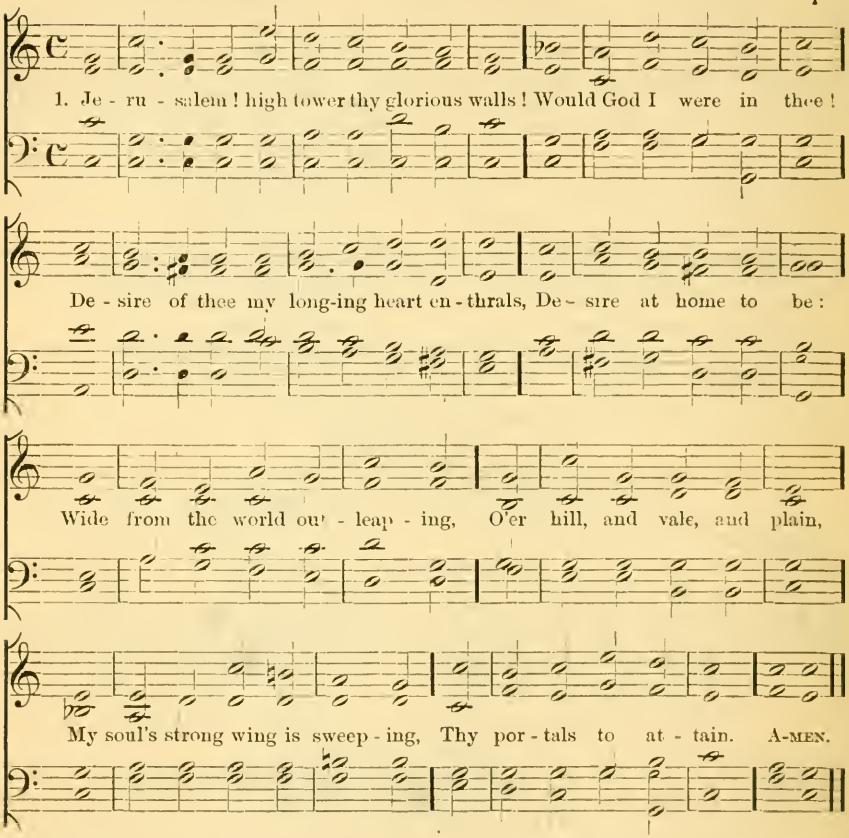


497. Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls!

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

P. M.

FIRST TUNE. ✝



2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome
When shall that hour have come, [bour!
When my rejoicing soul its own free power
May use in going home?
Itself to Jesus giving,
In trust to His own hand,
To dwell among the living,
In that blest Fatherland.

3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,
Shall be enough to soar,
In buoyant exultation, through the sky,
And reach the heavenly shore.
Elijah's chariot bringing
The homeward traveller there;
Glad troops of angels winging
It onward through the air.

4 Great fastness thou of honour! thee I greet!
Throw wide thy gracious gate,
An entrance free to give these longing feet;
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning,
And life's long weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

5 What throng is this, what noble troop,
Arrayed in beauteous guise, [that pours,
Out through the glorious city's open doors,
To greet my wondering eyes?
The hosts of Christ's elected,
The jewels that He bears
In His own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.

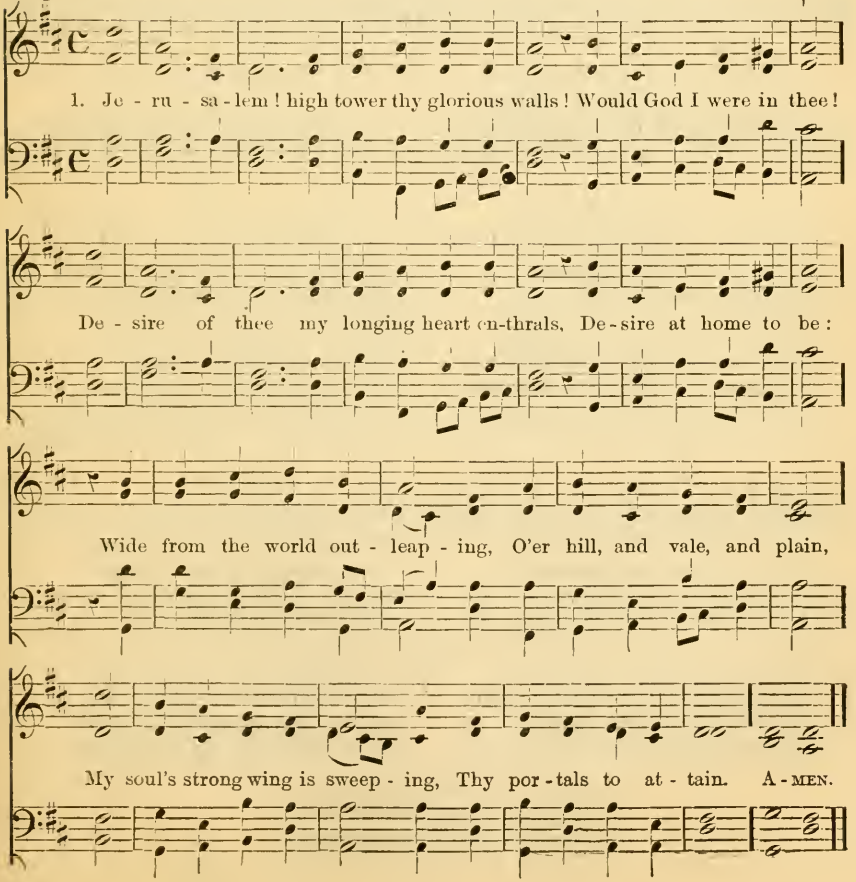
6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a
That once has borne the cross, [band
With all the company that won that land,
By counting gain for loss,
Now float in freedom's lightness,
From tyrants' chains set free;
And shine like suns in brightness,
Arrayed to welcome me.

7 One more at last arrived they welcome there,
To beauteous Paradise,
Where sense can scarce its full fruition
Or tongue for praise suffice; [bear,
Glad alleluias ringing
With rapturous rebound,
And rich hosannas singing
Eternity's long round.

8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne
There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweeter tone,
In blissful ecstacy:
A hundred thousand voices
Take up the wondrous song;
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong. AMEN.

497.

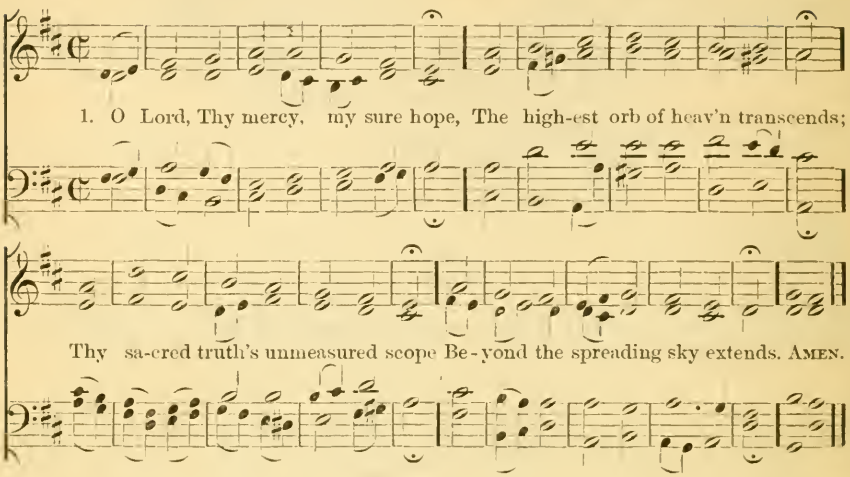
SECOND TUNE. P. M.



XIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

498. O Lord, Thy mercy, my sure hope.

"Thy mercy, O Lord, reacheth unto the heavens, and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds." L. M.



2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths Thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is Thy care.

3 Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to Thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to Thy courts be led,
To banquet on Thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With Thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let Thy saints Thy favour gain,
To upright hearts Thy truth display.
Amen.

499. My soul, inspired with sacred love.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, praise His holy Name." L. M.

1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound:
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.

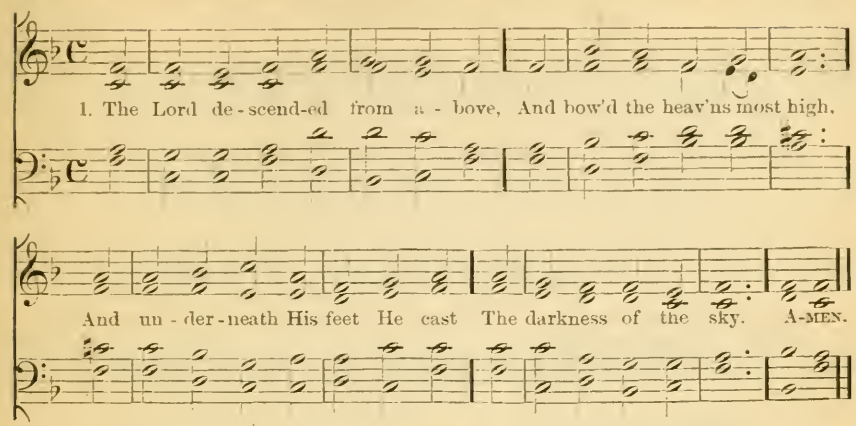
3 The Lord abounds with tender love
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with His anger quickly part;
And loves His punishment to guide
More by His love than our desert.

5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins removed;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always loved. Amen.

500. The Lord descended from above.

"He bowed the heavens, and came down, and it was dark under His feet." C. M.

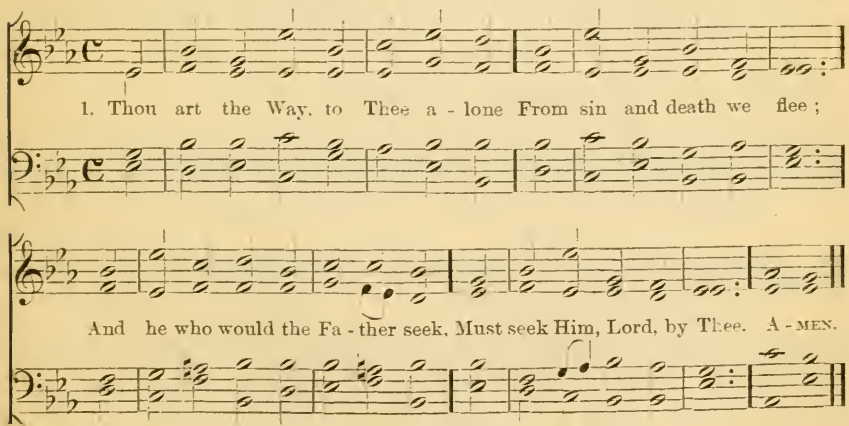


2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign. AMEN.

501. Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.

"Jesus said unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." C. M.



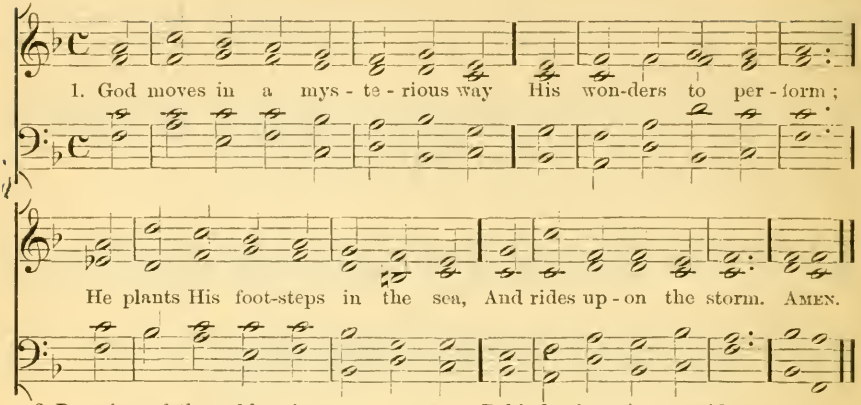
2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. AMEN.

502. God moves in a mysterious way.

"Thy footsteps are not known. C. M.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

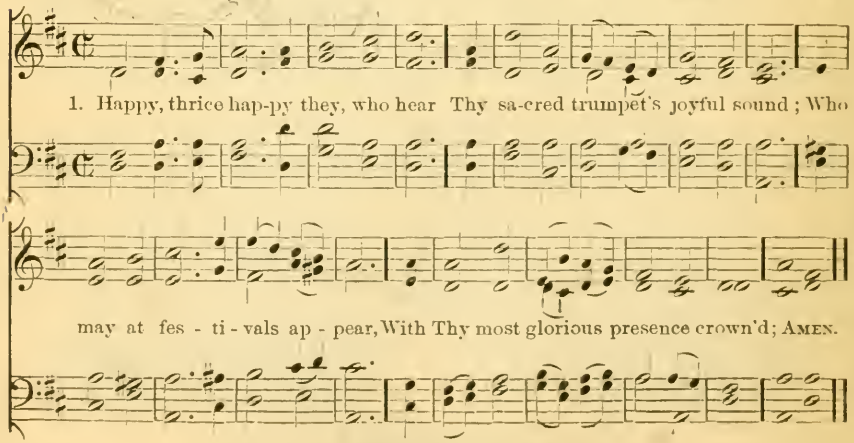
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

503. Happy, thrice happy they, who hear.

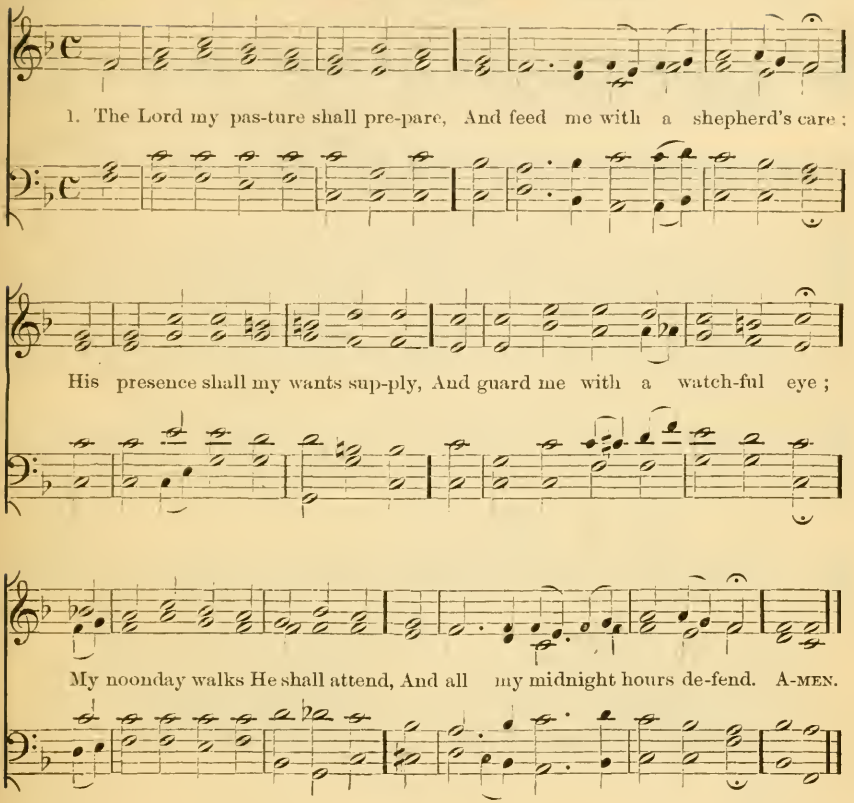
"Blessed is the people, O Lord, that can rejoice in Thee." L. M.



2 For in Thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from Thy favour spring:
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King. Amen.

504. The Lord my pasture shall prepare.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing." Six 8s.



2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

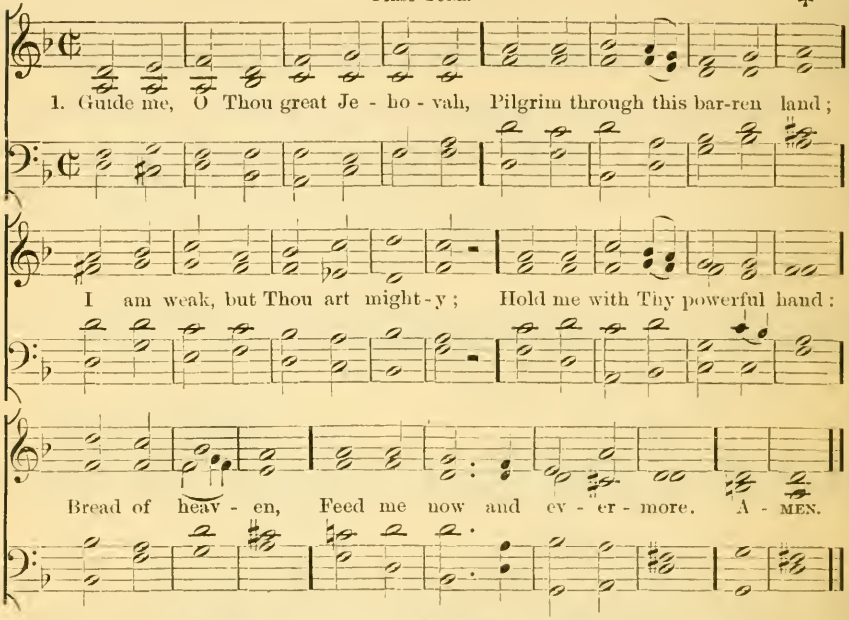
GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

505. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

"These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." 8s. 7s. 4.

FIRST TUNE.

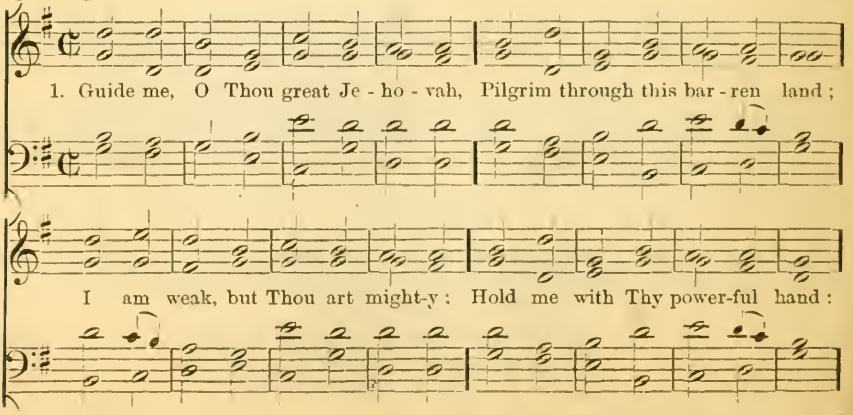


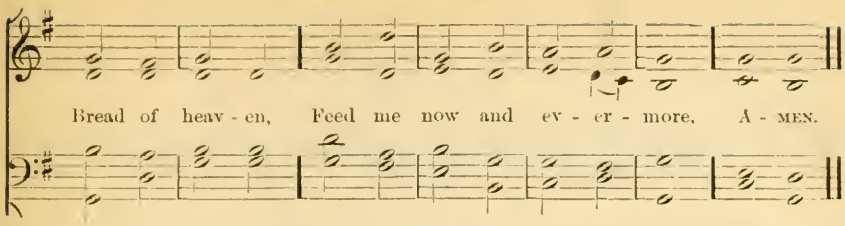
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. AMEN.

505.

SECOND TUNE. 8s. 7s. 4.

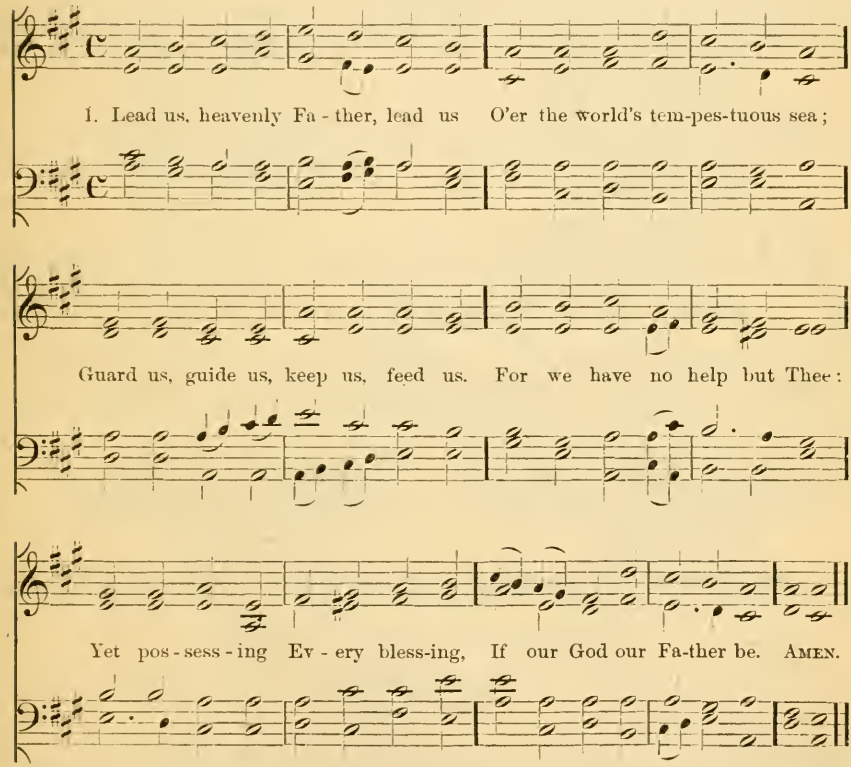




506. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.

"The ark of the covenant went before them." 8s.7s.4.

FIRST TUNE.



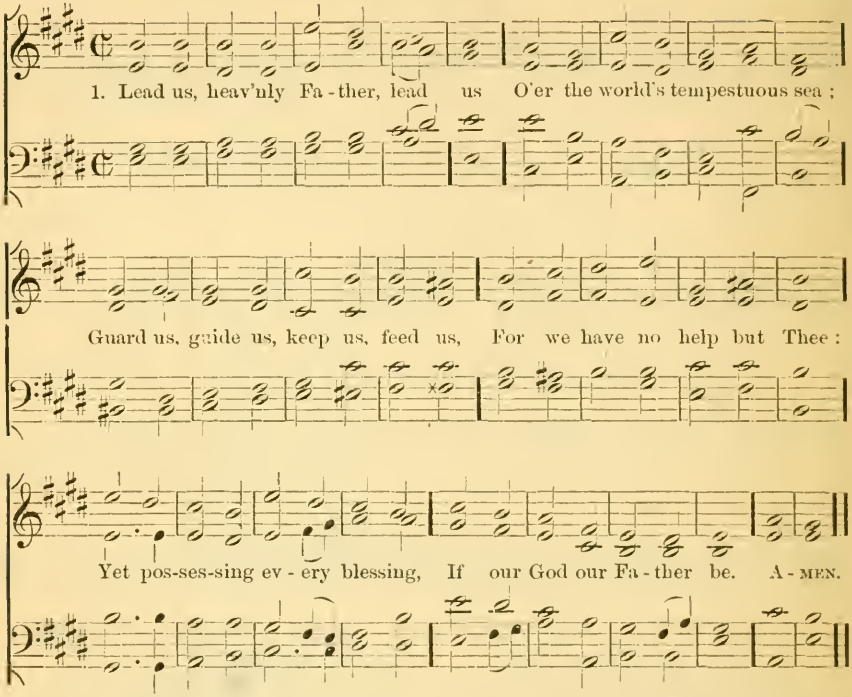
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Long and dreary,
Faint and weary.
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. AMEN.

506. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.

"The ark of the covenant went before them." 8s.7s.4

SECOND TUNE.



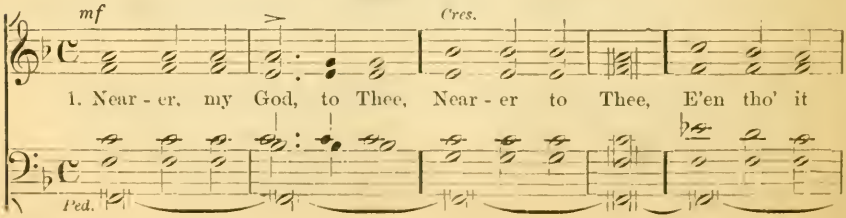
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

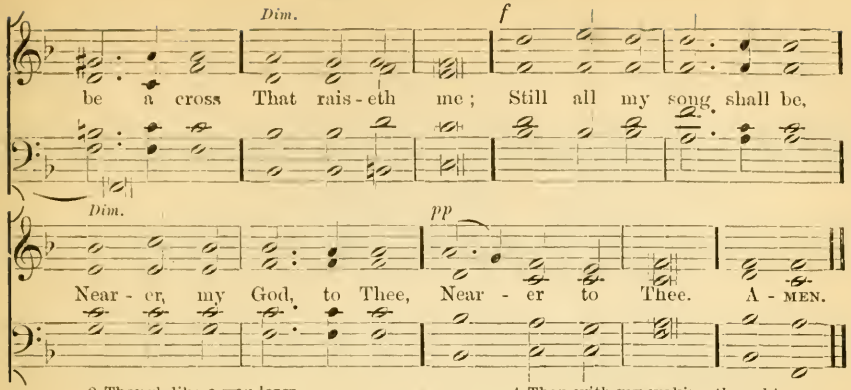
3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. AMEN.

507. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

"A people near unto Him." P. M.

FIRST TUNE.





2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

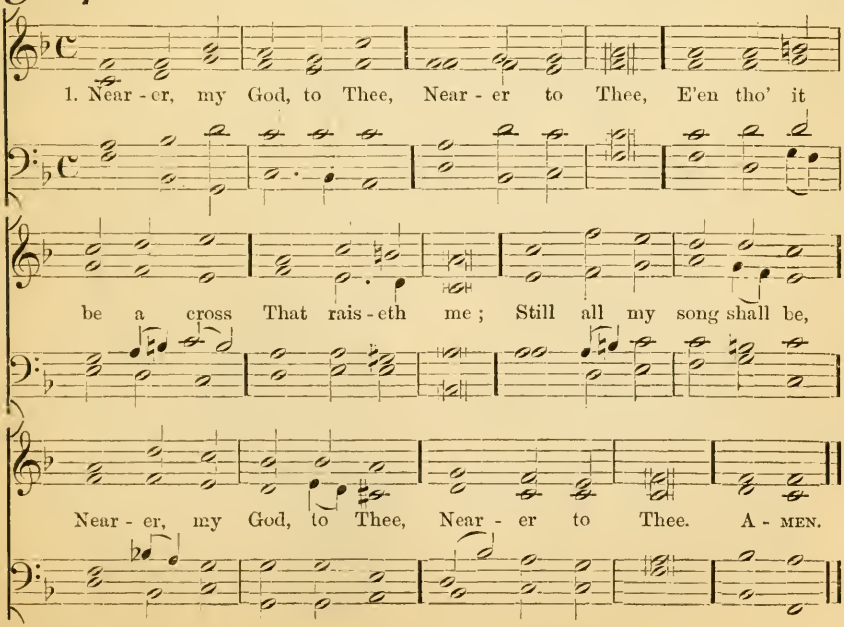
3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. AMEN.

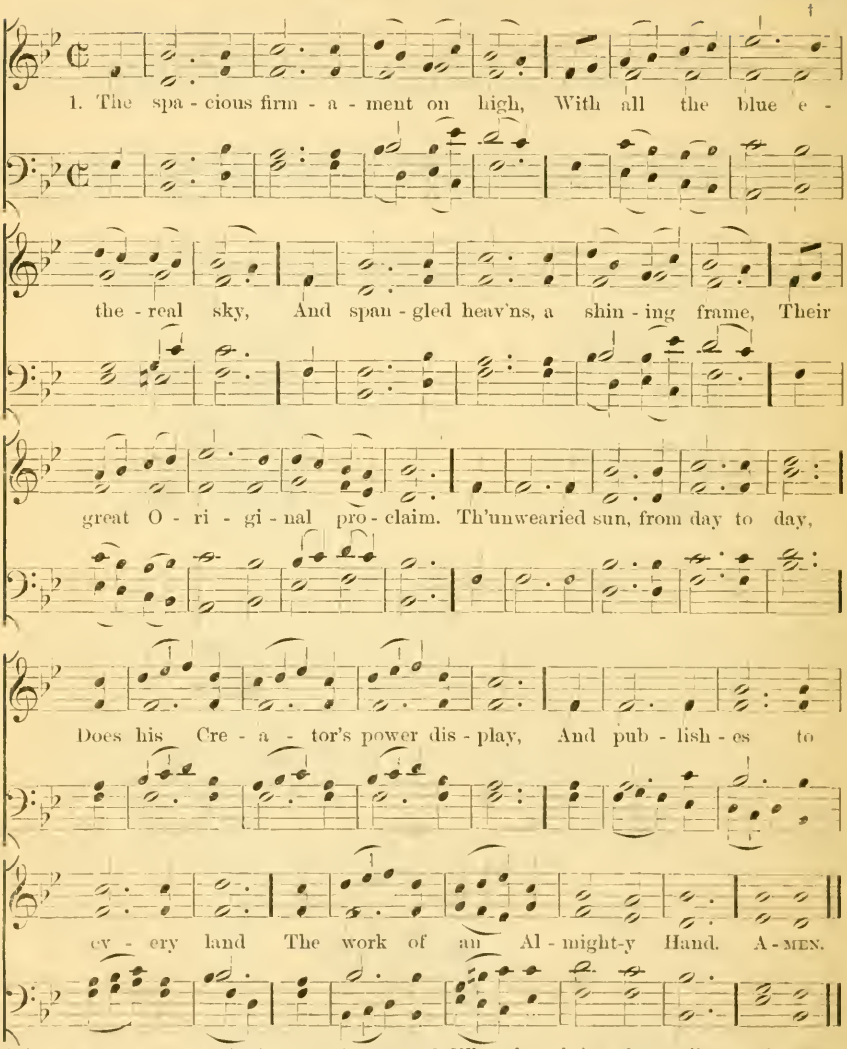
507.

SECOND TUNE. P. M.



508. The spacious firmament on high.

"The heavens declare the glory of God." L. M. D.



2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

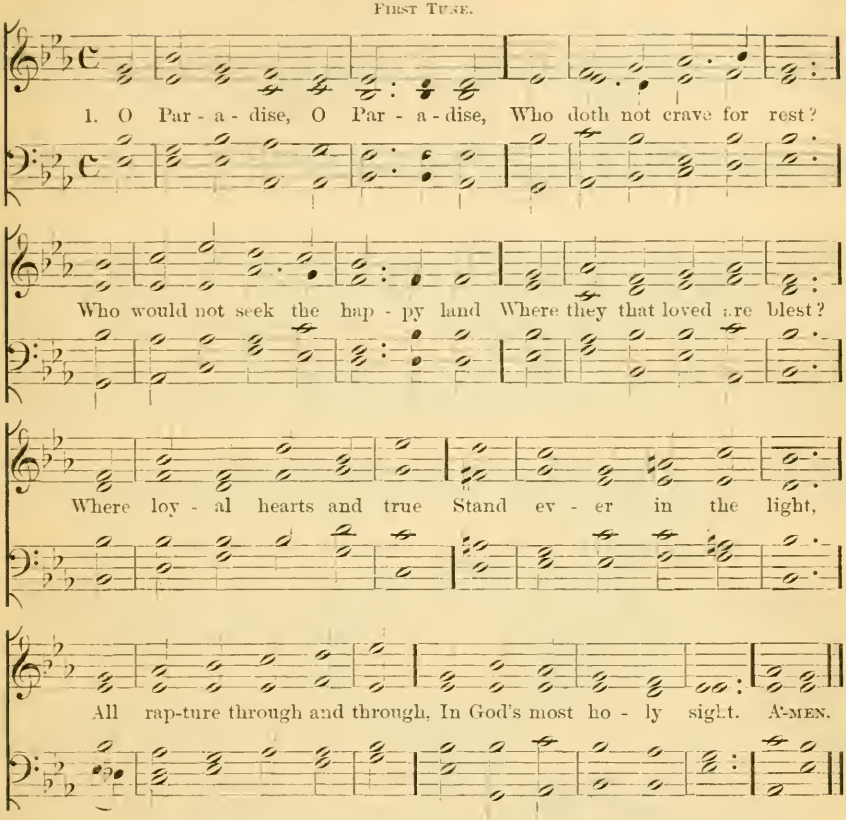
3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

AMEN.

509. O Paradise, O Paradise.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." P. M.

FIRST TUNE.



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

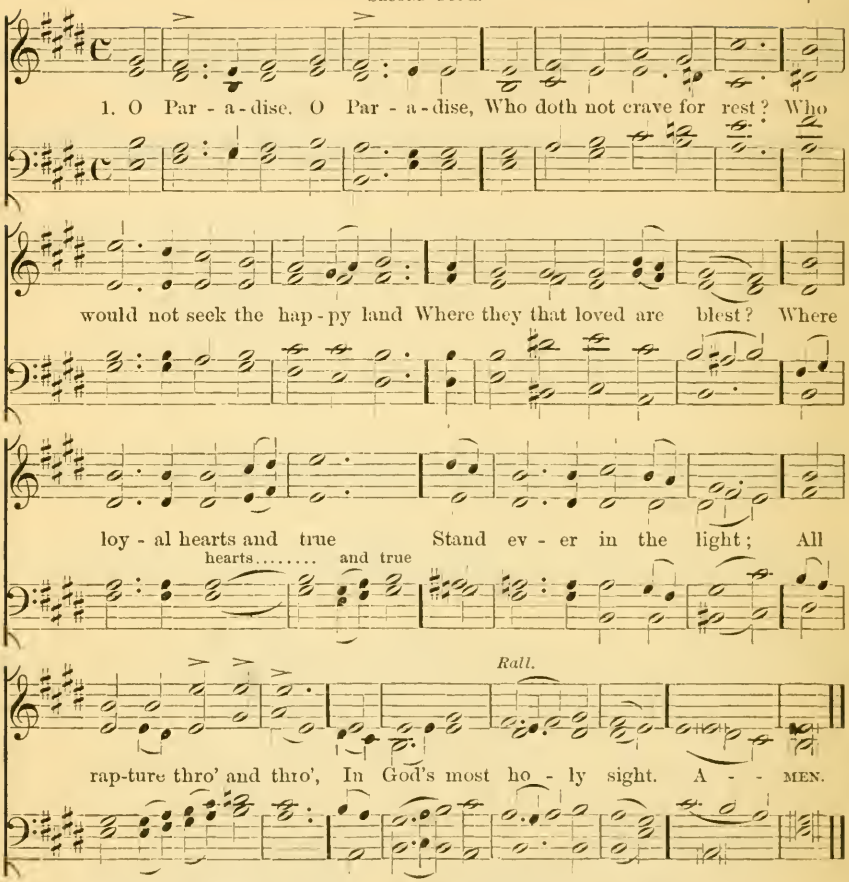
5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. AMEN.

509. O Paradise, O Paradise.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." P. M.

SECOND TUNE. †



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

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I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

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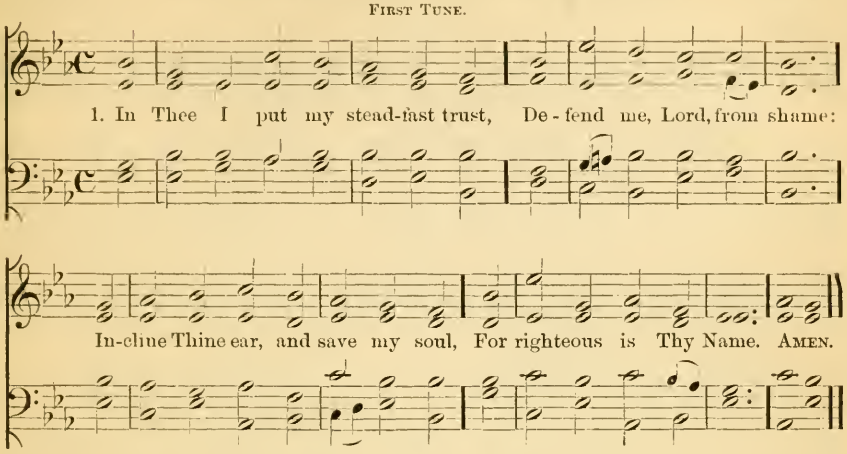
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. AMEN.

510. In Thee I put my steadfast trust.

"In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion." C. M.

First Tune.



2 Be Thou my strong abiding-place.
To which I may resort:
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.

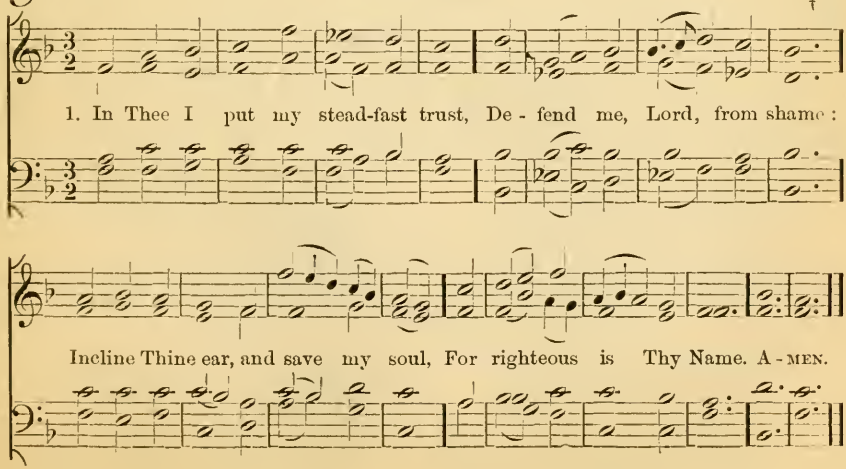
3 My steadfast and unchanging hope
Shall on Thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

4 While God vouchsafes me His support,
I'll in His strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention His alone.

5 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To Thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise. Amen.

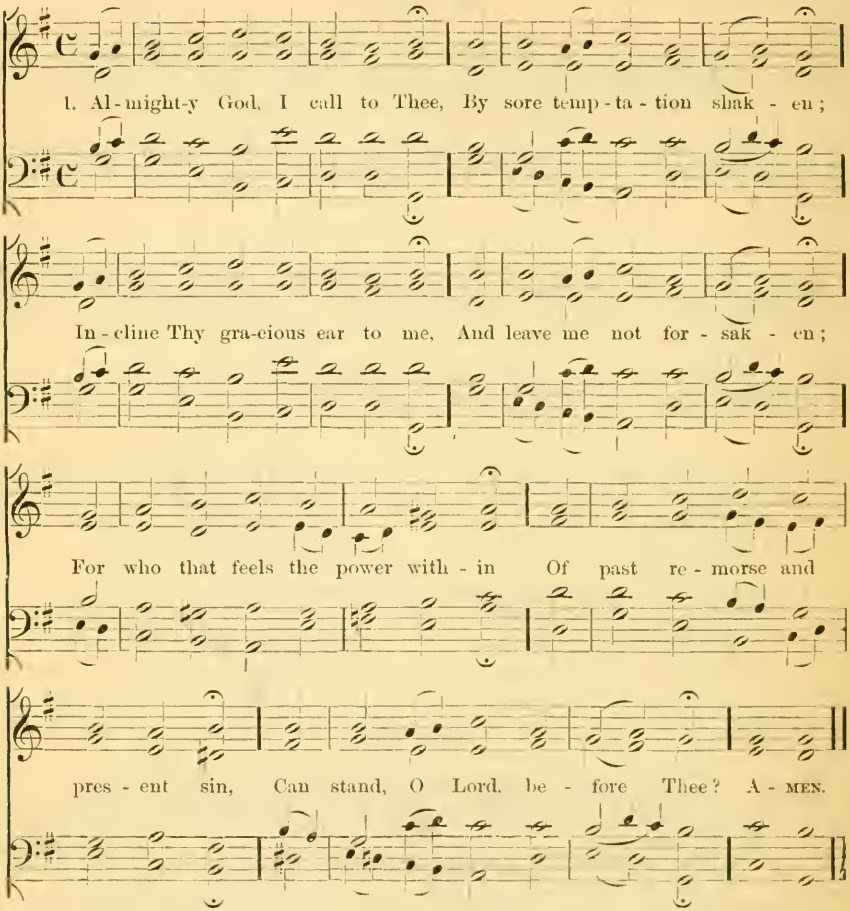
510.

Second Tune. C. M.



511. Almighty God! I call to Thee.

"Behold we come unto Thee; for Thou art the Lord our God." 8s.7s.8s.



2 On Thee alone my stay I place,
All human help rejecting;
Relying on Thy sovereign grace,
Thy sovereign aid expecting.
I rest upon Thy sacred word,
That thou'lt repel him not, O Lord,
Who to Thy mercy fleeth.

3 And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might,
My triumph in my sorrow:
Forgetting not that Thou of old
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold;
When weakest then most loving!

4 What though my sinfulness be great,
Redeeming love is greater;
What though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator;
And He my rock and fortress is,
And when most helpless, most I'm His,
My strength and my Redeemer.

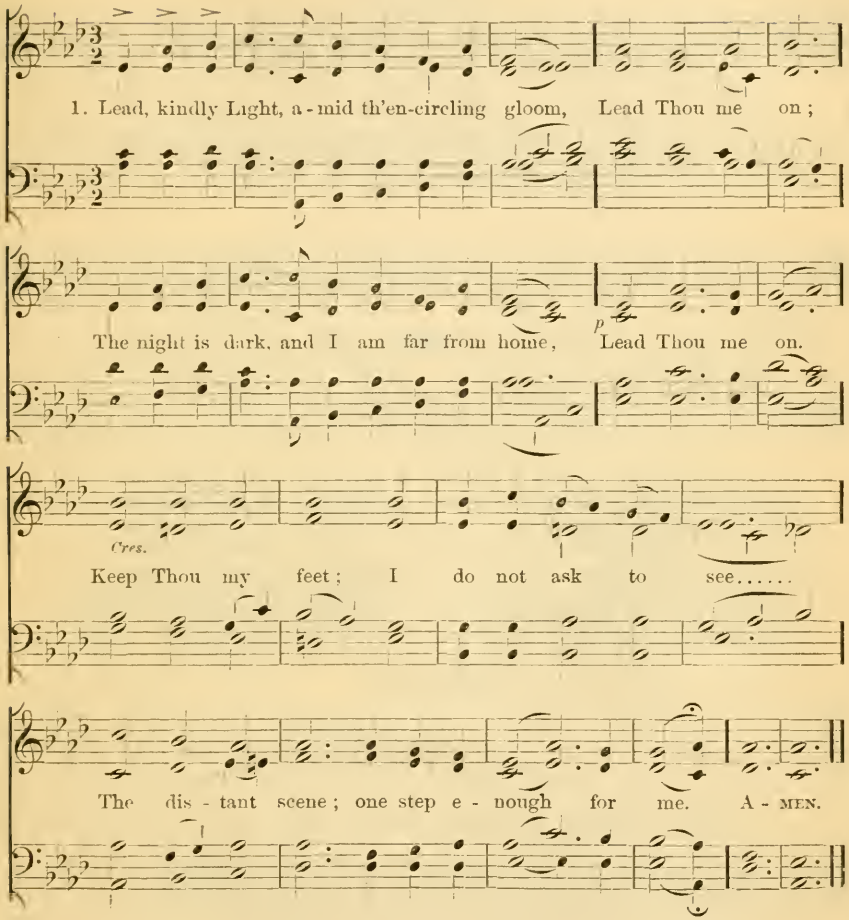
GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven. AMEN.

512. Lead, kindly Light.

"In the day-time also He led them with a cloud, and all the night through with the light of fire."

P. M.



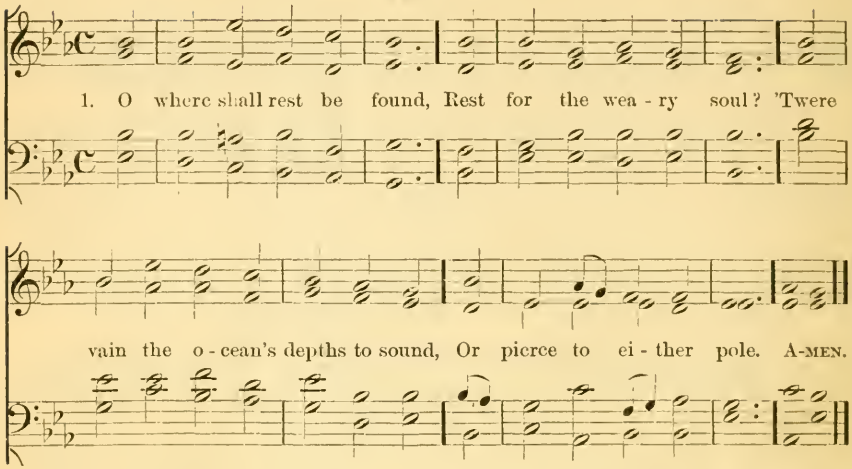
2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. AMEN.

513. O where shall rest be found?

"Let us labour to enter into that rest." S. M.

FIRST TUNE.



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

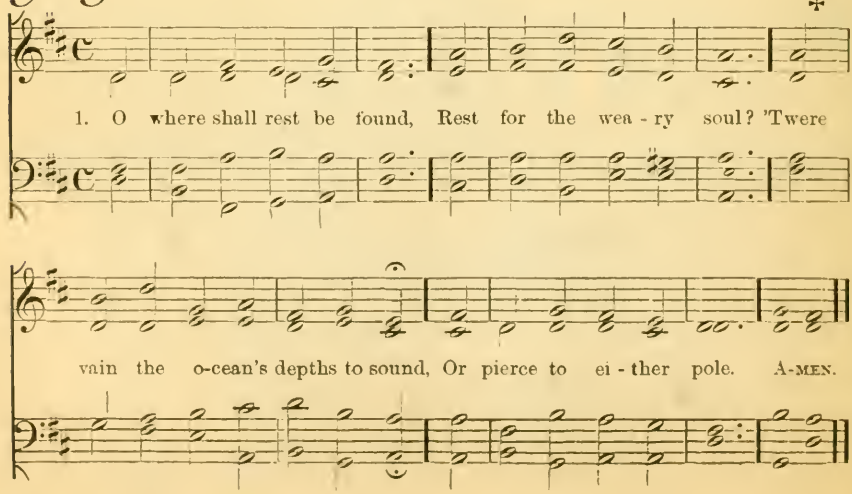
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone. AMEN.

513.

SECOND TUNE. S. M.

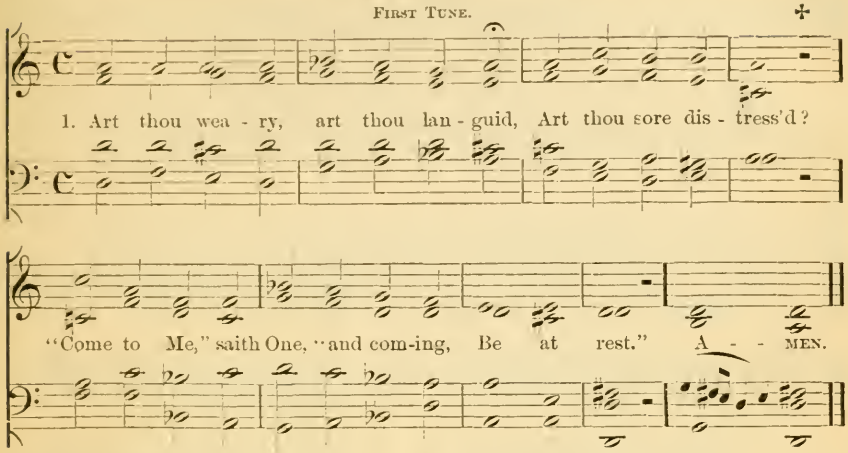


514. Art thou weary, art thou languid?

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."

P. M.

First Tune.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him.
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd."

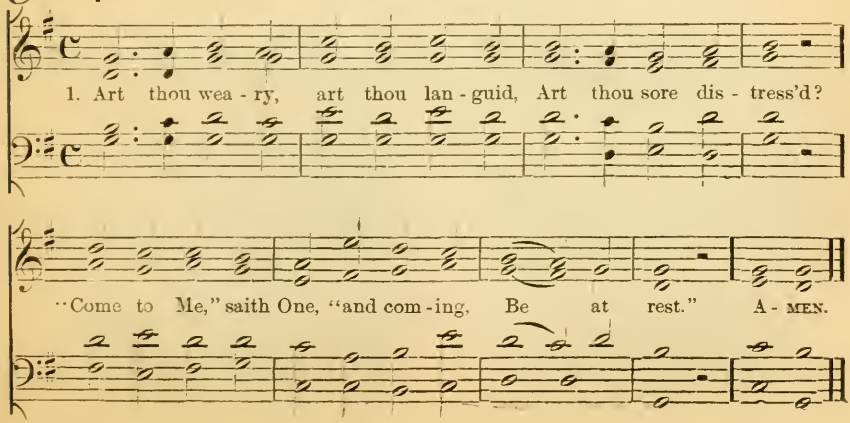
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." AMEN.

514.

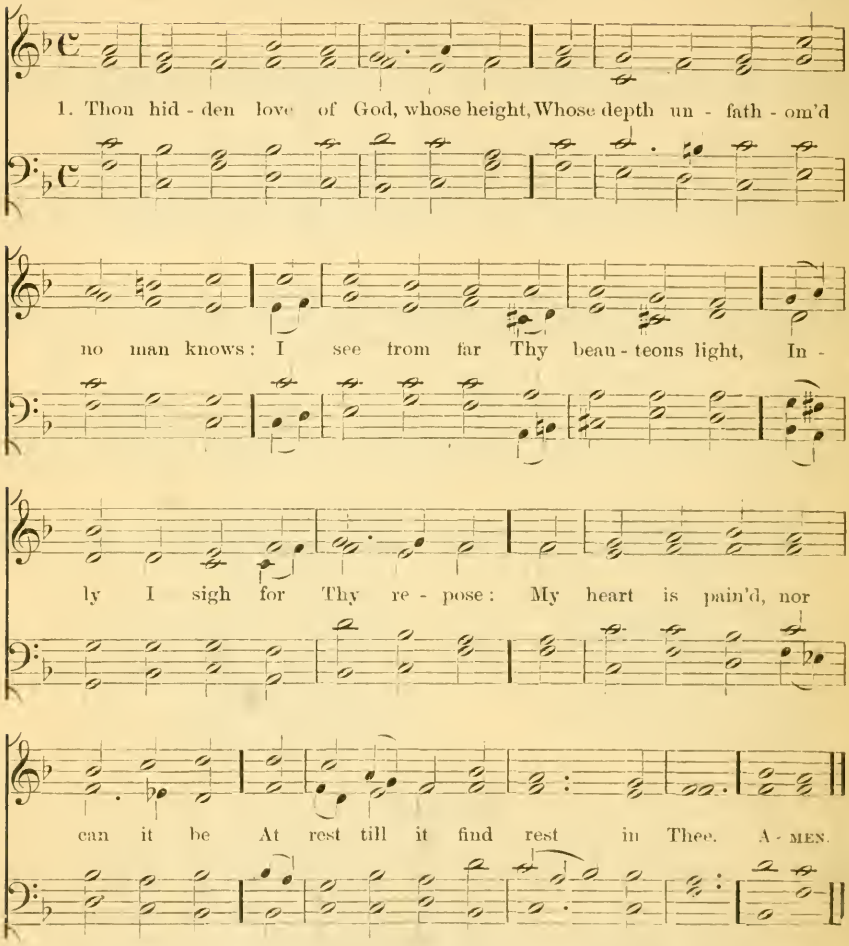
Second Tune.

P. M.



515. Thou hidden love of God, whose height.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" Six 8s.



2 Is there a thing beneath the sun [share?
That strives with Thee my heart to
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live:
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

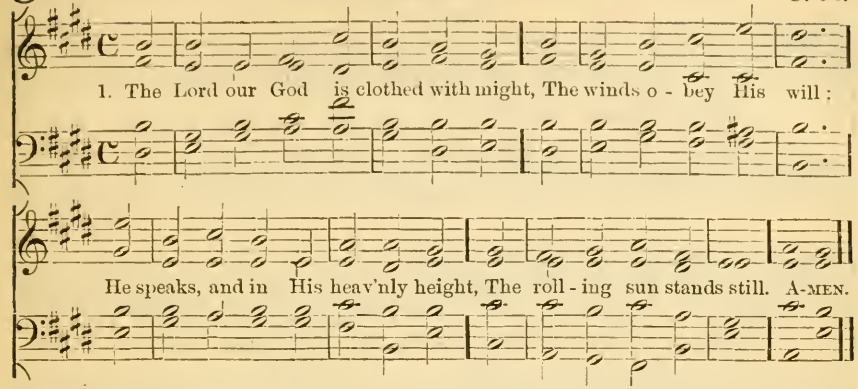
4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All:
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven.
As was through ages heretofore,
now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

516. The Lord our God is clothed with might.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works." C. M.



2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

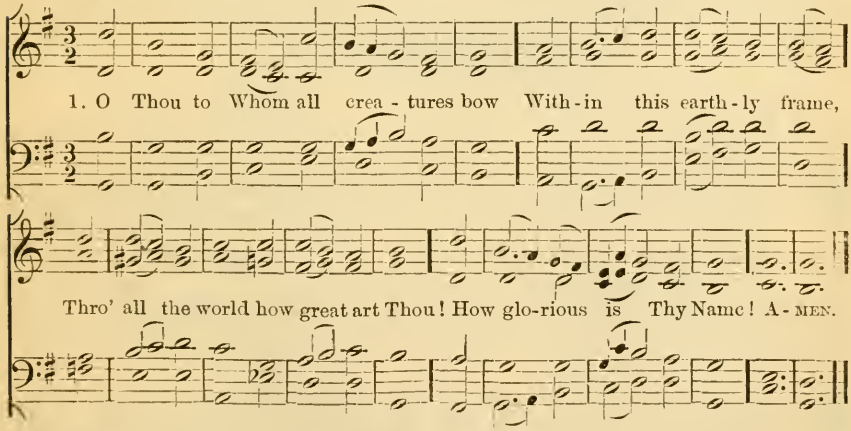
3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God. AMEN.

517. O Thou to Whom all creatures bow.

"O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy Name in all the world." C. M.



2 In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

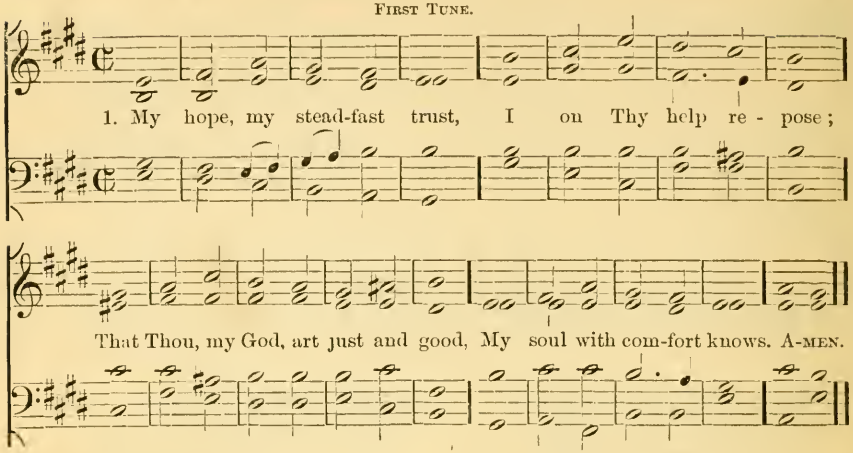
4 O what is man, that, Lord, Thou lov'st
To keep him in Thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 O Thou to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy Name! AMEN.

518. My hope, my steadfast trust.

"Be strong, and He shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord." S. M.

First Tune.



2 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, Thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

3 The brightness of Thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And as Thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

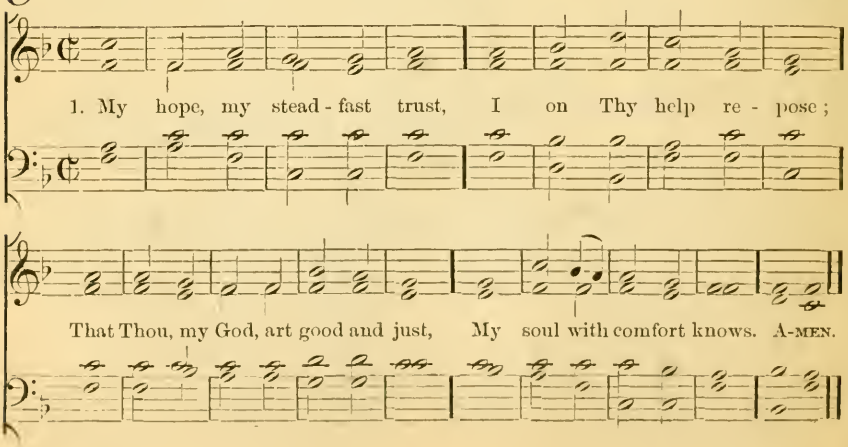
4 How great Thy mercies are
To such as fear Thy Name,
Which Thou, for those that trust Thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

5 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

6 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For He will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need. AMEN.

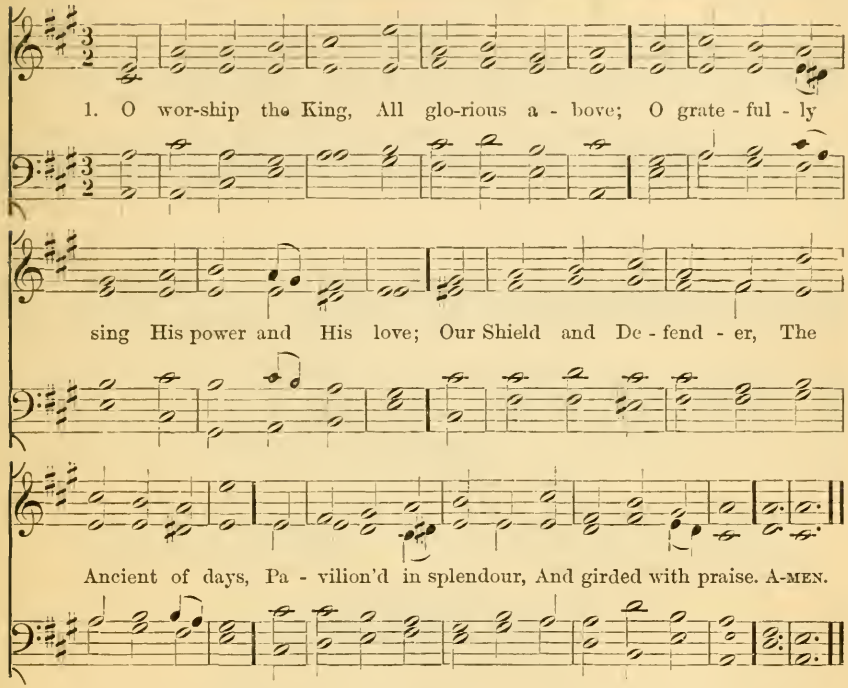
518.

Second Tune. S. M.



519. O worship the King.

"O Lord, My God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty." 5s. 6s. 5.



2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light;
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

GLORIA PATRI.

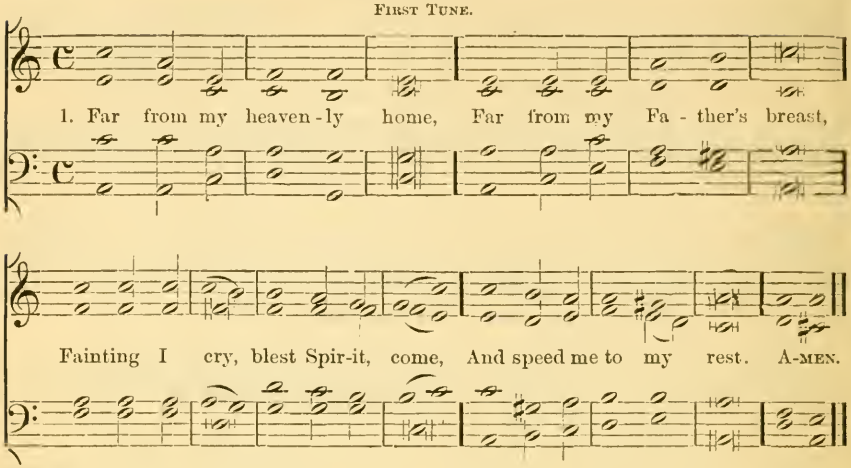
By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. AMEN.

520. Far from my heavenly home.

"My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee; in a barren and dry land where no water is."

S. M.

First Tune.



2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

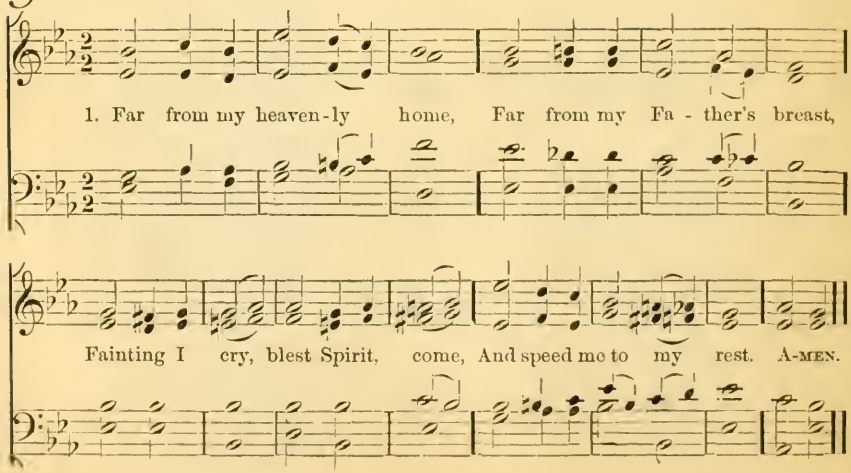
3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

520.

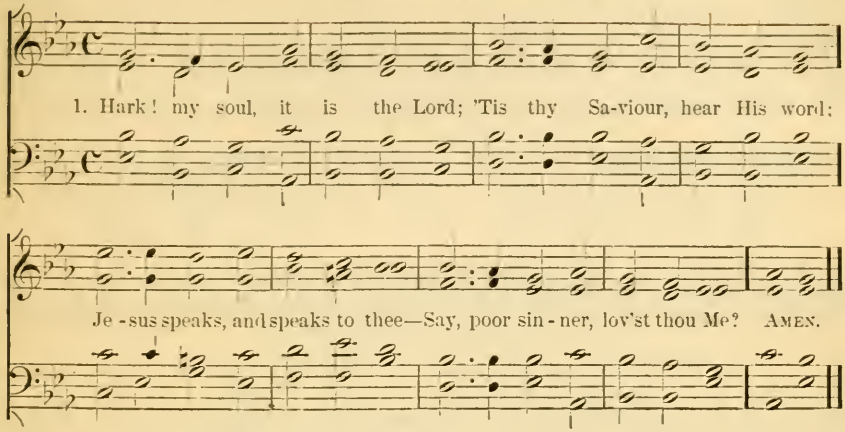
Second Tune.

S. M.



521. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord.

"Lovest thou Me?" 7s.



2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care,
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

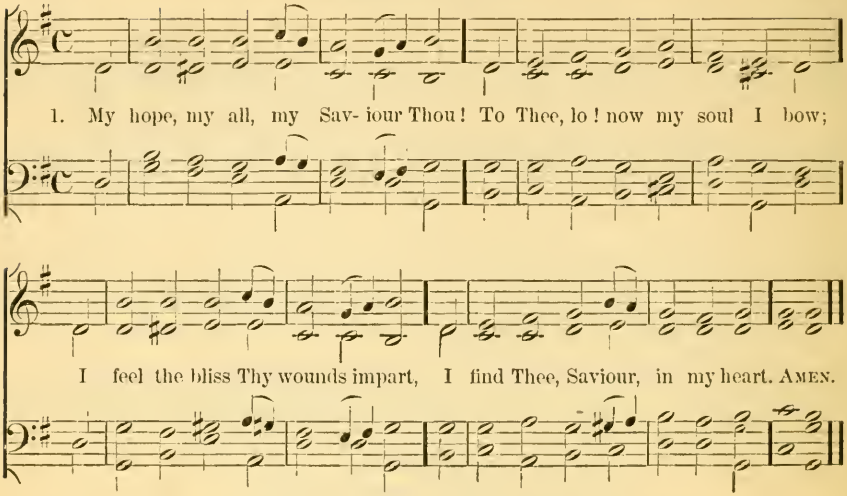
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

GLORIA PATRI.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be. AMEN.

522. My hope, my all, my Saviour Thou!

"The strength of my salvation." L. M.



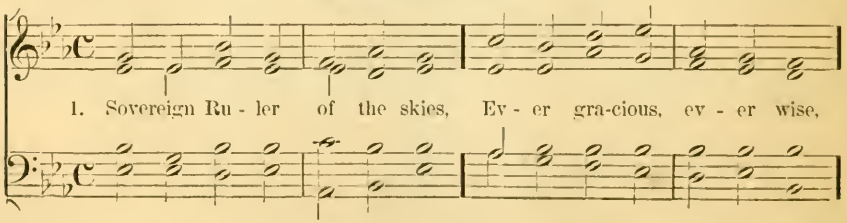
2 Be Thou my strength, be Thou my way,
Protect me thro' my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide
And keep me, Saviour, near Thy side.

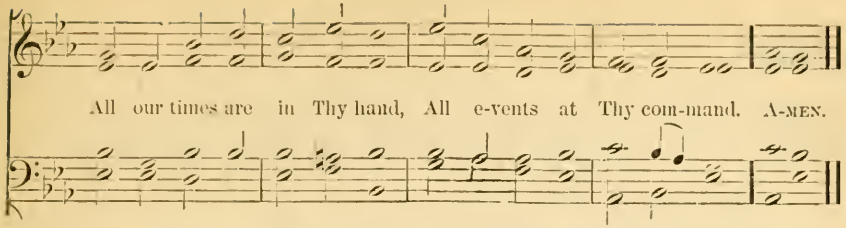
3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be;
And if I should from Thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to Thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour
Save me from sin and Satan's power:
Tear every idol from Thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone. AMEN.

523. Sovereign ruler of the skies.

"My times are in Thy hand." 7s.





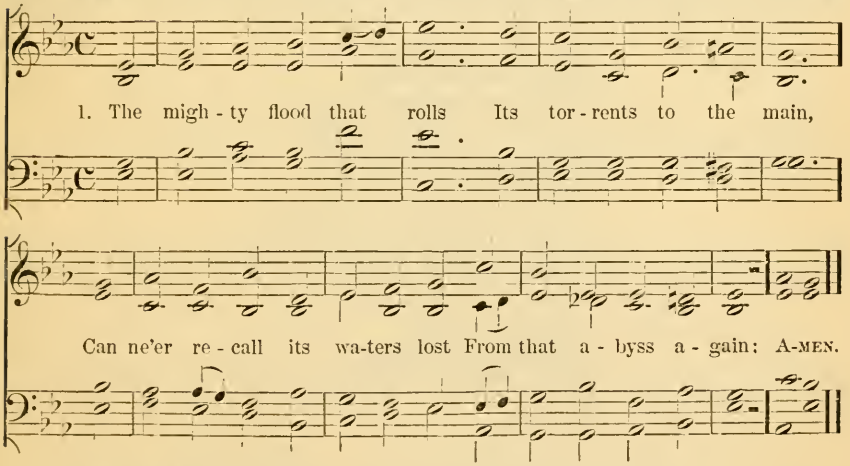
2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by His wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

2 May we always own Thy hand,
Still to Thee surrender'd stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
We and ours are all Thy own! AMEN.

The mighty flood that rolls.

524. *"As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down and riseth not: till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."* S. M.



2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:

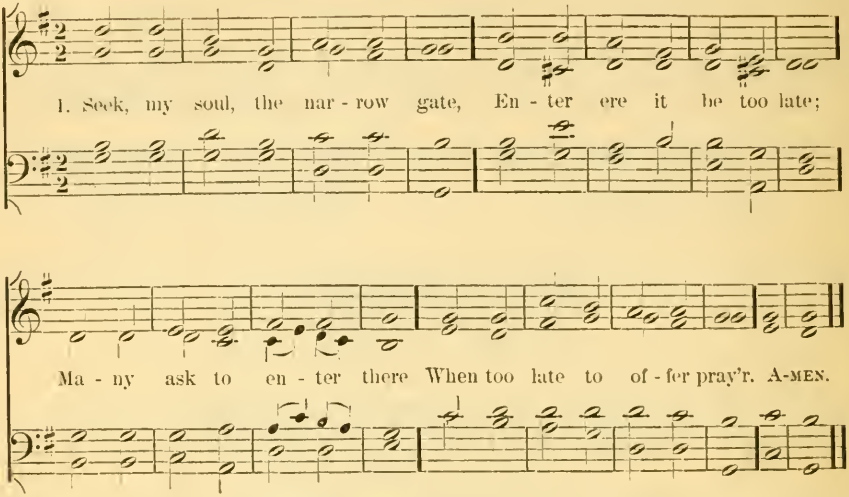
3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from woe and sin, till call'd
To share His blest abode.

5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief. AMEN.

525. Seek, my soul, the narrow gate.

"Strive to enter in at the straight gate." 7s.



2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And forever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim:
"Lord, we have professed Thy name;
We have ate with Thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in Thy word."

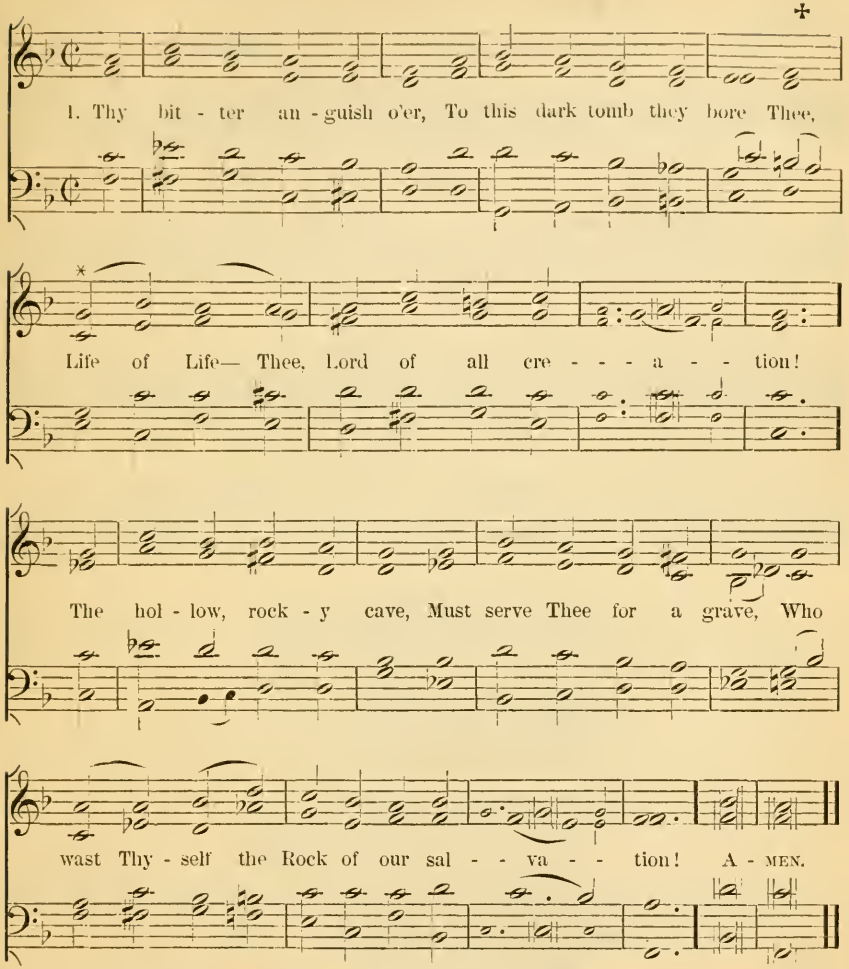
4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot;
Christ will say, "I know you not."

GLORIA PATRI.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be. AMEN.

526. Thy bitter anguish o'er.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." P. M.



2 O Prince of Life! I know
That when I too lie low,
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken:
Wherefore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink;
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.

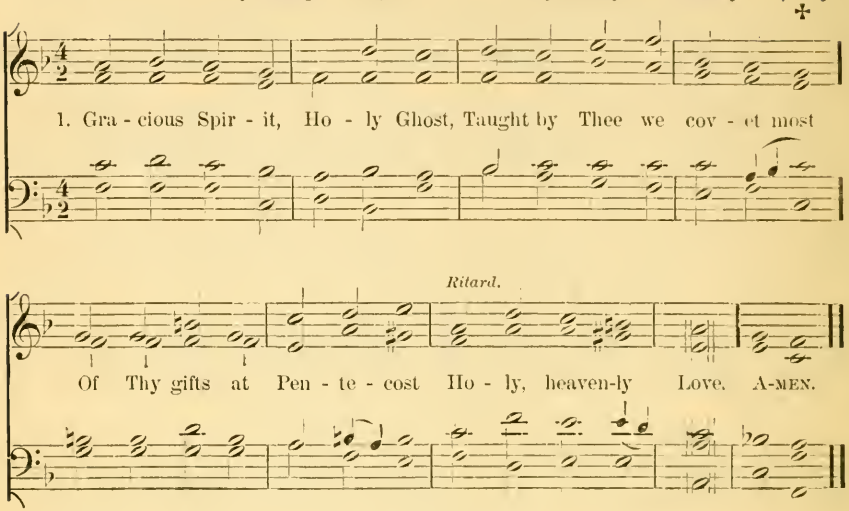
3 To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room,
Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free.
Thy death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour,
O Death! O Grave! where is your victory?

4 My Jesus, day by day
Help me to watch and pray
Beside the tomb wherein, my Heart, Thou'rt laid.
Thy bitter death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into death's awful shade.

* These notes are to be slurred, and the small notes used, to agree with the irregular rhythm of the 3d and 4th verses.

527. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity." 7s. 5.



2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

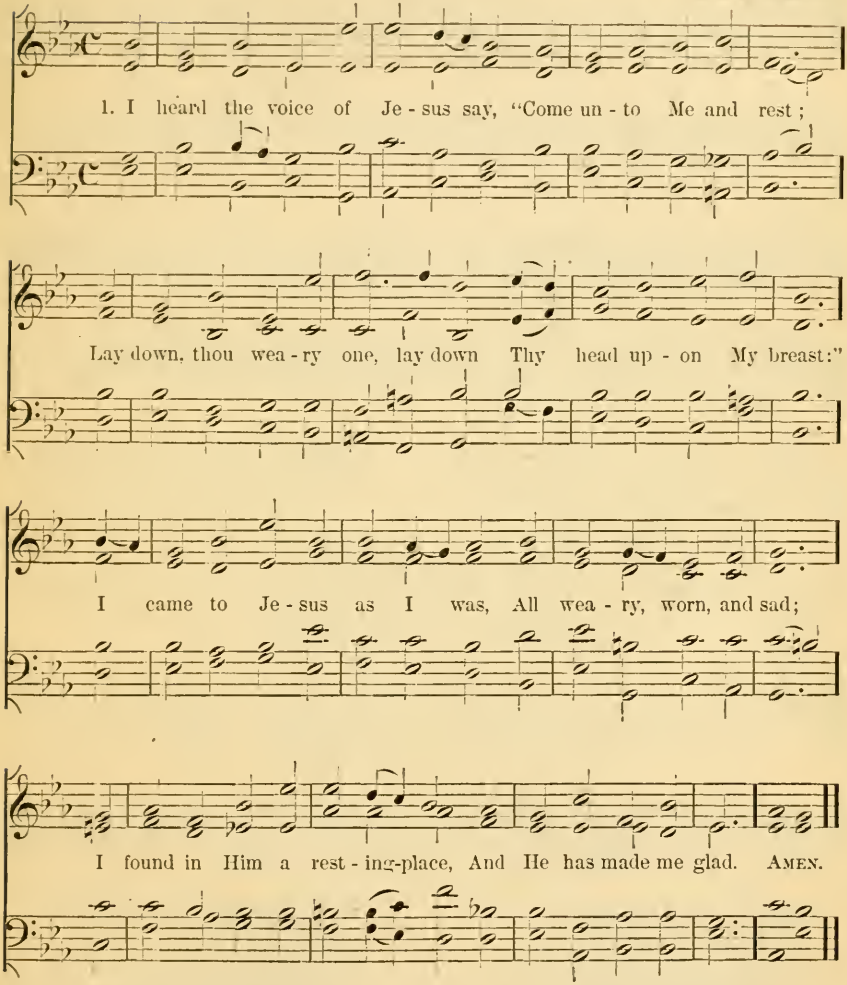
6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

GLORIA PATRI.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluias round Thy throne
Rise eternally. AMEN.

528. I heard the voice of Jesus say.

"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst." C. M. D.

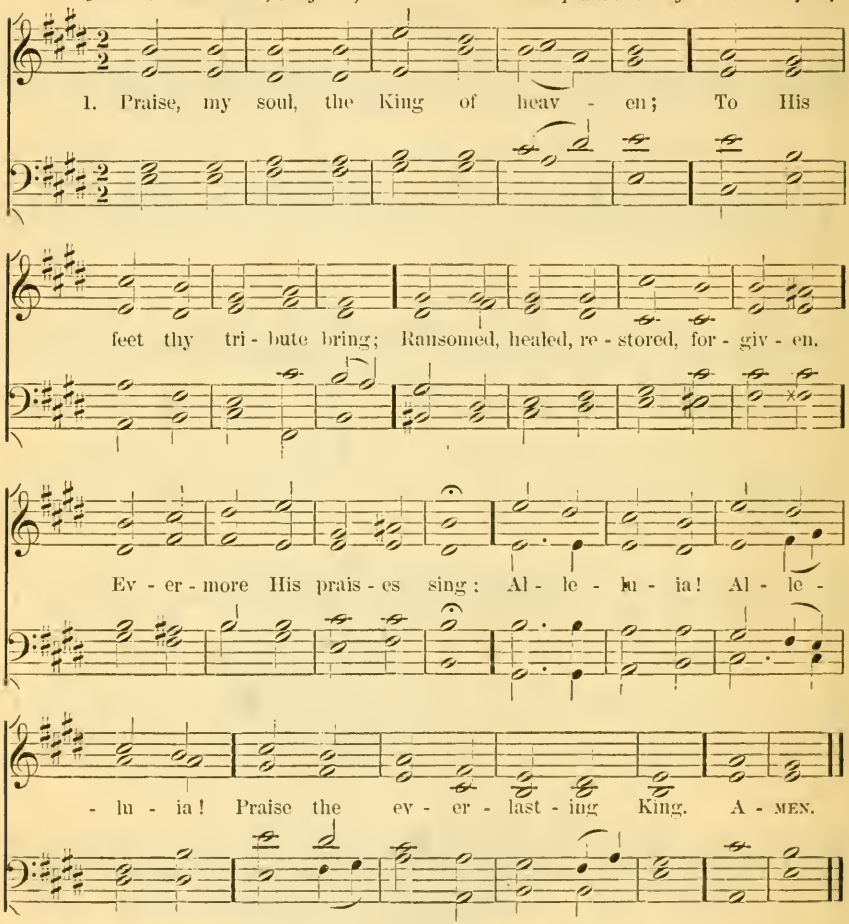


2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. AMEN.

529. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.

"*Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His Holy Name.*" 8s. 7s. 4.



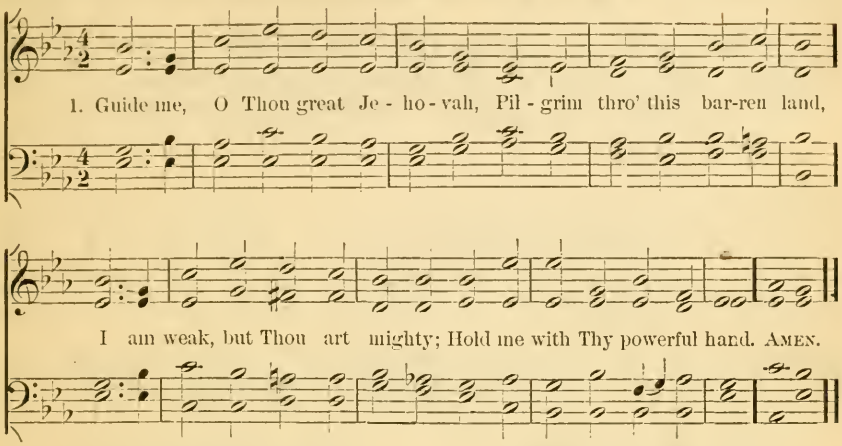
2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. AMEN.

530. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

"These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." 8s. 7s.



2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

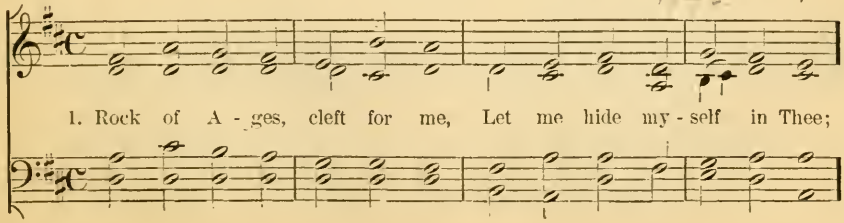
GLORIA PATRI.

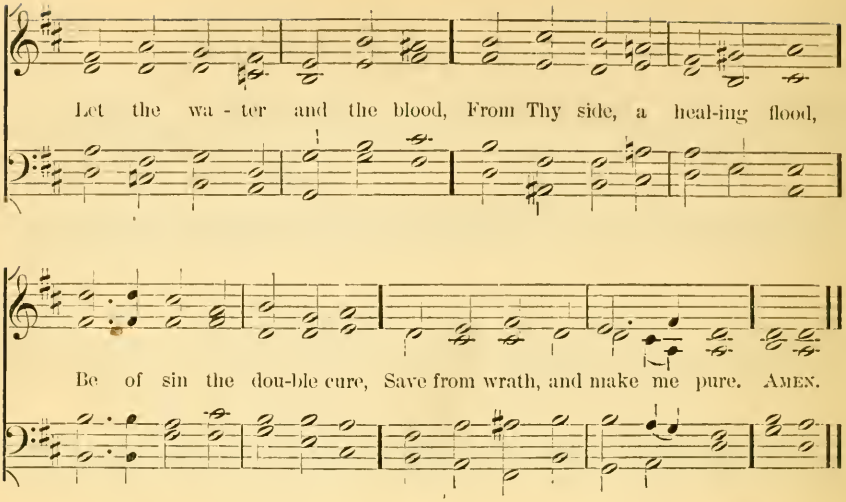
Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. AMEN.

531. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

"I will put thee in a clift of the rock."

FIRST TUNE. Six 7s.



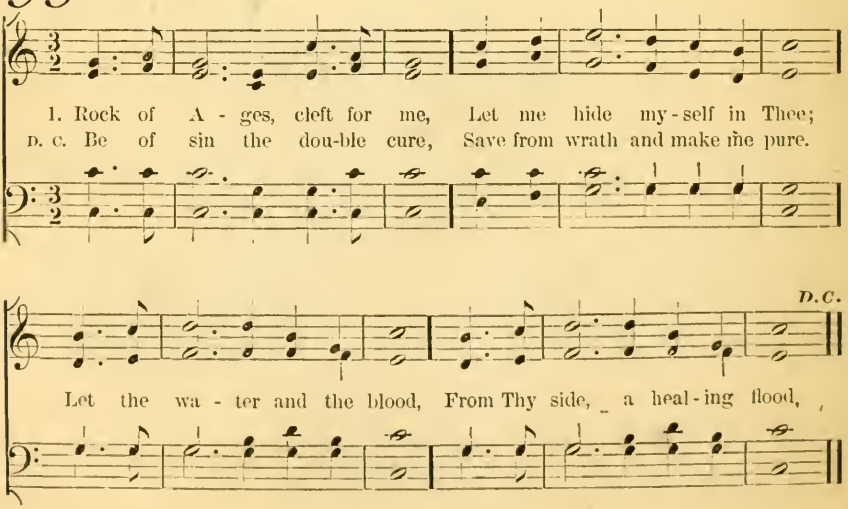


2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

531.

SECOND TUNE.

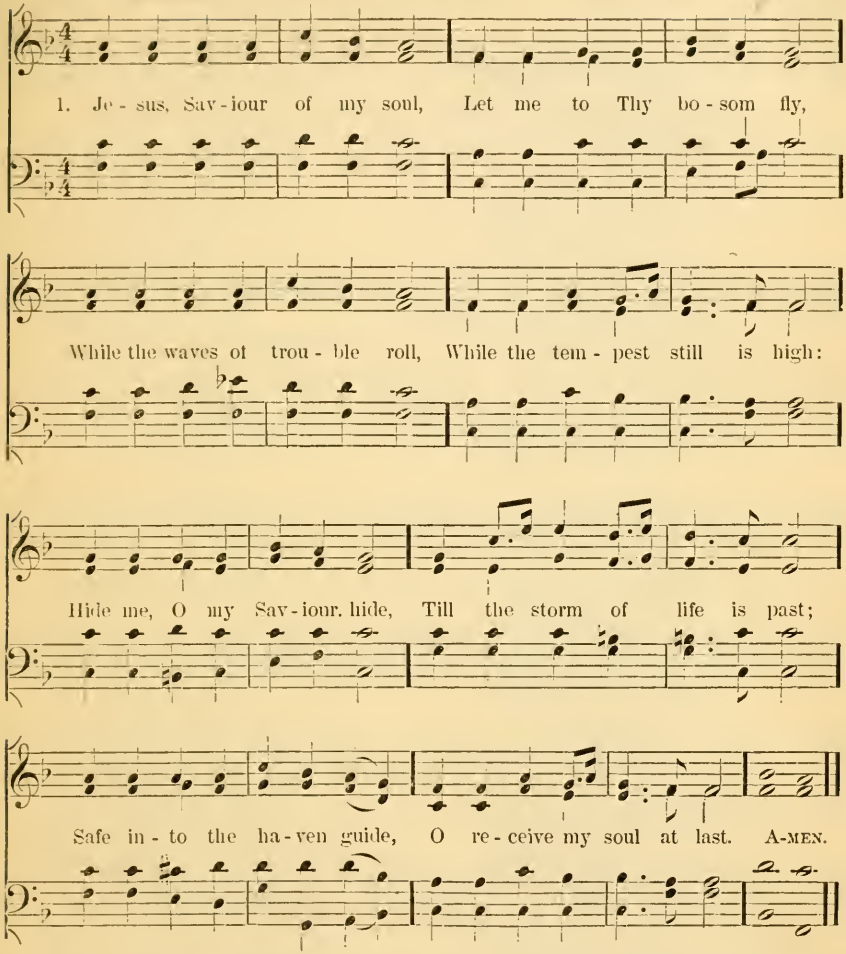


Jesus, Saviour of my soul.

532.

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

FIRST TUNE. 7s. D.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my hope from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

GLORIA PATRI.

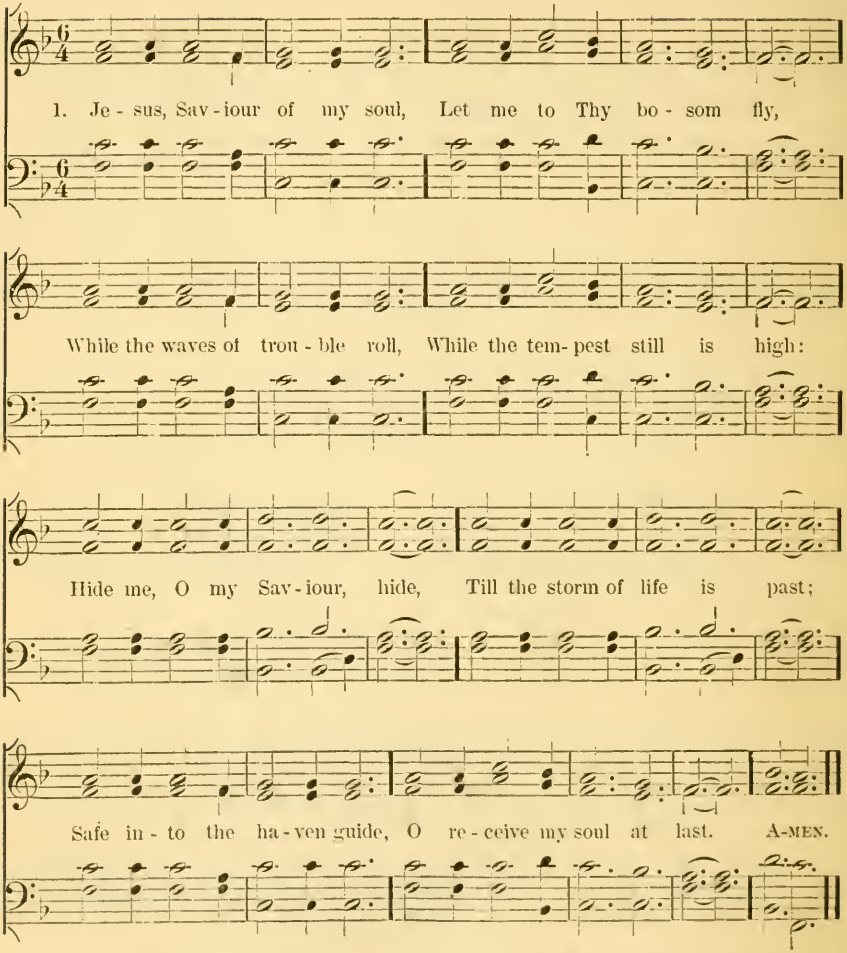
Holy Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might:
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love,
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. AMEN.

Jesus, Saviour of my soul.

532.

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

SECOND TUNE. 7s. D.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my hope from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

GLORIA PATRI.

Holy Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might:
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love,
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. AMEN.

Gloria Patri.

L. M.

PRAISE God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

C. M. D.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join;—
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. AMEN.

S. M. D.

PRAISE as in ages past,
Praise as in glory now,
Praise while eternity shall last,
To Thee, O God we vow:
Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be glory evermore. AMEN.

8.8.6:8.8.6.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

8.8: 8.8: 8.8.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

8.8.8: 8.8.8.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more. AMEN.

8.7: 8.7: 8.8.7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given.
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven. AMEN.

7.7.7.7.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be! AMEN.

7.7: 7.7: 7.7.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. AMEN.

7.7.7.7: 7.7.7.7.

HOLY Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might:
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord. AMEN.

N. B.—For metre Ten 7s. begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines, thus:—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy Father, etc.

8.7: 8.7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. AMEN.

8.7.8.7: 8.7.8.7.

LET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:
Alleluias everlasting,
Be to Him, and Him alone. AMEN.

8.7.8.7: 4.7.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

8.7.8.7: 7.7.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be. AMEN.

10.10.10.10.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given. AMEN.

5.5.5.5: 6.5.6.5.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. AMEN.

Gloria Patri.

6.6.6.6.

To Father and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One.
Eternal glory be. AMEN.

6.6.6.6: 6.6.6.6.

To Father, and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. AMEN.

7.6.7.6: 7.6.7.6.

O FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. AMEN.

6.6.4: 6.6.6.4.

To Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. AMEN.

8.6.8.4.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, praise
From earth and heaven ascend:
The loftiest notes that saints can raise
World without end. AMEN.

7.7.7.5.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluias round Thy throne
Rise eternally. AMEN.

6 6.6.6: 8.8.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. AMEN.

6.5.6.5.

GLORY to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. AMEN.

8.4,8.4: 8.8.8.4.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou One in Three
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
All praise to Thee:
From the morning of creation,
From the tribes of every nation,
Glory, power, and adoration,
Thine ever be. AMEN.

8.8.8.6.

O HOLY Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
Glory to Thee, O Lord. AMEN.

8s. 7s.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. AMEN.

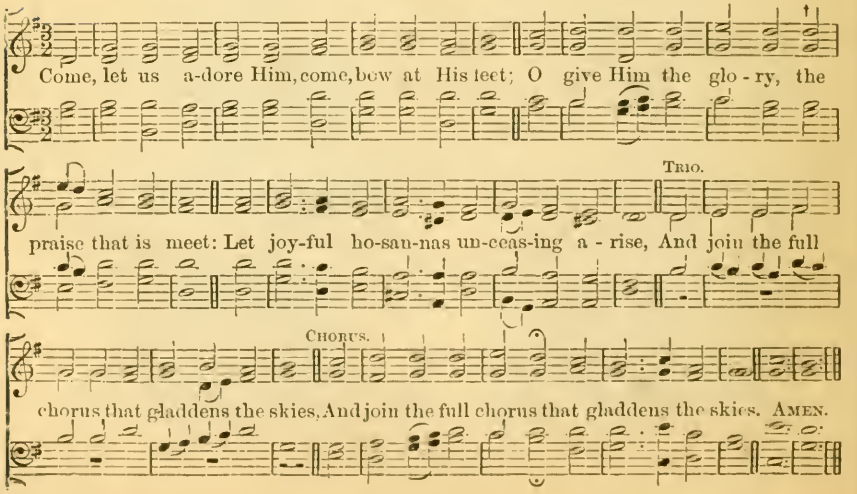
8.8.8.8.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd. AMEN.

11.11.11.11.

O FATHER, Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given. AMEN

Come, let us adore Him, come bow at His feet.



INDEX OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source.
474.	A charge to keep I have	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1762	Southwell	*Denham's Psalter.*
28	A few more years shall roll	*H. Bonar, D.D.*, 1856	Chalvey	*Rev. Dr. Hayne.*
365.	A glory gilds the sacred page	*William Cowper*	Heysham	*J. Wilson.*
397.	A mountain fastness is our God	Tr. *Bp. Whittingham*	Ein' Feste Burg	*Luther*, 1529.
335.	Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	*Rev. H. F. Lyte*, 1847	Eventide (1); Troyte's Chant (2)	*W. H. Monk.*; *A. H. D. Troyte.*
211.	According to Thy gracious word	*J. Montgomery*, 1825	St. John, Westm.	*James Turle*, 1862.
421.	Adored for ever be the Lord	*Metrical Psalm*	Tiverton	*Grigg.*
156	Again the Lord of life and light	*Anna L. Barbauld*, 1773.	Hermann	*N. Hermann.*
382.	Ah, how shall fallen man	*Dr. Watts*, 1709-1720	St. Bride	*Dr. Howard*, 1770.
379.	Ah, not like erring man is God	*Bp. H. U. Onderdonk*	Redhead, No. 12	*Ancient Melody.*
371.	All glorious God, what hymns of praise	*Dr. Doddridge*, 1755	Brockham	*Dr. J. Clark*, 1700.
72	All glory, laud, and honour	*9th C.* tr. *Rev. Dr. Neale*	St. Theodulph	*M. Teschner*, 1613.
424.	All hail the power of Jesus' Name	*Edw. Perronet*, 1780	Miles Lane (1); Coronation (2)	*Shrubsole.*; *O. Holden.*
92.	All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow	*Rev. J. Moultrie*, 1851	Dresden	*Dres. Hymn-B.* 1767.
405.	All people that on earth do dwell	*William Kethe* (?) 1561.	Old 100th (1); " (anc.) (2).——	*Guil. Franc.* 1543.
430.	Alleluia, song of gladness	*13th C.*	Dulce Carmen	*Michael Haydn.*
166.	Almighty Father, bless the word	*J. Montgomery*	Grace Church	*Pleyel.*
511.	Almighty God, I call to Thee	*Luther*	Gloria Paschali	*Hans Kugelmann.*
311	Almighty Lord, before Thy throne	*Anne Steele*, 1760	Redhead, No. 28	*R. Redhead.*
442.	Although the vine its fruit deny	*Bp. H. U. Onderdonk*	Habakkuk	*Dr. Edw. Hodges.*
471	Am I a soldier of the Cross	*Dr. Watts*	Marlow	*Old English Tune.*
206	And are we now brought near to God	*Dr. Doddridge*	Horsley	*W. Horsley, Mus. Bac.*
433.	Angel bands, in strains sweet sounding	*Prof. John De Wolf*	Stuttgart (1); Redhead (2)	*Dr. Gauntlett.*; *R. Redhead.*
24.	Angels from the realms of glory	*J. Montgomery*, 1819.	Regent Square	*Henry Smart.*
101.	Angels, roll the rock away	*Thomas Scott*, 1769; *T. Gibbons*, 1784	Arimathea (1); Firth (2)	*C. F. R.*; *R. A. Firth.*
153.	Another six days' work is done	*Dr. Stennett*, 1712	Intercession	*Ar. Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
399.	Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779	Spohr	*L. Spohr*, 1784-1859.
328.	Arise, my soul, with rapture rise	*Samuel J. Smith*	Eisenach	*Schein*, 1586-1630.
287	Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	*Wm. Shrubsole*, 1795	Bartholdy	*Mendelssohn.*
242.	Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord	*Bp. Chr. Wordsworth*	Peterborough	*Ch. Psal. & Hymn-B.*
514.	Art thou weary, art thou languid	*St. Stephen the Sabaite*, 775, tr. *Neale*	Neale (1); Mason (2)	*Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*; *Catholic Hymns.*
246.	As by the light of opening day	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779	Wiltshire	*Sir George Smart.*
358.	As now the sun's declining rays	Tr. *R'v. J. Chandler*, 1837.	St. Olave	*Joseph Barnby*, 1861.
61	As o'er the past my memory strays	*Bp. Middleton*, d. 1822	Hersal	*W. Lockett.*
452.	As, panting in the sultry beam	*John Bowdler*, 1815	St. Martin	*Sir G. J. Elvey.*
451.	As pants the hart for cooling streams	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Olave	*Joseph Barnby.*
155.	As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Austin (1); Berlin (2)	*S. Gee, R.A.M., Eng.*; *Mendelssohn.*
262.	As the sweet flower that scents the morn	*Cunningham*	Intercession	*St. Alban's Tune-B.*
450	As, when the weary traveller gains	*Rev. J. Newton*	Germany	*Beethoven.*
45.	As with gladness men of old	*W. C. Dix*, 1860	Dix	*Conrad Kocher.*
260	Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!	*Mrs. Mackay*, 1832	Requiem (1); Repose (2)	*S. B. Saxton.*; *J. H. Shepherd.*
100	At the Lamb's high feast we sing	Tr. *R. Campbell*, 1850	Salsburgh	*Sebastian Bach.*
463.	Awake, and sing the song	*Wm. Hammond*, 1745	Festal Song	*W. H. W.* [1872].
332.	Awake, my soul, and with the sun	*Bp. Ken*, 1709	Morning Hymn	*Bartholemon*, 1780.
476.	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	*Dr. Doddridge*	Christmas	*Handel.*
429	Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	*Samuel Medley*, 1780	Wortley (1); Missionary Cht (2)	*German*, 1675.; *C. Zeuner.*
473.	Awake, our souls! away our fears	*Dr. Watts*	Militant	*J. W. Elliott.*
148	Awake, ye saints, awake	*E. Scott*, 1763	St. Mark	*J. Pearce, Mus. Bac.*
409	Before Jehovah's awful throne	*Dr. Watts*, 1719	St. Faith	*Bamberg H. B.* 1732
359	Before the ending of the day	*St. Ambrose*, 374, tr. *Neale*	Redhead, No. 12	*Ancient Melody.*

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source.
307.	Before the Lord we bow	*Francis S. Key*	Christ Church	*Dr. Steggall.*
419.	Begin, my soul, the exalted lay	*J. Ogilvie*, 1753	Treves	*H. Isaac*, 1490.
180.	Behold a humble train		St. Helena	Ar. *W. H. Monk.*
123.	Behold the glories of the Lamb	*Dr. Watts*, 1696	St. Fulbert	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
80.	Behold the Lamb of God	*M. Bridges*, 1848	Ecce Agnus Dei	*W. H. W.* [1861].
364.	Behold the morning sun	*Dr. Watts*, 1719	Thatcher	*Handel.*
378.	Behold the Saviour of mankind	*Rev. J. Newton*	Bangor	*W. Tansur*, 1736.
249.	Be still, my heart, these anxious cares	*Rev. J. Newton*	Rockingham	*Dr. Miller.*
410.	Bless God, my soul; Thou, Lord	*Metrical Psalm*	Eisenach	*J. H. Schein.*
315	Blest be the tie that binds	*John Fawcett*, 1772	Boylston	*Dr. Lowell Mason.*
149.	Blest day of God! most calm	*Rev. J. Mason*, 1683	Vigils	*St. Alban's Tune-B.*
82.	Bound upon the accursed tree	*Dean Milman*, 1827	St. Anselm	*Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*
209.	Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed	*Josiah Conder*, 1824	(1) Ratisbon (1) (2) Clapham (2)	(1) *Werner (Havergal).* (2) *S. Gee, R.A.M., Eng.*
207.	Bread of the world, in mercy broken	*Bp. Heber*, 1827	(1) Euch'risticIl'n (1) (2) Goudimel (2)	(1) *Dr. J. S. B. Hodges.* (2) *Walter's Chorals.*
472.	Breast the wave, Christian	*Joseph Stammers*, 1830	Good Cheer	*George W. Warren.*
491.	Brief life is here our portion	*St. Bernard of Morlaix*, 1140, tr. *Neale.*	(1) St. Alphege (1) (2) Noel (2)	(1) *Dr. Gauntlett.* (2) *W. H. W.* [1869].
37.	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	*Bp. Heber*, 1811	(1) Santa Laura (1) (2) Webbe (2)	(1) *W. A. Barrett.* (2) *Samuel Webbe.*
224	By cool Siloam's shady rill	*Bp. Heber*, 1812	Siloam	*St. Alban's Tune-B.*
26	Calm on the listening ear of night	*E. H. Sears*, 1838	St. Agnes	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
449.	Children of the heavenly King	*John Cennick*, 1742	(1) Brasted (1). (2) Pleyel's Hymn (2)	(1) *Peter Weimar*, 1780. (2) *Pleyel.*
282.	Christ is made the sure foundation	*Sarum Brev.*, tr. *Neale.*	(1) Elvey (1) (2) Oriel (2) (3) Regent Square (3)	(1) *Sir G. J. Elvey.* (2) *Ancient Melody.* (3) *Henry Smart.*
279.	Christ is our Corner-stone	*8th C.*, tr. *J. Chandler*	Harewood	*Dr. S. S. Wesley.*
486.	Christ leads me through no darker rooms	*Richard Baxter*, 1681	(1) Covert (1) (2) Northampton (2)	(1) *St. Alban's T. Book* (2) *Dr. Croft*, 1700.
106.	Christ the Lord is risen again	1531, tr. *C. Winkworth*	Wirtemburg	*German.*
98.	Christ the Lord is risen to-day	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1743	(1) Whitney (1). (2) Vienna (2)	(1) *N. B. Warren.* (2) *Rev. Dr. Havergal.*
331.	Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	*Rev. C. Wesley*	Ratisbon	*Werner (Havergal).*
68.	Christian! dost thou see them?	*St. Andrew of Crete*, 732, tr. *Neale*	(1) St. And. of Crete (1) (2) Kiel (2)	(1) *Rev. Dr. Dykes.* (2) *Hymns East. Ch.*
21	Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	*John Byrom*, d. 1763	Yorkshire	*Wainright*, 1768.
131	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	*Simon Browne*, 1720	Intercession	*Ar. Rev. Dr. Dykes*
25	Come hither, ye faithful	Tr. *Rev. E. Caswall*	Adeste Fideles	*J. Reading*, d. 1692.
127.	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	*A Latin Hymn*, *12th C.*	St. Frances	*G. A. Löhr.*
274.	Come, Holy Ghost, Eternal God	*The Ordinal*	Tallis's Ordinal	*Parker's Psalter.*
137.	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	*9th C.*, tr. *Bp. Cosin*	Veni Creator	*Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*
355	Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son	*St. Ambrose*, tr. *Neale*	Redhead, No. 4	*Ancient Melody.*
135.	Come, Holy Spirit, come	*Joseph Hart*, 1759	St. Helena	Ar. *W. H. Monk.*
128.	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	*Dr. Watts*	St. Agnes	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
208.	Come, let us join our cheerful songs	*C. Wesley, Dr. Watts*	St. Fulbert	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
188.	Come, let us join our friends above	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1759	(1) Horsley (1). (2) Tottenham (2)	(1) *W. Horsley, Mus. B.* (2) *T. Greatorex.*
330.	Come, my soul, thou must be waking	*Von Canitz*, tr. *Dr. Arnold*, 1838	(1) Franc (1) (2) Haydn (2)	(1) *Guil. Franc*, 1552. (2) Ar. *W. W. Rousseau.*
401.	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779	(1) Brasted (1). (2) Battishill (2)	(1) *Peter Weimar.* (2) *J. Battishill.*
272.	Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures	*Adam of St. Victor*, tr. *R. Campbell*	(1) Jubal (1) (2) Arnsbergh (2)	(1) *Dr. H. S. Cutler.* (2) *Freylinghausen* 1704.
9.	Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all	*Rev. L. Tuttiett*, b. 1825	(1) Eaton (1) (2) St. Jude (2)	(1) *Wyville.* (2) *W. H. Monk.*
102.	Come, see the place where Jesus lay	*Thomas S. Kelly*, 1820	Magdalen College	*Dr. Hayes.*
428.	Come, Thou Almighty King	*Madan's Collection*	Moscow	*Giardini* [*W. H. W.*]
462.	Come, ye that love the Lord	*Dr. Watts*, 1709	Olmutz	*Dr. Lowell Mason.*
381.	Come, ye sinners, poor and needy	*Joseph Hart*, 1759	Saxe-Weimar	*Anc't Melody*, 1648.
306	Come, ye thankful people, come	*Dean Alford*, 1845	St. George	*Sir G. J. Elvey.*
129	Creator Spirit, by Whose aid	*9th C.*, tr. *Dryden*	Linden	*German.*
116	Crown Him with many crowns	*M. Bridges*, 1848	Diademata	*Sir G. J. Elvey.*
354	Dawn purples all the East with light	*St. Ambrose*, 374, tr. *Neale*	Redhead, No. 4	*R. Redhead.*
481.	Day of judgment, day of wonders	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779	Goudimel's 146th	*French Psalter*, 1565.
483.	Day of wrath! that day of mourning	*Thomas de Celano*, 1230	Dies Iræ	*Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*
247	Deign this union to approve	*Rev. W. B. Collyer*, 1837	St. Bruno	*John Hullah.*
294.	Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd		Pentecost	*Wm. Boyd.*
167.	Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord	*J. Hart*, 1759	Grace Church	*Pleyel.*

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source.
240.	Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy seven-fold veil.	*Rev. J. Keble*, 1827-1857.	Grace Church	*Pleyel.*
310.	Dread Jehovah, God of Nations	*C. F.*, 1804	St. Fabian (1) Cheetham (2)	*Chopin (H. Wilson).* *W. H. H.* [1850.]
267.	Eternal Father! strong to save	*W. Whiting*, 1860	Melita	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
520.	Far from my heavenly home	*Rev. H. F. Lyte*, 1834	Lyte (1) Sienna (2)	*J. B. Wilkes.* *W. H. Deane.*
161.	Far from my thoughts, vain world	*Dr. Watts*	Penitence	*St. Alban's Tune-B*
142.	Father of all, Whose love profound	*J. Cooper*, 1810	Notker (1) Grace Church (2)	*Ar. W. H. Monk.* *Pleyel.*
271	Father of mercies, bow Thine ear	*B. Beddome*, d. 1795	Dismission	*St. Alban's Tune-B.*
360	Father of mercies! in Thy word	*Anne Steele*, 1760	Chesterfield	*Dr. Hawes.*
440	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	*Anne Steele*	Naomi	*Dr. Lowell Mason.*
265	Fierce was the wild billow	*St. Anatolius* 458, tr. *Neale.*	Erfurt	*German*, 1609.
187	For all the saints, who from their labours	*Rev. W. W. How*, 1864	Sarum	*Joseph Barnby.*
396	For ever here my rest shall be	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1740	Portsmouth	*Book of Praise.*
489	For ever with the Lord!	*J. Montgomery*, 1853	Schumann	*R. Schumann.*
186	For the Apostles' glorious company	*Rev. W. W. How*	Cloisters	*Joseph Barnby.*
492	For thee, O dear, dear country	*St. Bernard*, tr. *Neale*	Patmos	*Walter Macfarren.*
407.	For Thee, O God, our constant praise	*Metrical Psalm*	Luton	*Stanley Burder.*
201	Forth from the dark and stormy sky	*Bp. Heber*, 1827	Hulme	*W. H. W.* [1872.]
318	Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1749	Chantry (1) Hebron (2)	*Rev. Dr. Rowden.* *Dr. Lowell Mason.*
49	Forty days and forty nights	*Rev. G. H. Smyttan*, 1856.	Hernlein	*M. Herntein*, 1677.
296	Fountain of good, to own Thy love	*Dr. Doddridge*	Armagh	*James Turle.*
289	From all that dwell below the skies	*Dr. Watts*, 1719	Old Hundredth	*Guil. Franc*, 1543.
175	From all Thy saints in warfare	*Lord Nelson*, 1867	Holy Days	*F. Weber.*
403	From every stormy wind that blows	*Rev. H. Stowell*, 1831	Gotha	*Cantional of Gotha.*
283	From Greenland's icy mountains	*Bp. Heber*, 1819	Missionary Hymn	*Dr. Lowell Mason.*
190	Glorious things of thee are spoken	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779	Zion (1) Austria (2)	*R. Redhead.* *Haydn.*
74.	Glory be to Jesus.	*Italian*, tr. *Rev. E. Caswall*	St. John (1) Caswell (2)	*Dr. H. S. Cutler.* *German, W. H. Mon*
220.	Glory to the Father give	*J. Montgomery*	Trinity Song	*J. I. T.*
333.	Glory to Thee, my God, this night	*Bp. Ken*, 1709	Tallis's Canon (1) Tallis's Hymn (2)	*T. Tallis (Havergal).* *Popular Version.*
170	Glory to Thee, O Lord	*Emma Toke*, 1853	St. Helena	Ar. *W. H. Monk.*
273.	Go forth, ye heralds, in My Name	*John Logan*, 1776	Missionary Cht (1) Mendon (2).	*C. Zeuner.* *German.*
88.	Go to dark Gethsemane	*J. Montgomery*, 1822	Gethsemane	*Dr. Chr. Tye.*
309	God bless our native land!	*J. S. Dwight*, 1844	Harlan	Ar. *W. W. Rousseau*
194	God is our refuge in distress	*Metrical Psalm*	Newcourt	*H. Bond.*
502	God moves in a mysterious way	*W. Cowper*, 1779	Albano	*Vincent Novello.*
423	God, my King, Thy might confessing	*Bp. Mant*, 1832	Havergal	*Rev. Dr. Havergal.*
94	God of my life, O Lord most high	*Metrical Psalm*	Angelus	*J. Scheffler* 1657.
446.	God of my life, to Thee I call	*W. Cowper*, 1770	Notker (1) St. Jerome (2)	Ar. *W. H. Monk.* *Graun.*
326	God of our fathers, by Whose hand	*Dr. Doddridge*	Asylum	*W. Horsley, Mus. B.*
469.	God shall charge His angel-legions	*J. Montgomery*	Trust	*Mendelssohn.*
344	God, that madest earth and heaven	*Bp. Heber*, 1827	Nutfield (1) Upsal (2)	*W. H. Monk.* *Cruger*, 1646.
363	God's perfect law converts the soul	*Metrical Psalm*	Burlington	*J. F. Burrowes.*
193	God's temple crowns the holy mount	*Metrical Psalm.*	Eaton	*Wyvill.*
376	Grace! 'tis a charming sound	*Dr. Doddridge*	Swabia	*Dr. Havergal.*
527.	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	*Bp. Wordsworth*	Love	*W. W. Rousseau.*
151.	Great God, this sacred day of Thine	*Anne Steele*	Wavertree	*W. Shore.*
343.	Great God, to Thee my evening song	*Anne Steele*, 1760	St. Vincent	*C. E. Willing* [1535.
484	Great God, what do I see and hear	Tr. *W. B Collyer*, 1812.	Judgment Hymn	*Kluge's Hymn-Book*
367	Great God, with wonder and with praise.	*Dr. Watts*	Lancaster	*Dr. Howard*, 1762.
174.	Great is our guilt, our fears are great	*Anne Steele*	Dunfermline	*Scotch Psalter.*
505	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	*W. Williams*, 1774	Pilgrimage (1) Saxe-Weimar (2).	*Anc't Melody*, 1648. *Rev. J. Hopkins.*
530.	Do. (Pr. Book ver.)	*W. Williams*, 1774	Dykes	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
16.	Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus	*C. Wesley*	Stuttgart	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
76	Hail! Thou once despised Jesus	*John Bakewell*, 1760	Supplication	*W. H. Monk.*
34	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	*J. Montgomery*, 1822	Zoan	*Rev. Dr. Havergal.*
503	Happy, thrice happy they who hear	*Metrical Psalm*	Truro	*Dr. Burney.*
485	Hark! hark, my soul, Angelic songs are swelling	*Rev. F. W. Faber*, 1850.	Vox Angelica (1). Pilgrims (2) Angelic Songs (3)	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.* *Henry Smart.* *J. E. Roe.*

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source.
521.	Hark ! my soul, it is the Lord	*Wm. Cooper*	Ancient Litany	*C. Hymns with Tunes*
15.	Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes.	*Dr. Doddridge*, 1735	Hermann	*N. Hermann.*
17.	Hark ! the herald angels sing	*Rev. C. Wesley*	Mendelssohn (1) Eli (2)	*Mendelssohn.* *M. Costa.*
42.	Hark ! the song of jubilee	*J. Montgomery*	Milburn	*W. H. W.* [1872].
189.	Hark ! the sound of holy voices	*Bp. C. Wordsworth*, 1862.	Moultrie	*Gerard Cobb.*
88.	Hark ! the voice of love and mercy	*Jonathan Evans*, 1787	Muhlenberg	*Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg*
20.	Hark ! what mean those holy voices	*Rev. John Cawood*, 1816.	Holy Voices (1) Siberia (2)	*Rev. Dr. G. J. Geer.*
58.	Hasten, sinner ! to be wise	*Thomas Scott*, 1776	St. Edmund	*L. G. Lawrence.*
291.	Hasten the time appointed	*Jane Bothwick*, 1859	Chenies (1) Bentley (2	*T. R. Matthews.* *John Hullah.*
60.	Have mercy, Lord, on me	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Bride	*Dr. Howard*, 1770.
107.	He is risen ! he is risen	*C. F. Alexander*, 1853	Unser Herrscher	*Ger., W. H. Monk.*
319	He that has God his guardian made	*Metrical Psalm*	Swiss Tune	*Würtemberg H. B.*
198	Head of the hosts in glory	[clares. *M. Bridges*, 1848	Bridges	*W. H. W.* [1862].
259.	Hear what the voice from heaven de-	*Dr. Watts*, 1709	St. Mary	*Playford's Ps'r*, 1672.
479.	Heirs of unending life	*B. Beddome*, d. 1795	Dennis	*H. G. Nägeli.*
377.	He's blest, whose sins have pardon gained.	*Metrical Psalm*	Hamburg	*Dr. Lowell Mason*
125.	He's come, let every knee be bent		Albano	*Vincent Novello.*
295.	High on the bending willows hung	"*Christian Observer*"	Darley	*W. H. Darley.*
243	His mercy and His truth	*Metrical Psalm*	Carlisle	*C. Lockhart.*
145.	Holy Father, great Creator	*Bp. Griswold*	Neely (1) Chalcedon (2)	*W. H. W.* [1866]. *Dr. Steggall.*
140.	Holy, holy, holy Lord	*Bp. C. Wordsworth*, 1853.	Ephesus (1) St. Athanasius (2) Hallett (3)	*J. S. Bach.* *Edw. J. Hopkins.* *J. H. Shepherd.*
144.	Holy, holy, holy Lord	*J. Montgomery*, 1853	Honiton	*Edwin Flood.*
138.	Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God	*Bp. Heber*, 1827	Nicæa	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
4.	Hosanna to the living Lord	*Bp. Heber*	Hosanna (1) Holyrood (2)	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.* *Orlando Gibbons.*
44.	How beauteous are their feet	*Dr. Watts*	Olmstead	*W. H. W.* [1872].
221.	How bless'd are they who always keep	*Metrical Ps.* [*on*, 1770.	St. David	*Ravenscroft*, 1621.
177.	How bright these glorious spirits shine	*Watts*, 1709, *W. E. Camer*	St. Bartholomew	*Giornivichi.*
398.	How firm a foundation, ye saints	*Kirkham, Keith* (?), 1767.	St. Cyprian	*R. Redhead.*
487.	How long shall earth's alluring toys	*Anne Steele*, 1760	Thaxted	*Beethoven.*
56.	How oft, alas ! this wretched heart	*Anne Steele.*	Old Martyrs	*Scotch Psalter*, 1611.
395.	How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779	St. Peter	*A. R. Reinagle.*
185.	How vast must their advantage be	*Metrical Psalm*	Gregorian	*Walter's "Manual."*
482.	How will my heart endure	*Dr. Doddridge.*	St. Bride (1) Cologne (2)	*Dr. Howard*, 1770. *Mendelssohn.*
35.	How wondrous and great	*Bp. H. U. Onderdonk*	Lyons	*From Haydn.*
528.	I heard the voice of Jesus say	*H. Bonar, D.D.*	Vox Jesu	*Spohr (Barnby).*
457.	I love my God, but with no love of mine.	*Madame Guyon*	Guyon	*W. H. W.* [1872].
191.	I love Thy kingdom, Lord	*Dr. Dwight*, 1800	Cambridge	*Rev. R. Harrison.*
417.	I sing the almighty power of God	*Dr. Watts*	Dunfermline	*C. Hymns with Tunes*
226.	I think when I read that sweet story	*J. Luke*, 1841	Rosslyn	*C. R. Cuff.*
93.	I would not live alway	*Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg*, 1826	Bethany (1) Welcome (2)	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.* *W. H. W.* [1846].
420.	I'll praise my Maker with my breath	*Metrical Psalm*	Old 113th	*Day's Psalter*, 1563.
278.	I'll wash my hands in innocence	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Ann	*Dr. Croft*, 1727.
152.	In loud exalted strains	*Benj. Francis*, d. 1799	Gopsal	*From Handel.*
50.	In mercy, not in wrath	*Metrical Psalm*	Aberyswith	*Rev. F. A. G. Ousley.*
443.	In the hour of trial	*J. Montgomery*, 1853	Entreaty	*E. G. Monk.*
227.	In the vineyard of our Father		Gleaners	*W. H. W.* [1872].
510.	In Thee I put my steadfast trust	*Metrical Psalm*	Bedford (1) Brunswick (2)	*Dr. W. Wheal*, 1729. *From Handel.*
214	In token that thou shalt not fear	*Dean Alford*, 1845	Tallis Ordinal	*Parker's Psalter.*
339	Inspirer and Hearer of prayer	*Rev. A. M. Toplady*, 1759-77	St. Editha	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
368	Instruct me in Thy statutes, Lord	*Metrical Psalm*	Redhead (No. 28)	*R. Redhead.*
444.	Is there a lone and dreary hour	*Caroline Gilman*	Meditation	"*Nür. Gebetbuch.*"
22.	It came upon the midnight clear	*E. H. Sears*, 1860.	Westlake	*Frederick Westlake.*
97.	It is not death to die	*Dr. Malan*, tr. *Dr. Bethune*	Moccas (1) Easter Even (2)	*A. R. Reinagle.* *Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*
418	Jehovah reigns, let all the earth	*Metrical Psalm*	Angels (1) Sebastian (2)	*O. Gibbons*, 1623. *J. A. J.*, ar. *W. H. W.*
497.	Jerusalem ! high tower thy glorious walls	*German*, tr. *Bp. Whittingham*	St. Andrew (1) Heaven (2)	*Sir John Goss.* *M. Franc*, 1608.
496.	Jerusalem, my happy home	*Latin Hy. 9th Cent.*	Southwell (1) Norton (2)	*Dr. H. S. Irons.* *From Handel.*

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source.
493.	Jerusalem, the golden	*St. Bernard*, tr. *Neale*	Ewing	*Bishop Ewing.*
225.	Jesus, meek and gentle	*Rev. G. R. Prynne*, 1856.	St. Lucian (1) St. Constantine (2)	*C. H. Rinck.* *W. H. Monk.*
455.	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	*St. Bernard*, 1120, tr. *Rev. E. Caswall* 1848	Elvet (1) St. Bernard (2)	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.* *Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg*
218.	Jesus, and shall it ever be	*Joseph Grigg*, 1735	Federal Street	*Gen. H. K. Oliver.*
99.	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	*Old Latin Hymn*, tr. 1750.	Worgan (1) Easter Hymn (2)	*Carey*, 1743; *W.* 1750. *W. H. Monk.*
236.	Jesus, I my cross have taken	*Rev. H. F. Lyte*, 1833	Supplication	*W. H. Monk.*
104.	Jesus lives; no longer now	*C. F. Gellert*, tr. *Cox*, 1847.	St. Albinus	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
393.	Jesus, lover of my soul	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1740	Refuge (1) Hollingside (2)	*Henry Smart.* *Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
532.	Jesus, Saviour of my soul	*Dr. C. Wesley*	Haven (1) Martyn (2)	*Blumenthal.* *Marsh.*
394.	Jesus, my Saviour! look on me	*John Ross Macduff, D.D.*	Rest (1) St. Gabriel (2)	*Sir G. J. Elvey.* *Rev. F. A. G. Ouseley*
434.	Jesus, my strength, my hope	*Rev. C. Wesley*	Hope	*Dr. H. S. Cutler.*
33.	Jesus! Name of wondrous love	*Rev. W. W. How*, 1854	Redhead, No. 45	*R. Redhead.*
284	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	*Dr. Watts*, 1719	Warrington	*Rev. R. Harrison.*
352	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	*Mary L. Duncan*, 1839	Merton	*Sac. Mus Cabinet.*
480	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness	*Zinzendorf*, 1739; *J. Wes-ley*	Bowen	*Haydn.*
112.	Joy fills the dwellings of the just	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Peter (1) Bedford (2)	*A. R. Reinagle.* *Dr. W. Wheal.*
40.	Joy to the world! the Lord is come	*Dr. Watts*, 1709	Chesterfield	*Dr. Haweis.*
392.	Just as I am, without one plea	*Charlotte Elliott*, 1836	Elliott (1) St. Crispin (2)	*W. H. W.* [1861]. *Sir G. J. Elvey.*
512.	Lead, kindly Light	*Dr. J. H. Newman*, 1833.	Lux Benigna	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
506.	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	*J. Edmeston*, 1820	Dulce Carmen (1) Benedic Anima (2)	*Michael Haydn.* *Sir John Goss.*
162.	Let me with light and truth be bless'd	*Metrical Psalm*	Mozart	*Mozart.*
121.	Lift up your heads, eternal gates	*Metrical Psalm*	Nativity	*H. Lahee.*
108.	Lift your glad voices in triumph	*Henry Ware, Jr.*	Triumph	*S. P. Warren.*
39	Light of those whose dreary dwelling	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1744	Sardis	*Beethoven.*
195	Like Noah's weary dove	*Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg*, 1823	Serenity	*C. Bryan.*
1.	Lo, He comes, with clouds descending.	*M. Madan* 1760, *C. Wesley* 1758, *J. Cennick*, 1752	Redhead (1) St. Thomas (2)	*R. Redhead.* *V. Novello.*
38.	Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Frances	*G. A. Löhr.*
183.	Lo! what a cloud of witnesses	*J. Logan*	Mear	
115.	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	*T. Kelly*, 1804	Coronæ	*W. H. Monk.*
251.	Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee	*Rev. J. H. Gurney*, 1838.	St. Etheldreda	*Bishop Turton.*
165.	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	*Rev. W. Shirley*, 1774	Störl (1) Sicilian Mar. H. (2) Benediction (3)	*Storl*, 1744 *C. Jerome Hopkins.*
466.	Lord, for ever at Thy side	*J. Montgomery*, 1822	Weber	*From Von Weber.*
269.	Lord, for the just Thou dost provide	*Joseph Addison*	Abridge	*Isaac Smith*, 1770.
130.	Lord God, the Holy Ghost	*J. Montgomery*, 1819	Chalvey	*Rev. Dr. Hayne.*
308	Lord God, we worship Thee	*J. Frank*, tr. *Winkworth.*	Nun danket alle	*J. Crüger.*
154	Lord! in the morning Thou shalt hear	*Dr. Watts*	Armagh	*James Turle.*
63.	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	*Rev. I. Williams*, 1841	St. Philip	*W. H. Monk.*
172	Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead	*Rev. J. Keble*, 1857	Dunfermline	*Scotch Psalter*, 1615.
300.	Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	*Rev. Dr Croswell*, d. 1851	St. Leonard	*Dr. Henry Hiles.*
258.	Lord, let me know my term of days	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Mary	*Playford's Ps'r*, 1671
170	Lord of the harvest, hear	*Rev. C. Wesley*	Eastnor	*A. King.*
157	Lord of the worlds above	*Dr. Watts*, 1719	St. Godric	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
270.	Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	*J. Montgomery*	Hamburg	*Dr. Lowell Mason.*
241.	Lord, shall Thy children come	*Bp Samuel Hinds.*	Melita	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
173.	Lord, spare and save our sinful race		Dunfermline	*Scotch Psalter*, 1615.
400.	Lord, teach us how to pray	*J. Montgomery*	St. Etheldreda	*Bishop Turton.*
351	Lord, when this holy morning broke	*O. Heginbotham*, 1799	Dortmund	*Hamb. Choral Book*
69.	Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.	*Rev. J. D. Carlyle*, 1805.	Windsor (1) Christ's Hosp. (2)	*Scotch Psalter*, 1615.
454.	Lord, with glowing heart	*F. S. Key*	Witima (1) St. Chad (2)	*Rev. Dr Muhlenberg* *R. Redhead.*
456.	Love divine, all love excelling	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1740	St. Joseph	*E. J Hopkins.*
408.	Magnify Jehovah's Name	*Metrical Psalm*	Parkman	*J. F. Tuckerman M.D*
244	May God accept our vow	*Metrical Psalm*	Carlisle	*C. Lockhart.*
168	May the grace of Christ, our Saviour	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779	Troy	*G. Joseph, Breslau.*
237.	My faith looks up to Thee	*Rev. Ray Palmer*, 1830.	St. Ambrose (1). Calvary (2)	*W. H. Monk.* *Braun.*
234.	My God, accept my heart this day	*M. Bridges*, 1848	Mear	
205.	My God, and is Thy table spread	*Dr. Doddridge.*	Rockingham (1) Duke Street (2)	*S. Webbe.* *J. Hatton.*

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source.
324.	My God, how endless is Thy love	*Dr. Watts*, 1709	Barrington	Ar. *J. F. Thrupp.*
460.	My God, how wonderful Thou art	*Rev. F. W. Faber*, 1849	Windsor (1) / Faber (2)	*Scotch Psalter*, 1615. / Ar. *J. Turle.*
458.	My God, I love Thee, not because	*F. Xavier*, tr. *E. Caswall*	Ulm	*Adam Krieger.*
256.	My God, my Father, while I stray	*Charlotte Elliott*, 1834	Troyte's Chant (1) / Resignation (2)	*A. H. D. Troyte* / *John Hullah.*
57.	My God, permit me not to be	*Dr. Watts*	St. Basil	*W. H. W.* [1852].
217.	My God, Thy covenant of love	*Dr. Doddridge*	St. Mary Magd	*J. Crüger*, 1658.
95	My grateful soul shall bless the Lord	*Metrical Psalm*	St. James	*R. Courtville*, 1680.
522.	My hope, my all, my Saviour, Thou		Canonbury	*R. Schumann.*
518.	My hope, my steadfast trust	*Metrical Psalm*	Potsdam (1) / Newland (2)	*From Bach.* / *Dr. Gauntlett*, 1857.
158.	My opening eyes with rapture see	*Dr. Watts*	Germany (1) / Gregory (2)	*From Beethoven.* / *German.* [*W. H. W.*]
75.	My Saviour hanging on the tree	*Rev. J. Newton*	St. Hugh	*E. J. Hopkins.*
64.	My sins, my sins, my Saviour	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*,	Monsell	*German.*
470.	My soul, be on thy guard	*Heath* [1837-'65.	Schumann	*R. Schumann.*
439.	My soul, for help on God rely	*Metrical Psalm*	Mendon	*German.*
499.	My soul, inspired with sacred love	*Metrical Psalm*	Freiburg	*J. S. Bach.*
55.	My soul with patience waits	*Metrical Psalm*	Eastnor	*A. King.*
507.	Nearer, my God, to Thee	*Sarah F. Adams*, 1848	Kedron (1) / Oxford (2)	*A. B. Spratt.* / *Henry Smart.*
329.	New every morning is the love	*Rev. J. Keble*, 1827	Melcombe	*Samuel Webbe.*
437.	No change of time shall ever shock	*Metrical Psalm*	Kirke	
261.	Not for the dead in Christ we weep	*Mrs. Barbauld*, 1773	Martyrdom (1) / Alexandria (2)	*H. Wilson* [*Dr Dykes*]
184.	Not to the terrors of the Lord	*Dr. Watts*	St. Ann	*Denby* (?), *Dr. Croft.*
347.	Now from the altar of our hearts	*Rev. J. Mason*, 1683	St. Etheldreda	*Bishop Turton.*
164.	Now may He Who from the dead	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779	Redhead, No. 48	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
313.	Now may the God of grace and power	*Dr. Watts*	Winchester, New	*Crasselius*, 1560.
303.	Now thank we all our God	Tr. *Miss C. Winkworth*	Nun danket alle	*J. Cruger.*
120.	O all ye people, clap your hands	*Metrical Psalm*	Truro	*Dr. Burney*, 1814.
413.	O bless the Lord, my soul	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Thomas	*J. Williams.*
19.	O come, all ye faithful	Tr. *Rev. F. Oakeley*	Barnby	*Joseph Barnby.*
89.	O come and mourn with me awhile	*Rev. F. W. Faber*	St. Cross	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
301.	O come, loud anthems let us sing	*Metrical Psalm*	Park Street	*Venua.*
13.	O come, O come, Emmanuel	*12th Century*, tr. *Neale*	Veni Emmanuel	*Fr Missal* [*W. H. W.*]
374	O could I speak the matchless worth	*Samuel Medley*, 1789	Magdalen College	*Rev. Dr. Hayes*, 1779.
160.	O day of rest and gladness	*Bp. C. Wordsworth*, 1863.	Hodges	*Dr. J. S. B. Hodges.*
435.	O for a closer walk with God	*W. Cowper*, 1779	Alexandria	
467.	O for a heart to praise my God	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1742	Portsmouth	*Harmonia Perf.* 1730
357.	O God! creation's secret force	*St. Ambrose*, tr. *Neale*	Redhead, No. 4	*Ancient Melody.*
320.	O God, my gracious God, to Thee	*Metrical Psalm*	Old 113th	*Day's Psalter*, 1563.
414.	O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent	*Metrical Psalm*	Styria	*Vopelius*, 1682.
245.	O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	*Metrical Psalm*	St. Stephen	*Rev. W. Jones.*
312.	O God of love, O King of peace	*Rev. H. W. Baker*, 1861.	Dismission	*St. Alban's Tune-B.*
356	O God of truth, O Lord of might	*St Ambrose*, tr. *Dr. Neale.*	Redhead, No. 4	*Ancient Melody.*
29.	O God, our help in ages past	*Dr. Watts*, 1719	St. Ann	*Denby* (?), *Dr. Croft.*
66.	O gracious God, in Whom I live	*Anne Steele*	Dundee (1) / Benediction (2)	*Scotch Psalter*, 161- / *From Handel.*
235.	O happy day that stays my choice	*Dr. Doddridge*	Rockingham	*S. Webbe.*
222.	O happy is the man who hears	*J. Logan*	Martyrdom	*Hugh Wilson.*
139.	O holy, holy, holy Lord	*Rev. J. W. Eastburn*, d. 1819	Winch'ter New (1) / Trinity (2)	*Crasselius*, 1650. / *Martin Luther*, 1530.
215	O in the morn of life, when youth	*John Logan*	Arlington	*Dr. Arne.*
10.	O Jesus, Thou art standing	*Rev. W. W. How*, 1864	St. Hilda.	*Rev. E. Husband.*
388.	O Jesus, Saviour of the lost	*Rev. E. H. Bickersteth*,	Covert	*St. Alban's Tune-B*
390	O let triumphant faith dispel	*John Logan.* [1858.	St. Stephen	*Rev. W. Jones.*
276	O Lord of Hosts, Whose glory fills	*Rev. Dr. Neale*, 1844	Playford	*J. Playford*, 1671.
178	O Lord, the Holy Innocents	Tr. *From German.*	Alstone	*C. E. Willing.*
498.	O Lord, Thy mercy, my sure hope	*Metrical Psalm.*	Freiburg	*J. S. Bach.*
495.	O mother dear, Jerusalem	*David Dickson*, 1650	Jerusalem	*C. F. R.*
509	O Paradise, O Paradise	*Rev. W. F. Faber*, 1862.	Hopkins (1) / Paradise (2)	*Henry Smart.* / *Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
412	O praise the Lord in that blest place	*Metrical Psalm.*	Brockham	*Jere. Clarke*, 1700.
406	O praise ye the Lord	*Metrical Psalm.*	Hanover	*Handel.*
416	O render thanks to God above	*Metrical Psalm*	Chantry	*Rev. Dr. Rowden.*

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source
87	O sacred Head, now wounded.	*St. Bern'rd of Clairvx*, tr. *Dr. J. W. Alexander.*	Passion Choral (1)	*J. Leo. Hassler*, 1601.
			Parker (2)	*Thalberg* [*W. W. F.*]
126	O Spirit of the living God	*J. Montgomery*, 1825.	Melcombe	*S. Webbe.*
389	O that my load of sin were gone.	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1742	Penitence	*St. Alban's Tune-B.*
65	O Thou from Whom all goodness flows	*Rev. T. Harwis*, 1792	Mercy	*Gnadauer Ch. B.* 1735
386	O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry	*Dr. Watts*	Saxony	*Old German.*
517	O Thou to Whom all creatures bow	*Metrical Psalm*	Bishopthorpe	*Dr. Jer. Clarke.*
62	O Thou to Whose all-searching sight	Tr. *Rev. J. Wesley.*	Grace Church.	*Pleyel.*
268	O Thou Who didst prepare	*Tona* (Charlotte Elizabeth), d. 1846.	Mornington	*Lord Mornington.*
385	O to grace, how great a debtor	*Robinson*	Pastor Bonus	*Charles Steggall.*
281	O 'twas a joyful sound to hear	*Metrical Psalm*	Nativity.	*H. Lahee.*
513	O where shall rest be found!	*J. Montgomery*, 1819.	Eternity (1)	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
			Asaph (2)	*W. H. W.* [1851].
	O with due reverence let us all	*Metrical Psalm.*	Farrant	*Rich. Farrant*, 1580
14	O Wisdom! spreading mightily O Root of Jesse! Ensign Thou! O Israel's Sceptre! David's Key! O Day-Spring and Eternal Light! O King! Desire of Nations! come O Law-giver! Emmanuel! King!	*Advent Anthems*; Tr. *Lord Nelson, and others*, 1866	Melita	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
362	O Word of God Incarnate	*Rev. W. W. How*, 1857.	Aurelia	*Dr. S. S. Wesley.*
519	O worship the King	*Sir Robert Grant.*	Hanover	*Handel.*
228	O write upon my memory, Lord	*Dr. Watts*	Gregory	*German* [*W. H. W.*].
41	O'er mountain tops the mount of God	*John Logan.*	Submission	*Michael Haydn.*
288	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	*W. Williams*, d. 1791.	Nodine	*W. H. W.* [1872].
477	Oft in danger, oft in woe	*H. K. White*, 1806 [*Miss Maitland*, 1827].	Redhead No. 48 (1)	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
			Richards (2)	*Brinley Richards.*
12	On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	Tr. *Rev. J. Chandler*	Winch'ter New (1)	*Crasselius.*
			Hudson (2)	*W. H. W.* [1872].
286	On Sion and on Lebanon	*Bp. H. U. Onderdonk*	Hermann	*N. Hermann.*
197	One sole baptismal sign	*Robert Robinson*, 1780.	Old 148th.	*Rev. J. Darwell.*
233	Once in royal David's city	*C. F. Alexander*	Irby	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
8	Once more, O Lord, Thy sign	*Bp. G. W. Doane*	St. Chrysostom	*Dr. C. Tye*, 1553.
48	Once more the solemn season calls	Tr. *Rev. J. Chandler*	Ulm	*Adam Krieger.*
111	Once the angel started back	Tr. *Bp. Williams.*	Hallett	*J. H. Shepherd.*
232	Onward, Christian soldiers	*Rev. S. Baring-Gould*, 1860.	St. Alban (1)	*Haydn* [*Dr. Dykes*].
			St. Aubyn (2)	*R. Redhead.*
132	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	*Harriet Auber*, 1829.	St. Cuthbert	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
117	Our Lord is risen from the dead	*Rev. C. Wesley*	Brockham (1)	*Dr. J. Clarke.*
			Trinity (2)	*Martin Luther*, 1530.
91	Pain and toil are over now	*Cecil F. Alexander*	Strattner	*Strattner*, 1691.
375	Peace, troubled soul	*Samuel Scott*	Griswold	*From Mozart.*
200	Pleasant are Thy courts above.	*Rev. H. F. Lyte*, 1834.	St. George	*Sir G. J. Elvey.*
529	Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	*Rev. H. F. Lyte*	Benedic Anima	*Sir John Goss.*
305	Praise, O praise our God and King	*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*, 1861	Monkland	[*J. B. Wilkes.*]
302	Praise to God, immortal praise	*Mrs. Barbauld*, 1773.	Dix	*Conrad Kocher.*
182	Praise to God Who reigns above	*Rev. R. M. Benson*	Lubeck	*Ger.* [*W. H. Monk*].
181	Praise we the Lord this day		St. George	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
404	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	*J. Montgomery*, 1819.	St. Agnes (1)	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
			Edna (2)	*W. H. W.* [1872].
465	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779.	Cassell	*German.*
5	Rejoice, rejoice, believers	*Laurenti*, tr. *Borthwick.*	Munich	*German Mel'y*, 1648.
90	Resting from His work to-day	*Rev. T. Whitehead*, 1842.	Redhead, No. 76	*R. Redhead.*
297	Rich are the joys which cannot die	*Dr. Doddridge*	Tottenham	*T. Greatorex.*
73	Ride on! ride on in majesty	*Dean Milman*, 1827	Rousseau	*W. W. Rousseau.*
36	Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise	*Alexander Pope*	Epiphany (1)	*Sir John Goss.*
			Russian Hymn (2)	*Russian Nat. Air.*
			Salem (3)	*W. H. W.* [1872.]
447	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	*R. Seagrave*, 1742.	Amsterdam	*Dr. Nares.*
391	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	*Rev. A. M. Toplady*, 1776.	Faith (1)	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
			Leipsic (2)	*German Choral.*
			Redhead No. 76 (3)	*R. Redhead.*
531	Do. (Pr. Book ver.)	*Rev. A. M. Toplady*, 1776.	St. Bruno (1)	*John Hullah.*
			Toplady (2)	*T. Hastings.*
431	Round the Lord in glory seated	*Bp. Mant*, 1837.	Moultrie	*Rev. Gerard Cobb.*
14	Ruler of Israel, Lord of Might	*Lord Nelson*, 1866.	Melita	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
350	Safely through another week	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779.	Verona	*J. H. Deane.*
304	Salvation doth to God belong	*Dr. Doddridge*	Mozart	*From Mozart.*
369	Salvation! O the joyful sound	*Dr. Watts*, 1709.	St. Barnabas (1)	*W. H. Monk.*
			Ashley (2)	*Dr. Madan.*
169	Saviour, again to Thy dear Name	*Rev. J. Ellerton*, 1868.	Pax Dei	*Rev. Dr. Dykes.*

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source.
229.	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	*Rev. G. Duffield*	Jesu Bone Pastor	*Dr. J. H. Willcox.*
370.	Saviour, source of every blessing	*R. Robinson*	St. Catherine (1).. Trust (2)..	*Dr. J. H. Willcox.* *Mendelssohn.*
53.	Saviour, when in dust to Thee	*Sir Robert Grant*, 1815.	Litany (1).... Spanish Chant (2)	*J. L. Hatton.*
325.	Saviour, when night involves the skies	*Rev. T. Gisborne*	Sweden	*Dr Henry Hiles.*
213	Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding	*K'v. Dr. Muhlenberg*, 1843	Weston (1) St. Ignatius (2)	*J. E. Roe.* *Darmst't Geb.*, 1698
81.	See the destined day arise	*Bp. Mant*	Redhead, No. 47	*R. Redhead.*
525.	Seek, my soul the narrow gate	*Bp. H. U. Onderdonk*	St. Luke	*Dr. J. H. Wilcox.*
402	Shepherd divine, our wants relieve	*Rev. C. Wesley*	Armagh	*James Turle.*
210.	Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless	*Moravian*	St Agnes	*Rev Dr. Dykes.*
23.	Shout the glad tidings	*K'v. Dr. Muhlenberg*, 1823	Glad Tidings (1). Avison (2)	*Sir John Goss.*
478.	Since I've known a Saviour's Name	*Rev. C. Wesley*	Russell Place.. [(1)	*Sir W. S. Bennett.*
432.	Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	*8th Century*, tr. *Rev. J. Ellerton*	Endless Alleluia Alleluia Peren (2)	*Joseph Barnby.* *W. H. Monk.*
373.	Sing, my soul, His wondrous love		Wentworth (1).. Theodora (2)	*J. W. A. Cluett.* *Handel [W. H. W.].*
59.	Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep	*Bp. H. U. Onderdonk*	Beethoven	*From Beethoven.*
54.	Sinners! turn, why will ye die	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1756	Benevento	*S. Webbe.*
340.	Softly now the light of day	*Bp. G. W. Doane*, 1824	Weber	*From Von Weber.*
216.	Soldiers of Christ, arise	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1740	Confirmation (1). Silver Street (2)..	*W. W. Rousseau.* *Isaac Smith.*
422.	Songs of praise the angels sang	*J. Montgomery*, 1825	Innocents (1). Honiton (2)	*Thibaut*, 1254. *Edwin Flood.*
47	Sons of men, behold from far	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1739	Innocents..	*Thibaut*, 1254.
292.	Souls in heathen darkness lying	*Cecil F. Alexander*, 1850.	Saxe-Weimar	*Ancient Melody*, 1648.
523	Sovereign Ruler of the skies	*John Rylaud*, 1777	Jersey	*Dr. Boyce.*
298.	Sow in the morn thy seed	*J. Montgomery.*	Steggall	*Dr. Chas. Steggall.*
133.	Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	*Rev. R. W Kyle*, 1775..	Coleman (1). Angelus (2)	*L. H. Weis.* *German* [1657].
124.	Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	*Dr. Watts*, 1709	Manly	*J. Bishop*, 1737.
264.	Star of peace, to wanderers weary		Stella	*J. I. T.*
387.	Stay, Thou long-suffering Spirit, stay	*Rev. C. Wesley*	Federal Street	*Gen. H. K. Oliver*
336.	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	*Rev. J. Keble*, 1827	Hursley (1) Germany (2).	*Ger., W. H. Monk.* *Beethoven.*
475.	Supreme in wisdom as in power	*J. Logan*	Gregorian (1).... St. Albans (2)....	[*W. H. W.*] *W. H. W.* [1849].
150.	Sweet is the work, my God, my King	*Dr. Watts*, 1719	Morning Hymn	*Bartholemon.*
338.	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	*Rev. F. W. Faber*, 1849.	St. Matthias	*W. H. Monk.*
84.	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	*Rev. W. Shirley*, 1774	Turnau	*German.*
263.	Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd	Tr. *Winkworth*, 1858	Meinhold	*German* [*Bach*].
3.	That day of wrath, that dreadful day	*Thomas de Celano*, 1230; tr. *Sir W. Scott.*	Dies Illa	*Leisentritt's Spiritual Songs.*
32.	The ancient law departs	*Abbe Besnault*, 1720; tr	St. Michael	*Day's Psalter*, 1583.
118.	The atoning work is done	*T. Kelly* [1861.	Christ Church	*Dr. C. Steggall.*
202.	The Church's one foundation	*Rev. S. J. Stone*	Aurelia	*Dr. S. S. Wesley.*
349	The day is gently sinking	*Bp. C. Wordsworth*	Evening	*German.*
334.	The day is past and gone	*J. Leland*, d. 1841	Evensong (1) Schumann (2)	*Rev. J. H. Hopkins* *R. Schumann.*
341.	The day is past and over	*St. Anatolius*, 450, t. *Neale*	St. Anatolius	*Arthur H. Brown.*
346	The day of praise is done	*J. Ellerton*, 1871	Emmaus	*Joseph Barnby.*
105.	The day of Resurrection	*St. John Damascene*, 780; tr. *Rev. Dr. Neale*	Dorking (1). Greenland (2)	*George Cooper.* *Lausanne Psalter.*
212	The gentle Saviour calls	*Dr. Doddridge*	Invitation	*Dr. H. S. Cutler.*
141.	The God of Abraham praise	*Thomas Olivers*, 1772	Leoni	*Jewish Melody.*
30	The God of life, Whose constant care	*Dr. Doddridge*	Angels' Hymn	*O. Gibbons*, 1623.
114.	The Head that once was crowned with thorns	*Thos. Kelley*	Lancaster	*Dr. S. Howard.*
361.	The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord	*Dr. Watts*, 1719	Bowen	*Haydn.*
464.	The King of love my Shepherd is	*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*, 1857	Shepherd (1). Domin. regitme (2)	*J. H. Shepherd.* *Rev. Dr. Dykes.*
500	The Lord descended from above	*Metrical Psalm*	Redhead, No. 29	*R. Redhead.*
11	The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God	*Metrical Psalm*	Swiss Tune	*Wurtemberg H. B.*
438	The Lord Himself, the mighty Lord	*Metrical Psalm*	Nottingham	*Dr. Jer. Clarke.*
504	The Lord my pasture shall prepare	*Joseph Addison*, 1712	Good Shepherd	*J. I. T.*
516	The Lord our God is clothed with might	*Henry K. White*	St. Fulbert	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
196	The Lord, the only God, is great	*Metrical Psalm.*	St. Peter	*A. R. Reinagle.*

Hymn.	First Line.	Author of Hymn.	Tune.	Composer or Source.
6.	The Lord unto my Lord thus spake.....	*Metrical Psalm.*	Old 113th.....	*Day's Psalter*, 1563.
2.	The Lord will come; the earth.	*Bp. Heber*, 1811	Cannons.....	*Handel.*
524.	The mighty flood that rolls.....	*John Logan.*.....	Ben Rhydding.....	*A. R. Reinagle.*
119.	The rising God forsakes the tomb.....	*Watts—Wesley*	Samson.....	*Handel.*
79.	The Royal Banners forward go.....	*Fortunatus*, 580, tr. *Neale.*	Vexilla Regis.....	*Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*
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501.	Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.....	*Bp. G. W. Doane*, 1826..	London.	*Dr. Croft* (?)
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515	Thou hidden love of God.....	*Tersteegen*, tr. *J. Wesley.*	St. Matthias.....	*W. H. Monk.*
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110.	Thus God declares His sovereign will...	*Metrical Psalm*.....	Tiverton.....	*Grigg.*
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448.	Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied.	*Metrical Psalm*.....	Bowen (1) ..... Reliance (2)..	*From Haydn.* *J. Barnby.*
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348.	Time hastens on, ye longing saints.....	*Dr. Doddridge*.....	Southampton	*Henry Smart.*
85.	'Tis finished: so the Saviour cried.....	*Dr. S. Stennett*.....	Redhead, No. 12...	*Ancient Melody.*
445.	'Tis my happiness below.....	*W. Cowper*.....	St. Columba...	*Angl. Hymn-Book.*
285.	To bless Thy chosen race.....	*Metrical Psalm*.....	Moccas.....	*A. R. Reinagle.*
27.	To hail Thy rising, Sun of life.....	*John Morrison*, 1781....	Horsley (1)..... St. Elisabeth (2)..	*W. Horsley, Mus D.* *W. H. W.* [1848].
109.	To Him Who for our sins was slain....	*A. T. Russell*, 1851.....	Alleluia.....	*Henry Wilson.*
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316.	To Sion's hill I lift my eyes..	*Metrical Psalm*.....	Oxford.	*Coombs.*
163.	To Thy temple I repair	*J. Montgomery*, 1825....	Pruen	*Sir F. A. G Ouseley.*
327.	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine.....	*Dr. Doddridge*, ...	Eastnor.....	*A. King.*
192.	Triumphant Sion! lift thy head.....	*Dr. Doddridge*.....	Wareham (1)... Samson (2).....	*W. Knapp*, 1760. *Handel.*
321.	Up to the hills I lift mine eyes.....	*Dr. Watts*, 1719.....	Waring	*W. H. W.* [1872].
43.	Watchman! tell us of the night.....	*Sir John Bowring* ...	St. George	*Sir G. J. Elvey.*
322.	We build with fruitless cost, unless.....	*Metrical Psalm*.....	St. Frances	*G. A. Löhr.*
143	We give immortal praise.....	*Dr. Watts*.....	St. Peter's.....	*R. R. Ross.*
299	We give Thee but Thine own.....	*Rev. W. W. How*, 1854..	Cambridge	*Rev. R. Harrison.*

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78.	We sing the praise of Him Who died....	*T. Kelly*, 1820....	Devotion	*J. I. T.*
67.	Weary of earth, and laden with my sins.	*Rev. S. J. Stone.*	Langran.....	*James Langran.*
70.	Weary of wandering from my God	*Rev. C. Wesley*, 1749...	Wavertree.....	*W. Shore.*
147.	Welcome, sweet day of rest....	*Dr. Watts*.....	(1) Cadwell (1)..... (2) Bankfield (2). ..	*W. W. Rousseau.* *Rev. R. Harrison.*
223.	What a strange and wondrous story.....		(1) St. Agatha (1).... (2) Condescension(2)	*R S. T.* *Sac. Mus. Cabinet.*
257.	Whate'er my God ordains is right.....	Tr. *Miss C. Winkworth.*	Cestria.....	*W. H. W.* [1872].
426.	When all Thy mercies, O my God.....	*Joseph Addison*.....	Winchester Old....	*Michael Este*, 1592.
250.	When gathering clouds around..... ...	*Sir Robert Grant*, d. 1838	Brownell	*From Haydn.*
136.	When God of old came down.....	*Rev. J. Keble*, 1827.....	Winchester Old....	*M. Este*, 1592.
219.	When His salvation bringing.....	*J. King*.....	Joseph.....	*From Mehul.*
153.	When I can read my title clear..... ..	*Dr. Watts*...	(1) Manoah (1)..... (2) Norton (2)	*From Rossini.* *From Handel.*
323.	When I can trust my all with God.....	*Josiah Conder*.....	Palmyra.....	*J. Summers.*
83.	When I survey the wondrous Cross.....	*Dr. Watts*, 1709	(1) Rockingham (1).. (2) Berlin (2).....	*Dr. Miller.* *Geo. Neumark*, 1650.
230.	When Jesus left His Father's throne....	*J. Montgomery*, 1825	Westlake	*Frederick Westlake.*
293.	When, Lord, to this our western land...	*Bp. H. U. Onderdonk*....	Treves.....	*Heinrich Isaac*, 1490.
46.	When marshall'd on the nightly plain...	*Henry K. White*, 1803.....	Kirke	
255.	When musing sorrow weeps the past....	*Rev. Gerard Noel*, 1841.	(1) Bangor (1)..... (2) Burford (2).....	*Wm. Tansur*, 1736. *Purcell.*
252.	When our heads are bowed with woe...	*Dean Milman*, 1822. ...	Redhead, No. 47...	*R. Redhead.*
314.	When streaming from the eastern skies..	*W. Shrubsole, Jr.*, 1813.	Brownell	*Haydn.*
266	When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming	*Bp. Heber*	(1) St. Nicholas (1).. (2) Sullivan (2).....	*Rev. J. H. Hopkins.* *A. S. Sullivan*
380.	When wounded sore, the stricken soul..	*C. F. Alexander*, 1858 ..	(1) Covert (1)..... (2) Dundee (2).....	*St. Alban's T. Book.* *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.
18.	While shepherds watched their flocks by night	*Nahum Tate*, 1703 ...	(1) Anglia (1)... .... (2) Nottingham (2)..	*Old English Melody.* *Dr. Jer. Clarke.*
441.	While Thee I seek, protecting Power.	*Helen M. Williams*.....	(1) St. Peter (1)..... (2) Eckardtsheim (2).	*A R. Reinagle.* *C. Zeuner.*
31.	While with ceaseless course the sun.....	*Rev. J. Newton*, 1779....	Haven	*Blumenthal.*
494.	Who are these in bright array., ...	*J. Montgomery*, 1819.. .	(1) Cecilia (1)..... (2) Rapture (2).....	*R. Redhead.* *From Haydn.*
77.	Who is this that comes from Edom.....	*T. Kelly*.....	(1) Palms (1) ..... (2) Vision (2).....	*Henry Smart.* *W. H. W.* [1860].
436	Who place on Sion's God their trust.....	*Metrical Psalm*.....	St. James.....	*R. Courtville*, 1680.
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427.	With glory clad, with strength arrayed..	*Metrical Psalm*.....	Stewart.....	*St. Alban's Tune-B.*
199.	With joy shall I behold the day.....	*Rev. J. Merrick*, 1763...	Purleigh.....	*A. Brown.*
277.	With one consent let all the earth.....	*Metrical Psalm*	Old Hundredth....	*Guil. Franc*, 1543
239.	Witness, ye men and angels now.....	*B. Beddome*, d. 1795.....	Armagh.....	*James Turle*
411.	Ye boundless realms of joy.....	*Metrical Psalm*.....	Darwell.. ...	*Rev. J. Darwell.*
290.	Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim.....		Misslonary Chant..	*C. Zeuner.*
171.	Ye servants of the Lord.....	*Dr. Doddridge*, d. 1751..	Narenza.	*Ger.* [*Dr. Havergal*].

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"Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord."

THE SERVICE BOOK.

Day by day we magnify Thee;

And we worship Thy Name ever,

World without end.

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PREFACE.

This SERVICE BOOK is published with the wish of meeting the demands of many brethren who have introduced "THE HYMNAL, WITH TUNES OLD AND NEW," into their parishes. To adapt the Book to general use by fitting it to the tastes and preferences which may prevail in the several parishes, it contains English Chants with other Music, and Gregorian Tones for the Canticles and the Special Offices contained in the Book of Common Prayer. That I may not compromise myself, however, by this arrangement, I must express myself most positively in favour of the Gregorian Tones; and, after a long experience of Plain Song at the Church of the Holy Cross, I now most earnestly recommend the Gregorian Tones for Congregational use.

I would call particular attention to the Congregational *Te Deum* and *Gloria in Excelsis* written for this Book by MR. J. H. CORNELL, Organist of St. Paul's Chapel, New York, as good specimens of Churchlike musical composition.

TO NATHAN B. WARREN, MUS. DOC., I am indebted for the permission to use portions of his *Communion Service*, which has been already published.

While the hearty co-operation of my friends, MR. ROUSSEAU and DR. WALTER, considerably lessens my Editorial labours, their efficient aid must necessarily take, as it deserves, much of the credit which kind friends have so generously attributed to my own efforts in the Service of Song. To DR. WALTER I must make special acknowledgments for the interest shown in my work by his patient industry, the skill and carefulness, and the willingness to carry out my wishes as far as practicable by a Church Musician, while supervising the publication of this Service Book.

J. IRELAND TUCKER.

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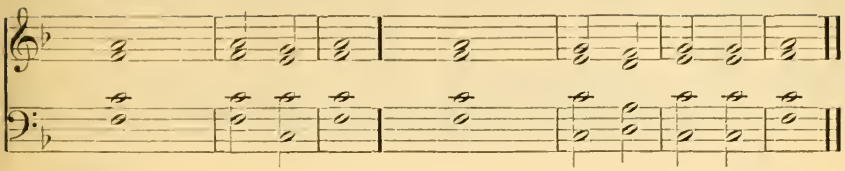

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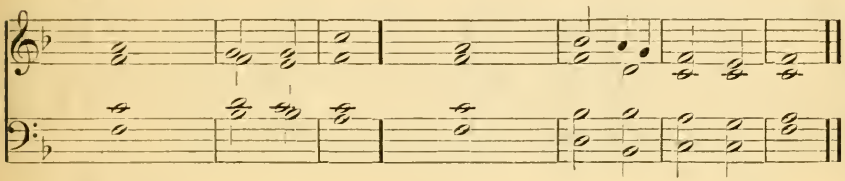

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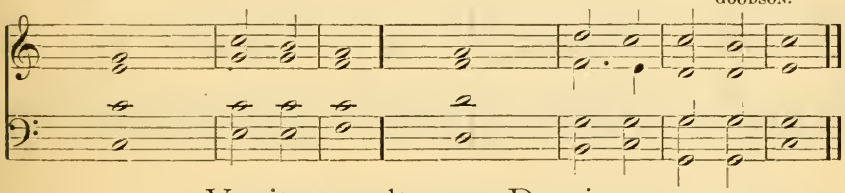

Venite, exultemus Domino.

O come, let us **sing** | unto · the | Lord : ‖ let us heartily **rejôice** in the | strength · of | our · sal- | vation.

Let us come before His **prêsence** with | thanks- = | giving : ‖ and **show** ourselves | glad · in | Him · with | psalms.

For the **Lord** is a | great · = | God : ‖ and a great **King** a- | bove · = | all · = | gods.

In His hand are all the **côrners** | of · the | earth : ‖ and the **strength** of the | hills · is | His · = | also.

The sea is **His**, | and · He · | made it : ‖ and His **hands** pre- | par-ed the | dry · = | land.

O come, let us **wôrship**, | and · fall | down : ‖ and **kneel** be- | fore · the | Lord · our | Maker.

For **He** is the | Lord · our | God : ‖ and we are the people of His **pâsture**, and the | sheep · of | His · = | hand.

O worship the **Lord** in the | beauty · of | holiness : ‖ let the whole **earth** | stand · in | awe · of | Him.

For He cometh, for He **côməth** to | judge · the | earth : ‖ and with righteousness to judge the **world**, and the | peo-ple | with · His | truth.

Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : ‖ **world** | without | end. A- | men.

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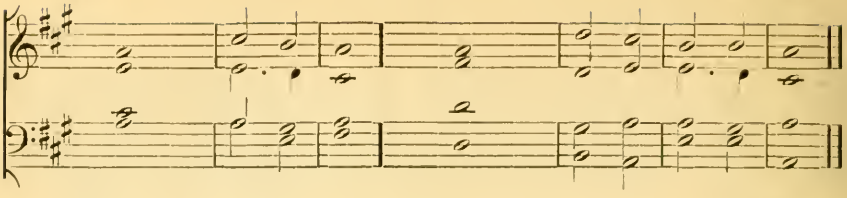

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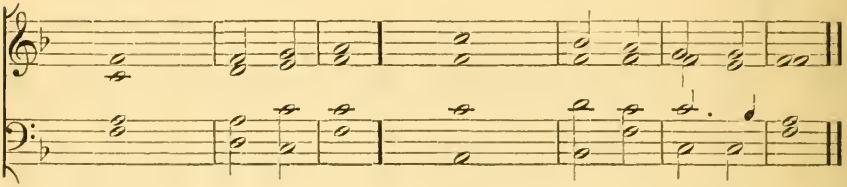

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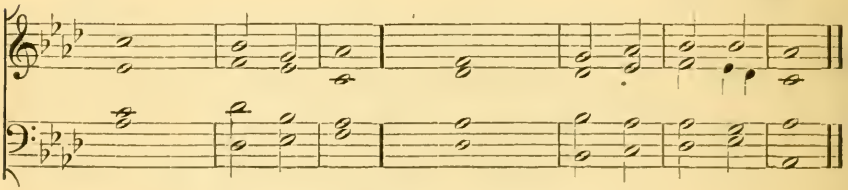

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Let us come before His **prêsence** with | thanks- = | giving : ‖ and **show** ourselves | glad · in | Him · with | psalms.

For the **Lord** is a | great · = | God : ‖ and a great **King** a- | bove · = | all · = | gods.

In His hand are all the **côrners** | of · the | earth : ‖ and the **strength** of the | hills · is | His · = | also.

The sea is **His,** | and · He · | made it : ‖ and His **hands** pre- | par-ed the | dry · = | land.

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For **He** is the | Lord · our | God : ‖ and we are the people of His **pâsture,** and the | sheep · of | His · = | hand.

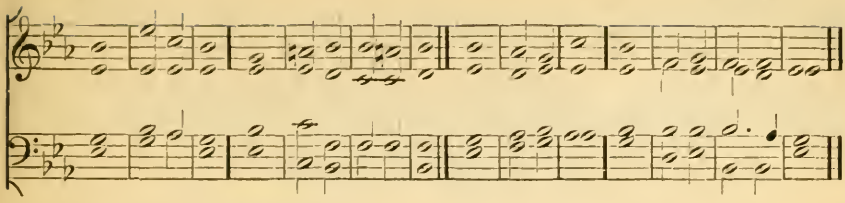
O worship the **Lord** in the | beauty · of | holiness : ‖ let the whole **earth** | stand · in | awe · of | Him.

For He cometh, for He **côməth** to | judge · the | earth : ‖ and with righteousness to judge the **world,** and the | peo-ple | with · His | truth.

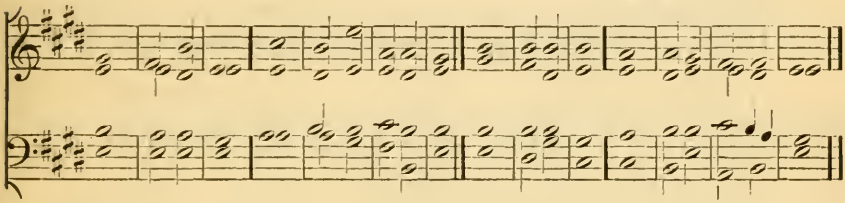
Glory be to the **Fâther,** | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is **now,** and | ev-er | shall be : ‖ **world** | without | end. A- | men.

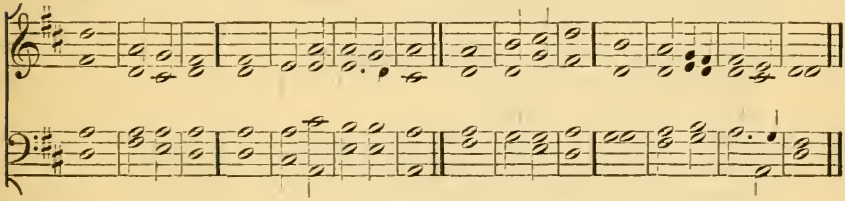
7. J. Robinson.



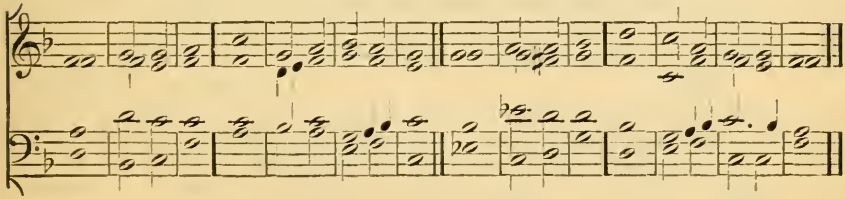
8. Rev. W. H. Havergal.



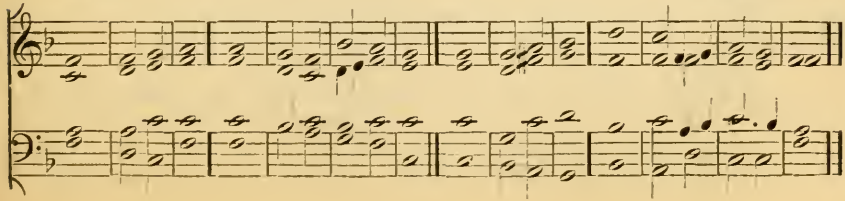
9. Dr. Boyce.



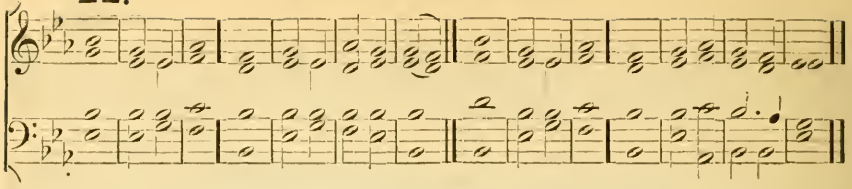
10. J. Turle.



11. R. Langdon.



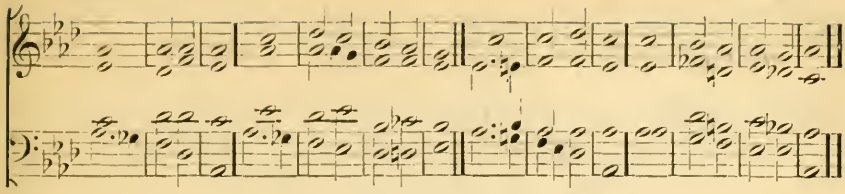
12. GIBBONS.



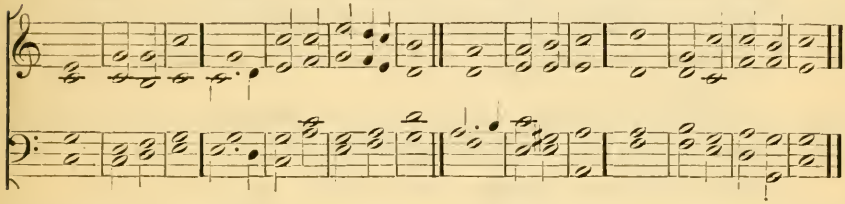
Te Deum laudamus.

FULL. We **praise** | Thee · O | God : ‖ we **acknôwledge** | Thee · to | be · the | Lord.
All the **earth** doth | wor-ship | Thee : ‖ the **Fâther** | ev-er-|last = |ing.
DEC. To **Thee** all Angels | cry · a- | loud : ‖ the **Hêavens**, and | all · the | powers · there- | in.
CAN. To **Thee**, Cherubim and | Se-raph- | im : ‖ **con-** | tin-ual-| ly · do | cry;
FULL. **Holy**, | Ho-ly, | Holy : ‖ **Lord** | God · of | Sa-ba- | oth ;
Hêaven and | earth · are | full : ‖ **of** the | Majes-ty | of · Thy | glory.
DEC. The glorious company of the **Apôstles** | praise · = | Thee : ‖
CAN. The goodly fellowship **of** the | Pro-phets | praise · = | Thee.
DEC. The noble army of **Mârtyrs** | praise · = | Thee : ‖
CAN. The holy Church throughout all the **world** | doth · ac | know-ledge | Thee ;
DEC. The **Fâther**, of an | in-finite | Majesty : ‖
CAN. Thine **adôrable**, | true · and | on-ly | Son ;
DEC. **Alsô** the | Ho-ly | Ghost : ‖
CAN. **The** | Com = | = · fort- | er.
FULL. **Thou** | art · the | King : ‖ **of** | glo-ry, | O = | Christ.
Thou art the ever- | last-ing | Son : ‖ **of** | = · the | Fa · = | ther.
DEC. When Thou tookest upon **Thee** to de- | liv-er | man : ‖ Thou didst humble **Thysêlf** to be | born · = | of · a | Virgin.
CAN. When Thou hadst **overcôme** the | sharpness · of | death : ‖ Thou didst open the **kingdom** of | Heaven · to | all · be- | lievers.
DEC. Thou sittest at the **right** | hand · of | God : ‖ **in** the | glo-ry | of · the | Father.
CAN. We **believe** that | Thou · shalt | come : ‖ **to** | be · = | our · = | Judge.
DEC. We therefore **pray** Thee | help · Thy | servants : ‖ whom Thou hast **redêemed** | with · Thy | pre-cious | blood.
CAN. Make them to be **nûmbered** | with · Thy | saints : ‖ in **glôry** | ev-er- | last- · = | ing.
DEC. O **Lord**, | save · Thy | people : ‖ **and** | bless · Thine | her-it- | age.
CAN. **Gôv-** | = · ern | them : ‖ **and** | lift · them | up · for | ever.
FULL. **Day** | = · by | day : ‖ **we** | mag-ni- | fy = | 'Thee ;
And we | worship · Thy | Name : ‖ **êver** | world · with- | out = | end.
DEC. **Vôuch-** | safe, O | Lord : ‖ to keep **us** | this · day | with-out | sin.
CAN. O **Lord**, have | mercy · up- | on us : ‖ **have** | mer-cy ⁀up- | on · = | us.
FULL. O Lord, let Thy **mêrcy** | be · up- | on us : ‖ **as** our | trust = | is · in | Thee.
O Lord, in **Thee** | have · I | trusted : ‖ **let** me | nev-er | be · con- | founded.

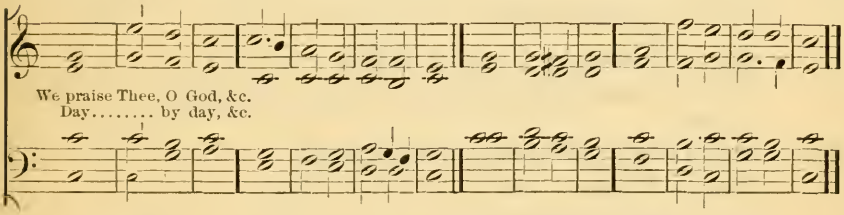
13. DR. HODGES.



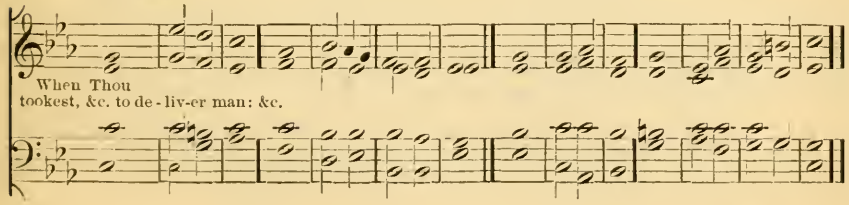
14. J. TURLE.



15. *Major.*

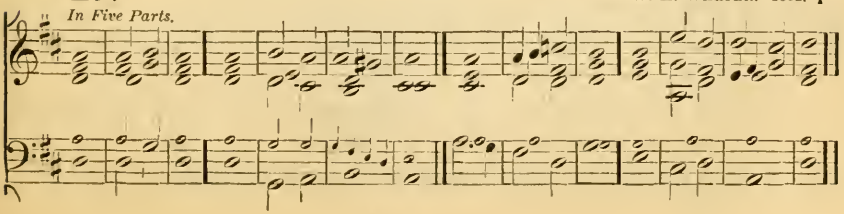


16. *Minor.*



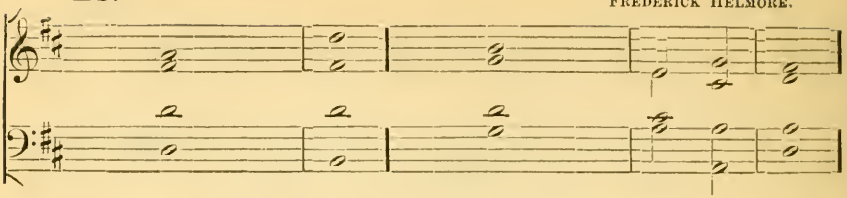
17. W. H. WALTER. 1852. ✢

In Five Parts.



18.

FREDERICK HELMORE.



Te Deum laudamus.

FULL. *f* We **praise** Thee, O | God : we acknowledge **Thee** to | be · the | Lord.

p All the earth doth **wôrship** | Thee : the **Fâther** ever- | *last-* | ing.

DEC. To **Thee** all Angels cry a- | loud : the Heavens and **all** the | powers · there- | in.

CAN. To **Thee** Cherubim and Sera- | phim : **contînual-** | ly · do | cry,

FULL. *p* Holy, Holy, | Holy : Lord **God** of | Sa - ba - | oth ;

f Heaven and earth are **full** of the | Majesty : **of** Thy | *glo-* | ry.

DEC. The glorious **cômpany** of the A- | postles : FULL. praise | = = | Thee.

CAN. The goodly **fêllowship** of the | Prophets : FULL. praise | = = | Thee.

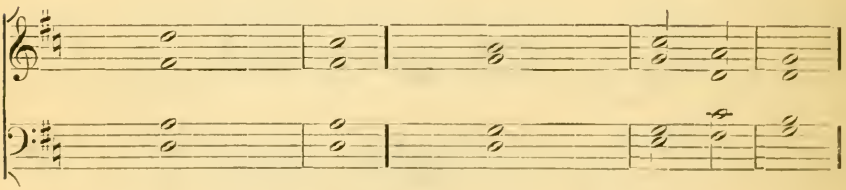
DEC. The noble **ârmy** of | Martyrs : FULL. praise | = = | Thee.

CAN. The holy **Church** throughout all the | world : **doth** ac- | know-ledge | Thee ;

DEC. The | Father : of an infinite | Ma - jes- | ty.

CAN. Thine **adôrable**, | true : and | on - ly | Son ;

DEC. Also the Holy | Ghost : *p* the | Com - fort- | er.



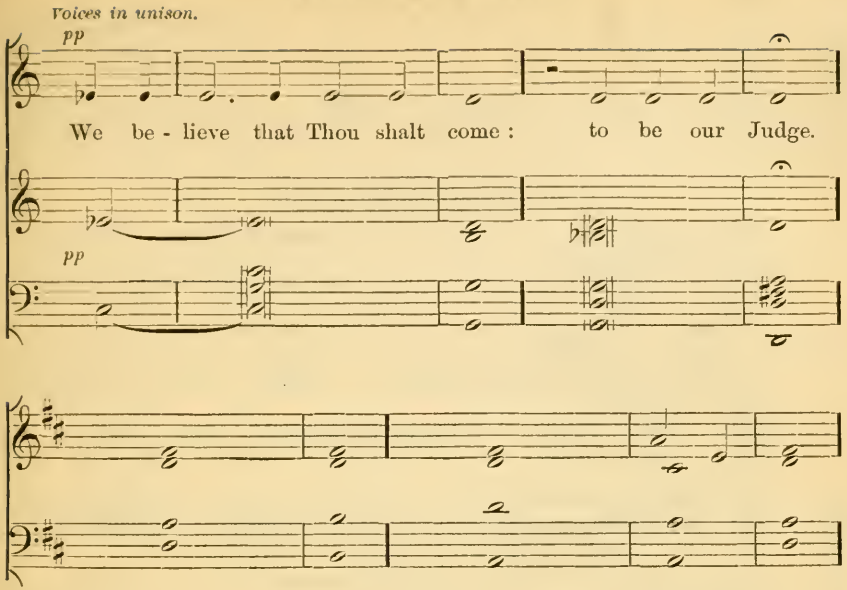
FULL. *unison.* **Thou** art the King of | glory : O | = = | Christ.

FULL. *unison.* **Thou** art the everlasting | Son : **of** the | *Fa-* | ther.

CAN. *p* When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver | man : Thou didst humble thyself to be **born** | of · a | Virgin.

cres. DEC. When Thou hadst overcome the **shârpness** of | death : *p* Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to **all** be- | *liev-* | ers.

CAN. *f* Thou sittest at the right **hand** of | God : in the **glôry** of the | *Fa-* | ther.



Can. *p* We therefore **pray** Thee, help Thy | servants : whom Thou hast **redêemed** with Thy | pre - cious | blood.

cres.

Dec. Make them to be **nûmbered** with Thy | Saints : in **glôry** ever - | *last-* | ing.

Can. *p* O Lord, **save** Thy | people : and **bless** Thine | her - i - | tage.

Dec. **Gôvern** | them : and **lift** them | up · for | ever.

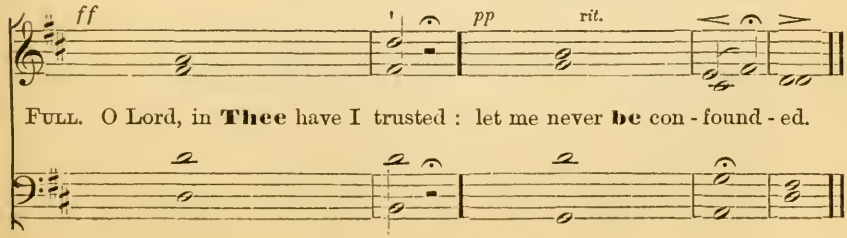
Full. *f* **Day** by | day : we magni - | fy = | Thee.

Full. *p* And we **wôrship** Thy | Name : **êver** | world⁀with-out | end.

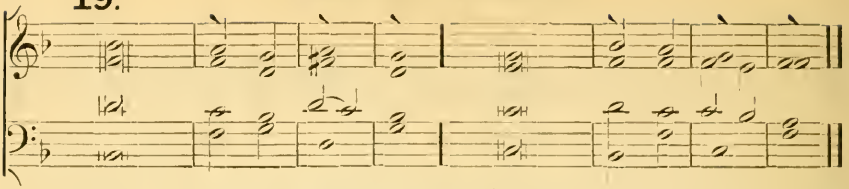
Can. *p* **Vouchsâfe,** O | Lord : to keep us this day | with - out | sin.

Dec. *p* O Lord, have **mêrcy** up- | on us : have | mercy · up- | on us.

Can. O Lord, let Thy mercy **be** up- | on us : as our **trust** | is · in | Thee.



19.



Te Deum laudamus.

FULL. **We** | prâise · Thee, | ˋO · = | God : ‖ we **acknôwledge** | Thèe · to | bè · = | the⁀Lòrd.

All the | èarth · doth | wòr- · = | ship⁀Thèe : ‖ the **Fâther** | èv - er- | làst- · = | ìng.

DEC. To **Thee** all | ˋAn-gels | crỳ · = | alòud : ‖ the **Heavens**, and | àll · the | pòwers · = | therein.

CAN. To **Thee**, Cheru- | bìm · and | Sè- · = | raphìm : ‖ **con-** | tìn - ual - | lỳ · = | do⁀erỳ,

FULL. **Hôly**, | Hò-ly, | Hò- · = | lỳ : ‖ **Lord** | Gòd · of | Sá- = | baòth ;

Heaven and **earth** are | fùll · of⁀the | Mà- · = | jestỳ : ‖ **of** | Thỳ · = | glò- · = | rỳ.

DEC. The glorious **cômpany** of the A- | pòs - tles | prâise · = | Thèe : ‖

CAN. The goodly **fêllowship** of the | Prò - phets | prâise · = | Thèe.

DEC. The noble **ârmy** of | Màr - tyrs | prâise · = | Thee : ‖

CAN. The holy Chureh throughout all the **world** | dòth · ac- | knòw- · = | ledge Thèe ;

DEC. The **Fâther** of an | ìn - finite | Mà- · = | jestỳ : ‖ Thine **adôrable**, | trùe · and | òn- · = | ly⁀Sòn ;

CAN. **Al-** | sò · the | Hò- · = | ly Ghòst : ‖ **the** | Còm- · = | ˋ= · = | fortèr.

FULL. Thou art the **King** of | glò-ry, | ˋO · = | Chrìst : ‖ Thou art the ever-lasting **Son** | òf · the | Fà- · = | thèr.

DEC. When Thou tookest upon **Thee** | tò · de- | lìv- · = | er⁀màn : ‖ Thou didst humble **Thysêlf** to be | bòrn · of a | Vìr- · = | gìn.

CAN. When Thou hadst **overcôme** the | shàrp-ness | òf · = | dèath : ‖ Thou didst open the **kingdom** of | Hèaven · to | àll · be- | lìevers.

DEC. Thou **sittest** | àt⁀the · right | hànd · = | of⁀Gòd : ‖ in the **glôry** | of · the | Fà- · = | thèr.

CAN. **We** be- | lìeve · that | Thòu · = | shalt⁀eòme : ‖ **to** | bè · = | òur · = | Jùdge.

DEC. We therefore **pray** Thee, | hèlp · Thy | sèr- = | vànts : ‖ whom Thou hast **redêemed** | with · Thy | prè- = | eious⁀blòod.

CAN. Make them to be **nûmbered** | with · = | Thỳ · = | Saints : ‖ in **glôry** èv - er - | làst- = | ìng.

DEC. O Lord, save Thy **pèople**, and | blèss · Thine | hèr- = | itàge : ‖ Gov-ern **them**, and | lîft · them | ùp · for | èver.

FULL. **Day** by | dày · we | màgni - fy | Thèe : ‖ and we worship Thy **Name** | èv - er, | world⁀with-out | ènd.

CAN. **Vôuch-** | sàfe, = | ˋO · = | Lòrd : ‖ to **keep** us | thìs · day⁀with- | òut · = | sìn.

DEC. O **Lord**, have | mèr - cy⁀up - | òn · = | ùs : ‖ **have** | mèr - cy⁀up - | òn · = | ùs.

CAN. O Lord, let Thy **mêrcy** | bè · up- | òn · = | ùs : ‖ **as** our | trùst · **is** | ìn · = | Thèe.

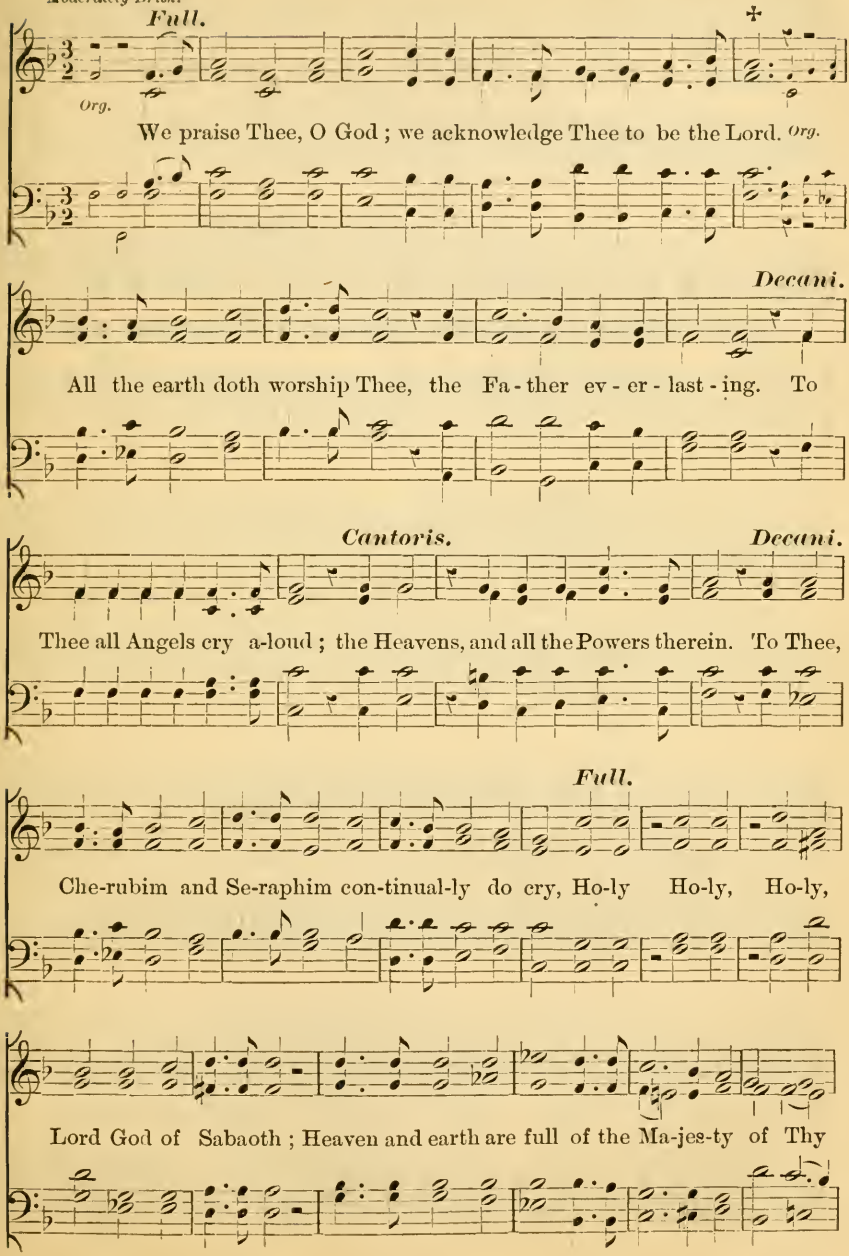
FULL. O Lord, in **Thee** | hàve · I | trùst- = | èd : ‖ let me **nêver** | bè · con- | fòund- = | èd.

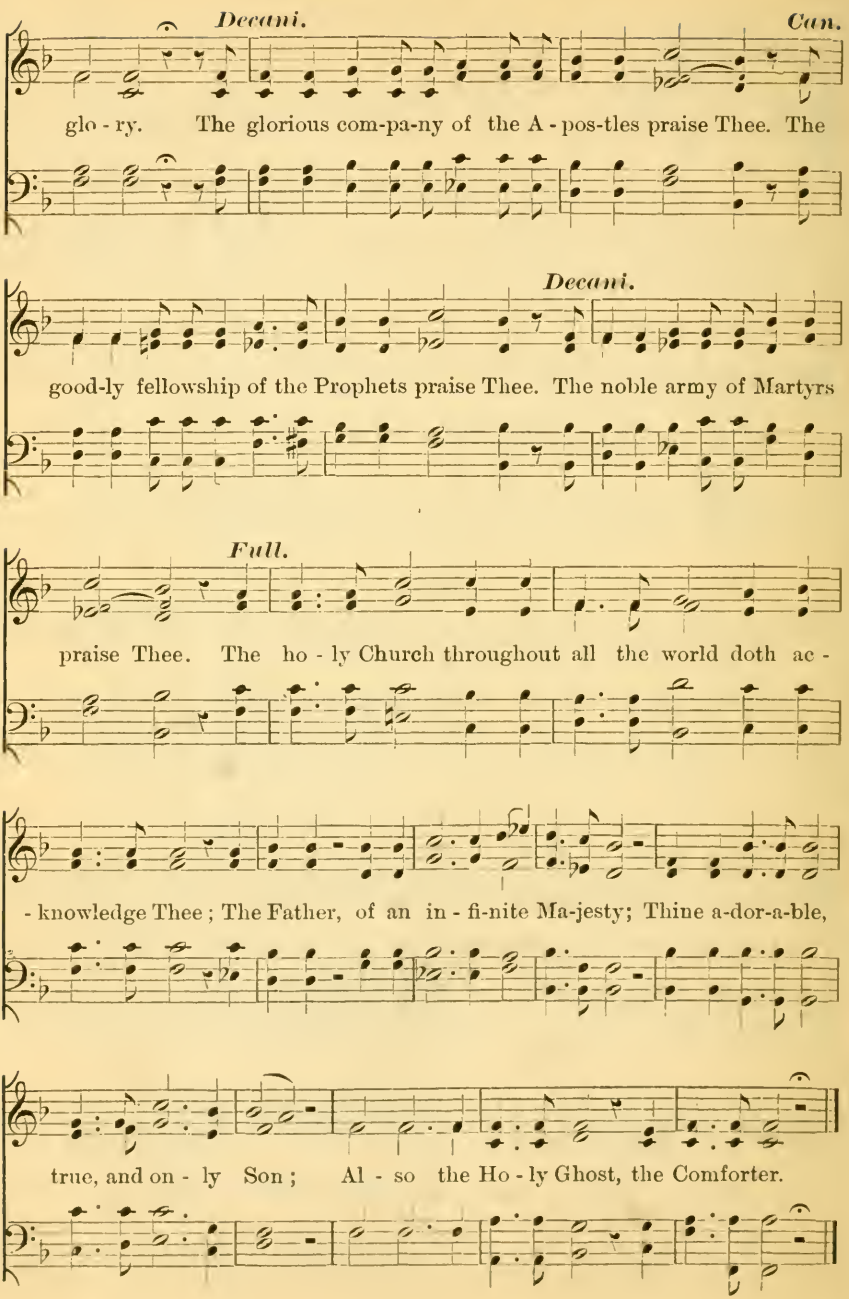
20. (a)

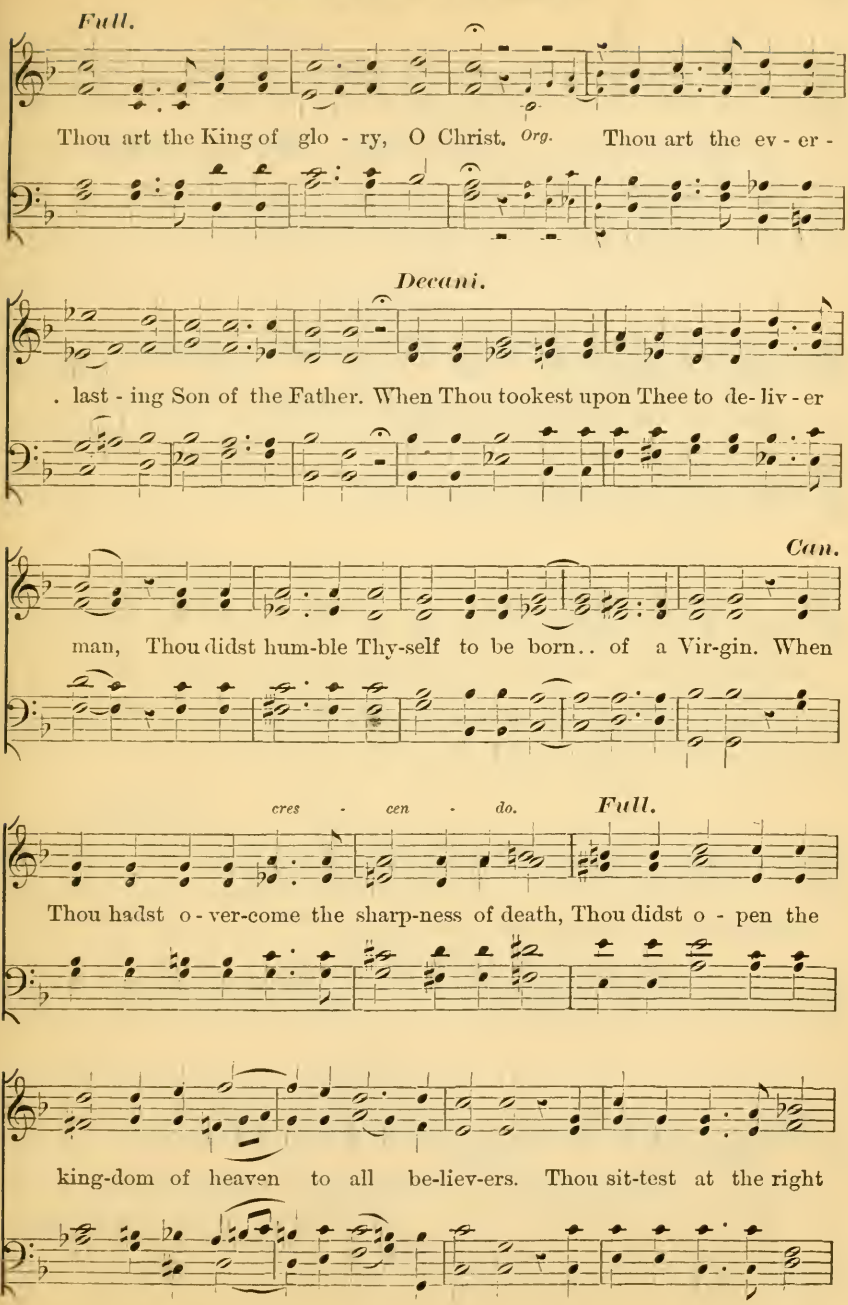
(FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE.)

J. H. CORNELL.

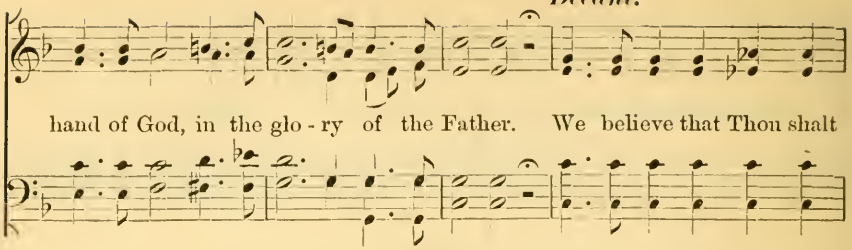
Moderately Brisk.



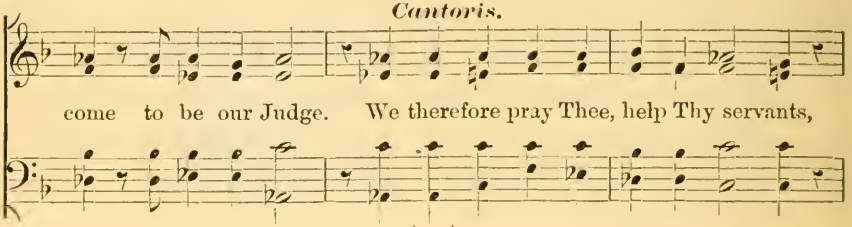

Decani.
Can.
glo - ry. The glorious com-pa-ny of the A - pos-tles praise Thee. The
Decani.
good-ly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee. The noble army of Martyrs
Full.
praise Thee. The ho - ly Church throughout all the world doth ac -
- knowledge Thee ; The Father, of an in - fi-nite Ma-jesty; Thine a-dor-a-ble,
true, and on - ly Son ; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the Comforter.


Full.
Thou art the King of glo - ry, O Christ. Org. Thou art the ev - er -
Decani.
. last - ing Son of the Father. When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- liv - er
Can.
man, Thou didst hum-ble Thy-self to be born.. of a Vir-gin. When
cres - cen - do.
Full.
Thou hadst o - ver-come the sharp-ness of death, Thou didst o - pen the
king-dom of heaven to all be-liev-ers. Thou sit-test at the right

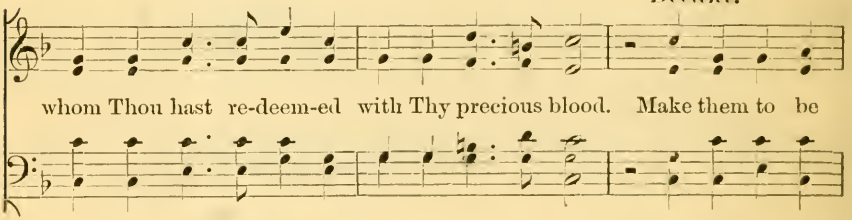
Decani.



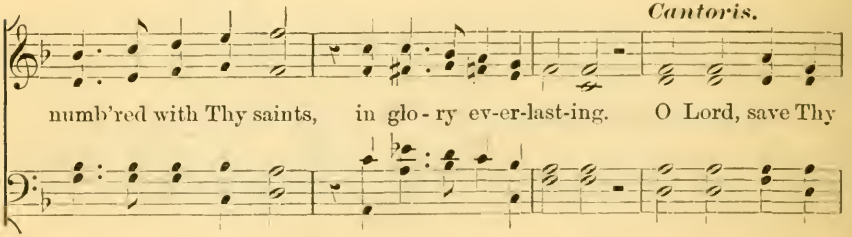
Cantoris.



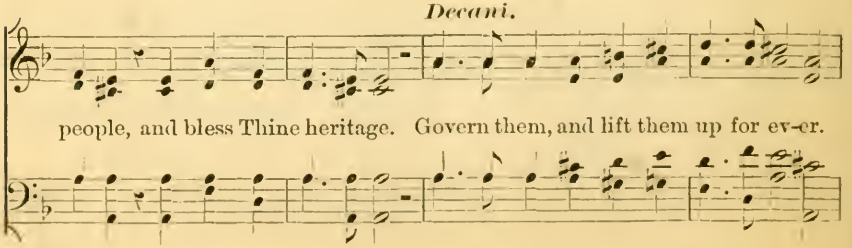
Decani.

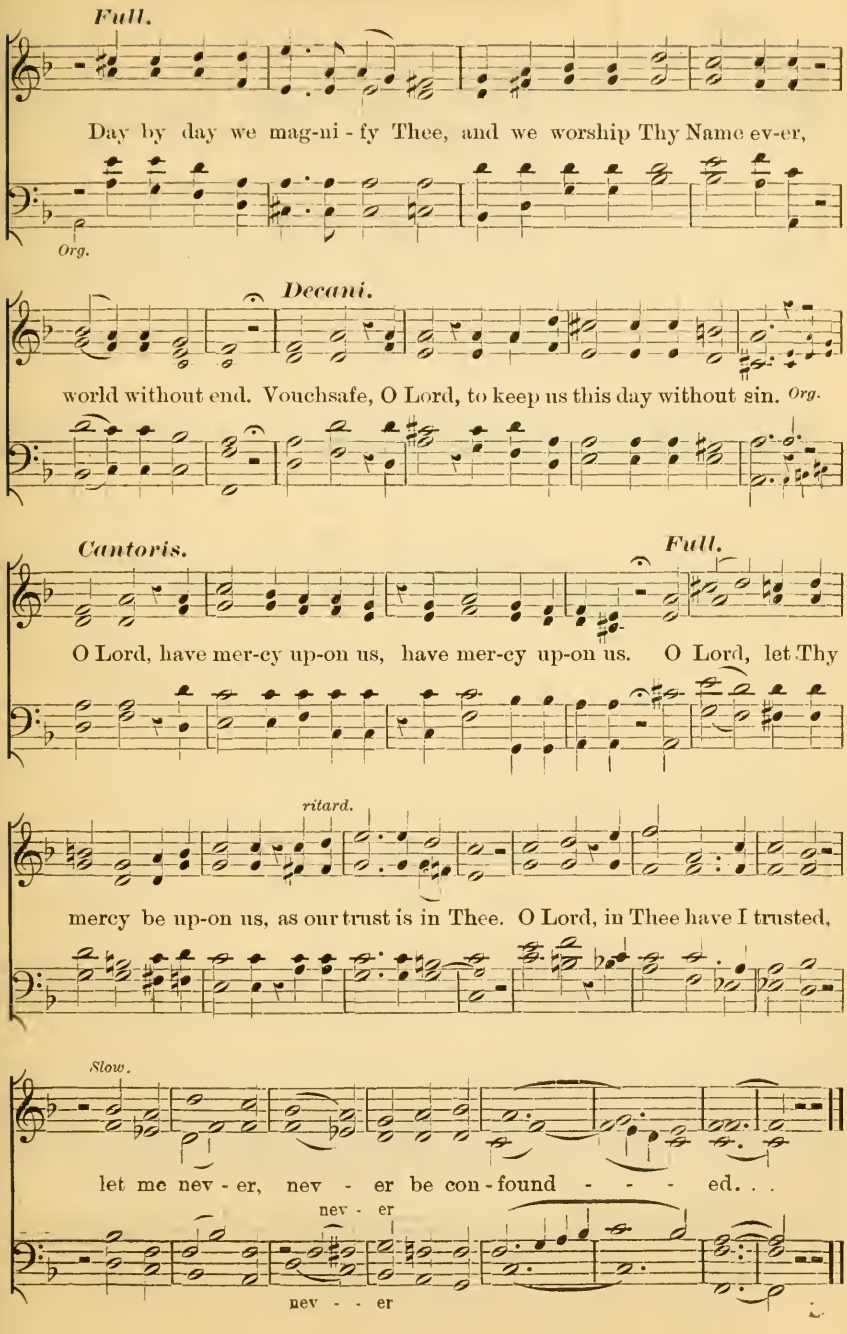


Cantoris.



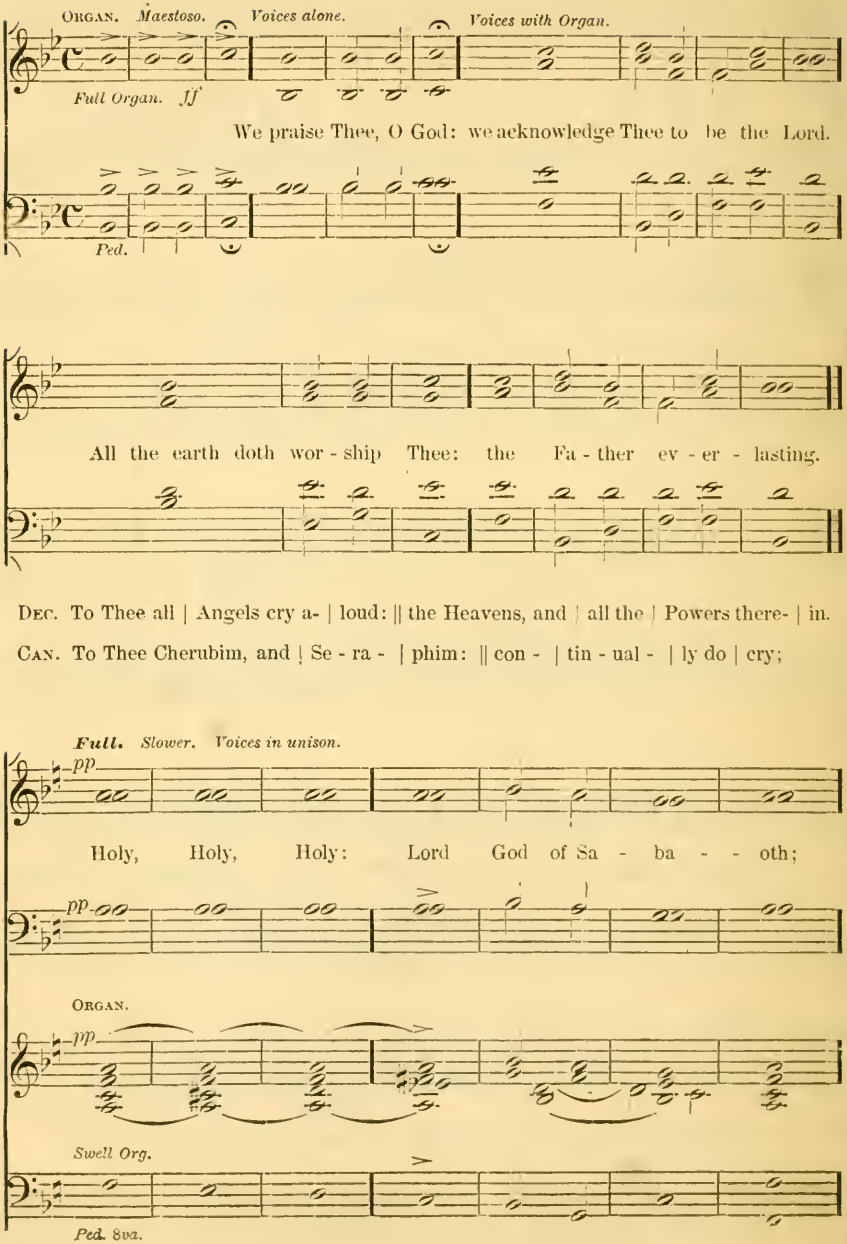
Decani.

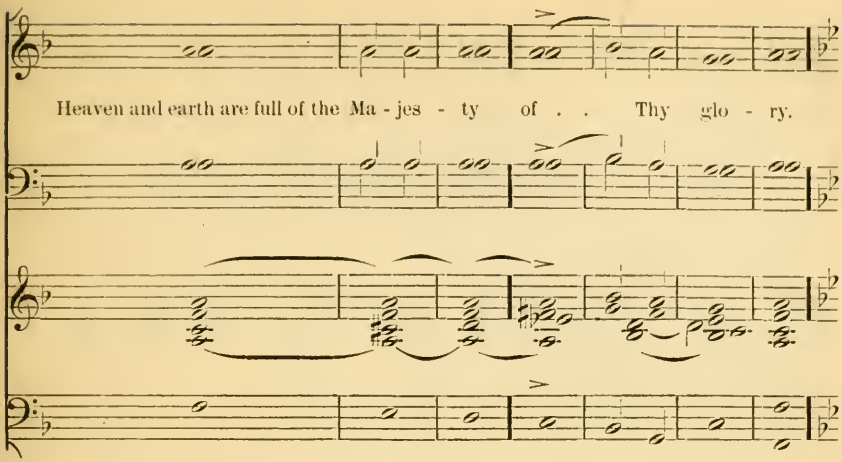


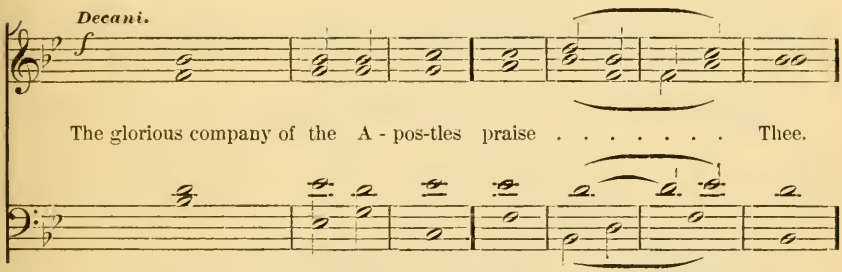

Full.
Day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, and we worship Thy Name ev-er,
Org.
Decani.
world without end. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
Org.
Cantoris.
Full.
O Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, have mer-cy up-on us. O Lord, let Thy
ritard.
mercy be up-on us, as our trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted,
Slow.
let me nev - er, nev - er be con-found - - - ed. . .
nev - er
nev - - er

20. (b)

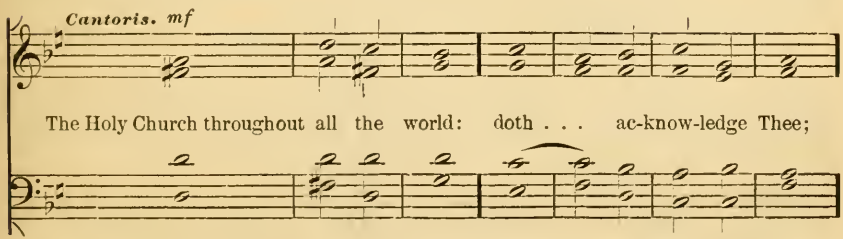
J. Barnby.


Organ. Maestoso.
Voices alone.
Voices with Organ.
Full Organ. ff
We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
Ped.
All the earth doth wor - ship Thee: the Fa - ther ev - er - lasting.
Dec. To Thee all | Angels cry a- | loud: || the Heavens, and | all the | Powers there- | in.
Can. To Thee Cherubim, and | Se - ra - | phim: || con - | tin - ual - | ly do | cry;
Full. Slower. Voices in unison.
pp
Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sa - ba - - oth;
Organ.
Swell Org.
Ped. 8va.

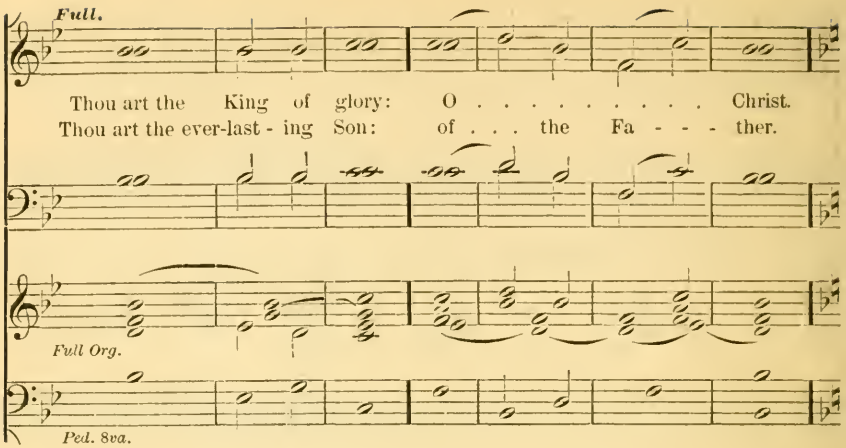


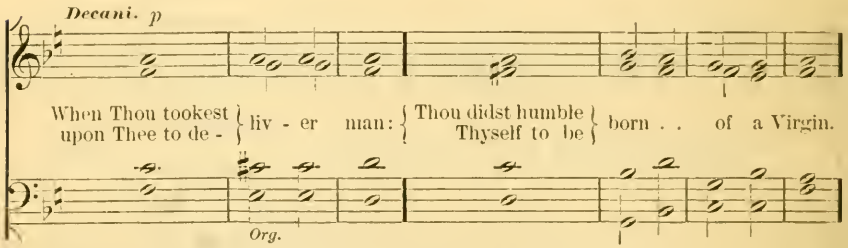


CAN. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: | praise . . . | . . . | Thee.
DEC. The noble . . . | army of | Martyrs: | praise . . . | . . . | Thee.

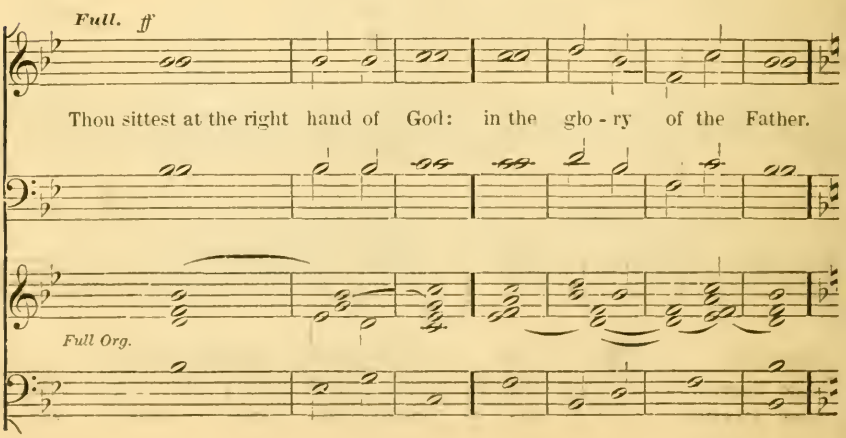


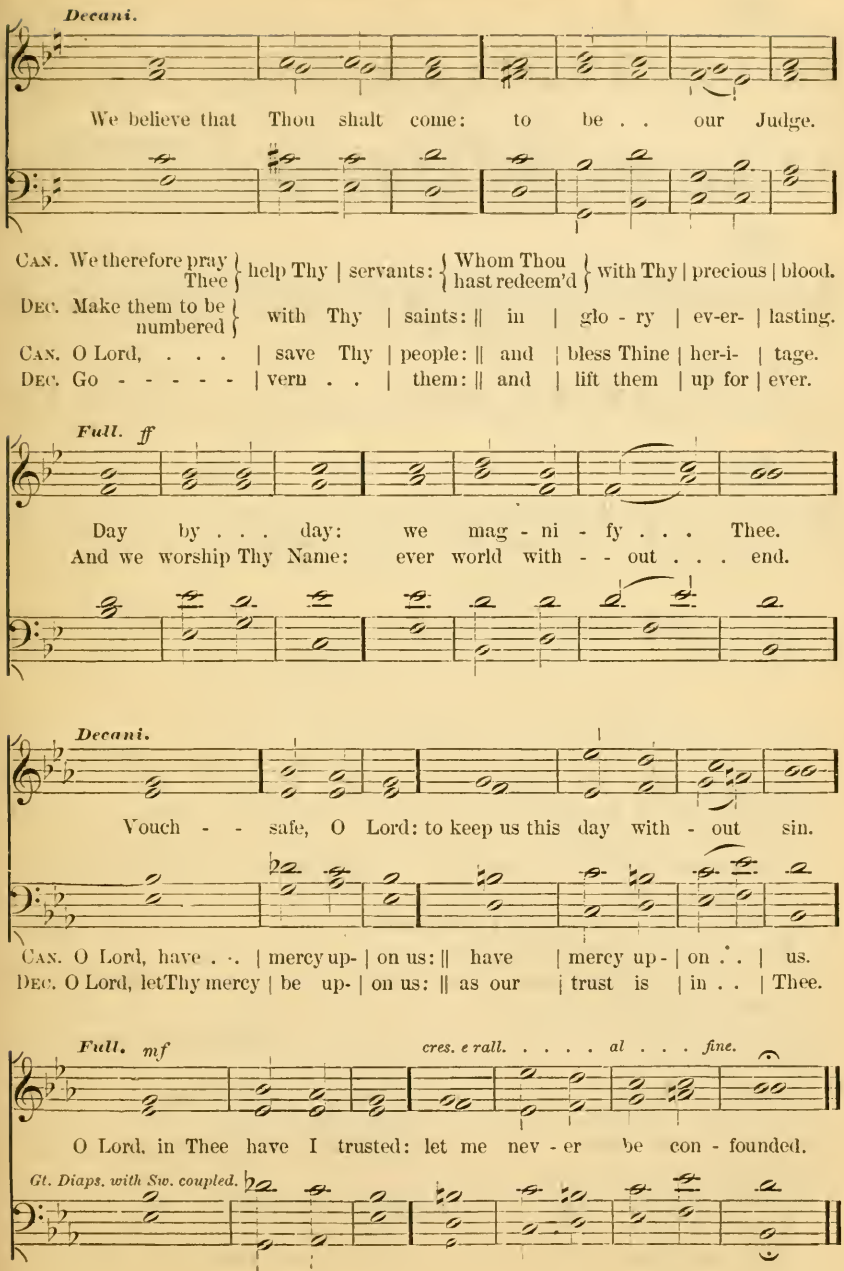
DEC. The . . . . . | Fa - - | ther: || of an | infi-nite | Ma - jes - | ty.
CAN. Thine a - - - - | dora-ble, | true: || and | on - - | - - ly | Son.
DEC. Also the . . . . | Ho - ly | Ghost:|| The | Com - | - fort - | er.



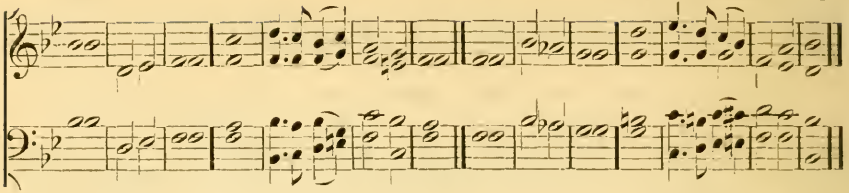


Can. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to | all be-|lievers.

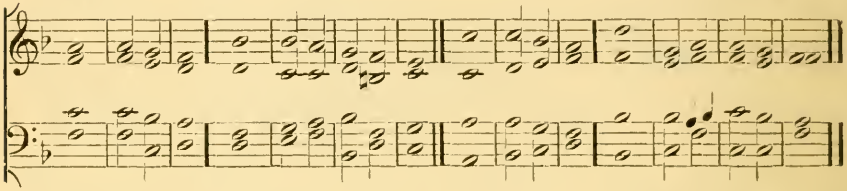



Decani.
We believe that Thou shalt come: to be . . our Judge.
Can. We therefore pray Thee } help Thy | servants: { Whom Thou hast redeem'd } with Thy | precious | blood.
Dec. Make them to be numbered } with Thy | saints: || in | glo - ry | ev-er- | lasting.
Can. O Lord, . . . | save Thy | people: || and | bless Thine | her-i- | tage.
Dec. Go - - - - - | vern . . | them: || and | lift them | up for | ever.
Full. ff
Day by . . . day: we mag - ni - fy . . . Thee.
And we worship Thy Name: ever world with - - out . . . end.
Decani.
Vouch - - safe, O Lord: to keep us this day with - out sin.
Can. O Lord, have . . | mercy up- | on us: || have | mercy up - | on . . | us.
Dec. O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us: || as our | trust is | in . . | Thee.
Full. mf
cres. e rall. . . . . al . . . fine.
O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me nev - er be con - founded.
Gt. Diaps. with Sw. coupled.

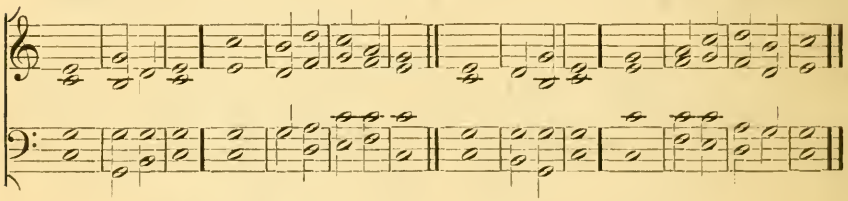
21. W. H. Walter. 1856. ✣



22. Dr. W. Hayes.



23. Rev. W. H. Havergal.



Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

O all ye works of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Angels of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye **Heavens**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Waters that be above the **Firmament**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O all ye Powers of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Sun and **Moon**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Stars of **Heaven**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Showers and **Dew**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Winds of **God**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Fire and **Heat**, | bless · ye the | Lord : ‖ praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Winter and **Summer**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Dews and **Frosts**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Frost and **Cold**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Ice and **Snow**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Nights and **Days**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Light and **Darkness**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Lightnings and **Clouds**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O let the **Earth**, | bless · — the | Lord : || **Yea**, let it praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Mountains and **Hills**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O all ye Green Things upon the **Earth**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye **Wells**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Seas and **Floods**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye **Whales**, and all that move in the **wâters**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O all ye Fowls of the **Air**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O all ye Beasts and **Câttle**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye children of **Men**, | bless · ye the Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O let **Israel** | bless · — the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Priests of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Servants of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the **Righteous**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

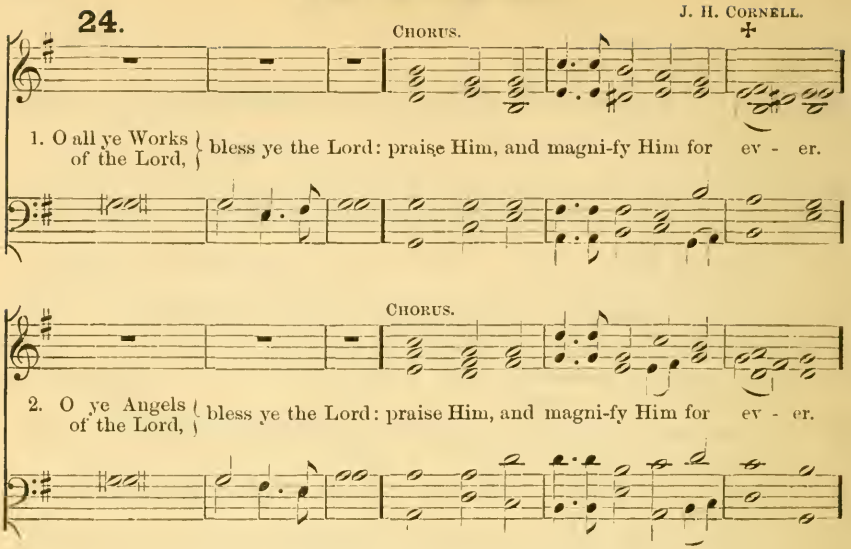
O ye holy and humble Men of **Heart**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise **Him**, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | men.

24.

J. H. Cornell.



Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

O all ye Works of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ev-er.

O ye Angels of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ev-er.

O ye **Heavens**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Waters that be above the **Firmament**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O all ye Powers of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Sun and **Moon**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

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O ye Showers and **Dew**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Winds of **God**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Fire and **Heat**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Winter and **Summer**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Dews and **Frosts**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Frost and **Cold**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Ice and **Snow**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him. &c.

O ye Nights and **Days**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Light and **Darkness**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Lightnings and **Clouds**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O **let** the | Earth · bless the | Lord : || Yea, let it **praise** Him, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ev-er.

O ye Mountains and **Hills**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O all ye Green Things upon the **Earth**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye **Wells**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Seas and **Floods**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye **Whales**, and all that move in the **wâters**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O all ye Fowls of the **Air**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O all ye Beasts and **Câttle**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye children of **Men**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

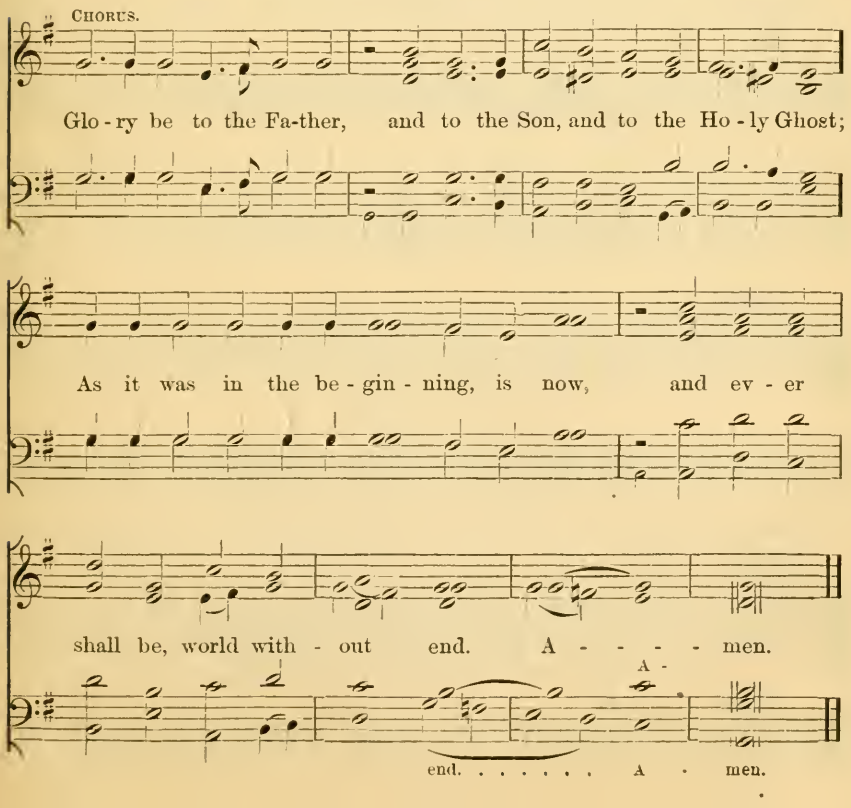
O let **Isra-** | el · bless the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Priests of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

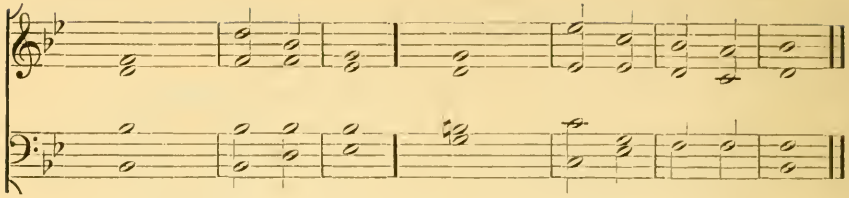
O ye Servants of the **Lord**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the **Righteous**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.

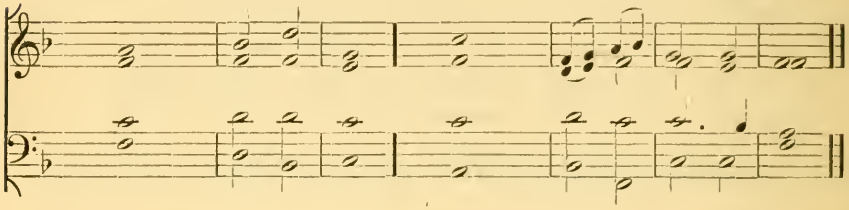
O ye holy and humble Men of **Heart**, | bless · ye the | Lord : || praise Him, &c.



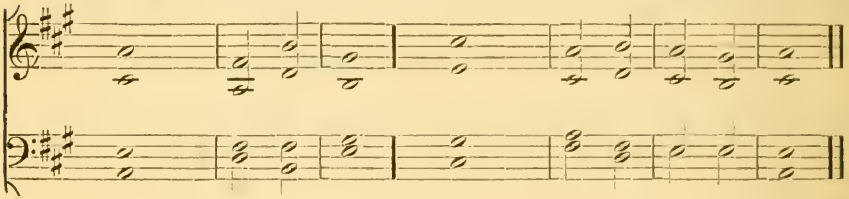
25. SIR G. J. ELVEY.



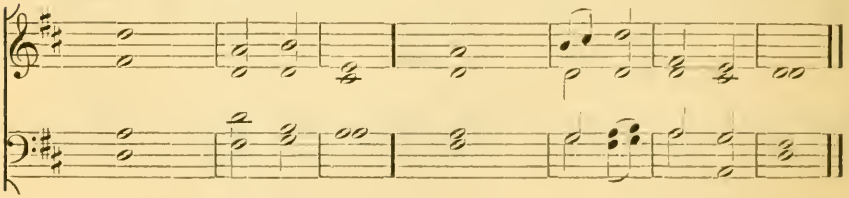
26. CHARLES KING.



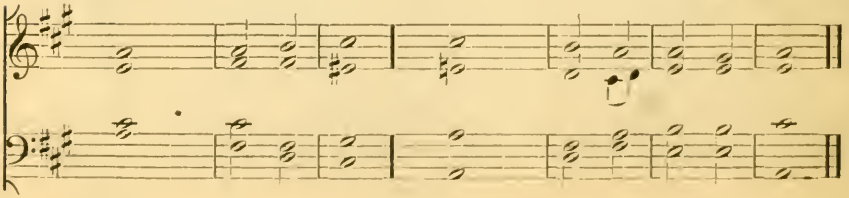
27. DEAN ALDRICH.



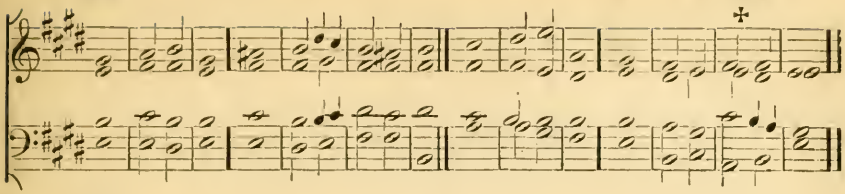
28. DR. W. HAYES.



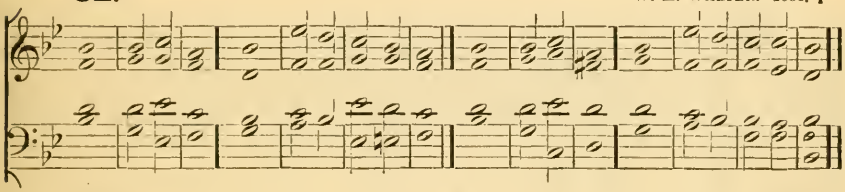
29. V. NOVELLO.



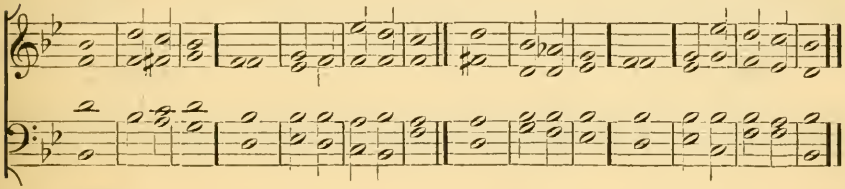
30. J. H. Cornell.



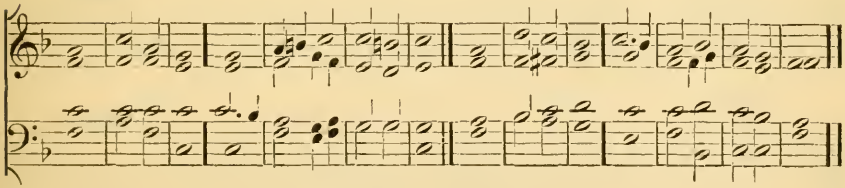
31. W. H. Walter. 1856.



32. Dr J. S. Smith.



33. Dean Aldrich.



Jubilate Deo.

Psalm c.

O be joyful in the **Lord**, | all · ye | lands : ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, and **come** before His | pre-sence | with · a | song.

Be ye sure that the **Lord**, | He · is | God : ‖ it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are His **pêople**, and the | sheep · of | His = | pasture.

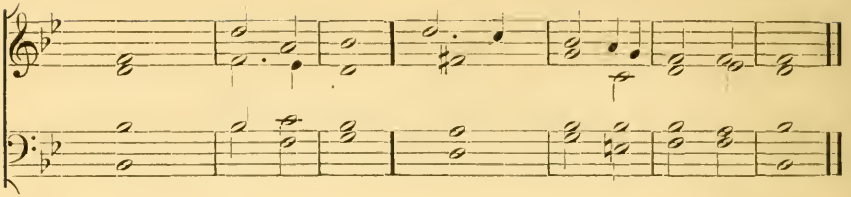
O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His **courts** | with =| praise : ‖ be thankful unto **Him**, and | speak · good | of · His | Name.

For the Lord is gracious, His **mêrcy** is | ev - er - | lasting : ‖ and His truth endureth from **generâtion** to | gen - er - | a - = | tion.

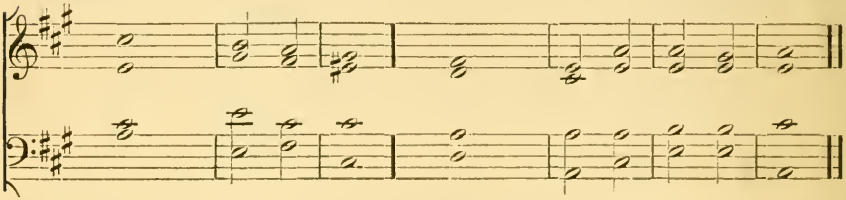
Glo-ry be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be : ‖ **world** | without | end. A- | men.

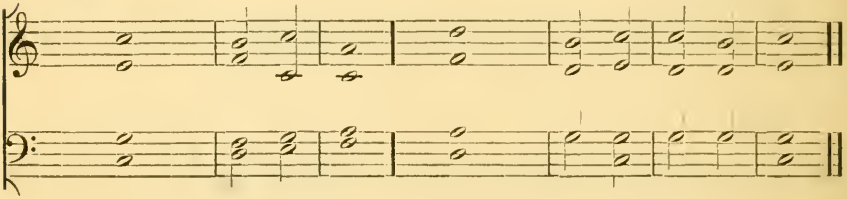
34. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.



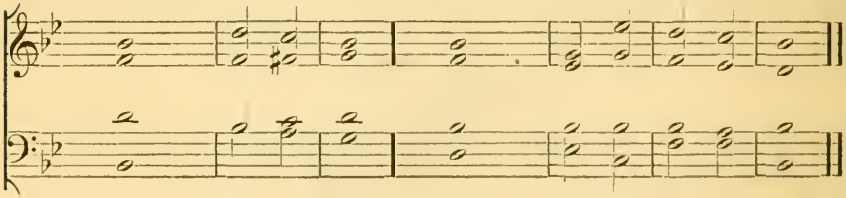
35. Dr. Crotch.



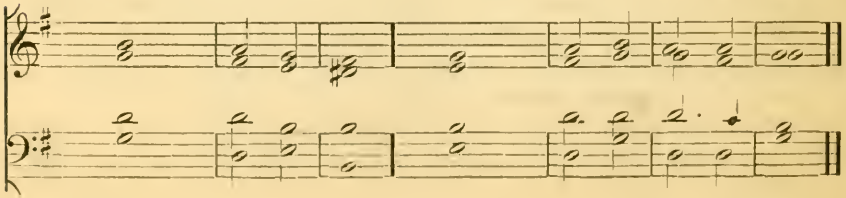
36. Dr. W. Hayes.



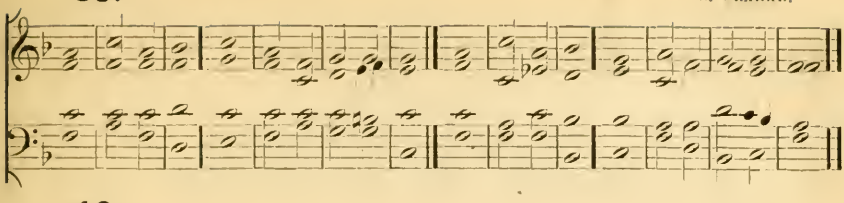
37. V. Novello.



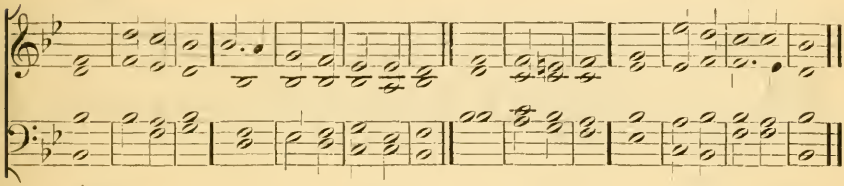
38. W. Hine.



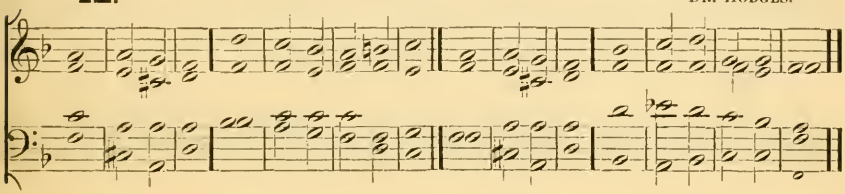
39. C. Clarke.



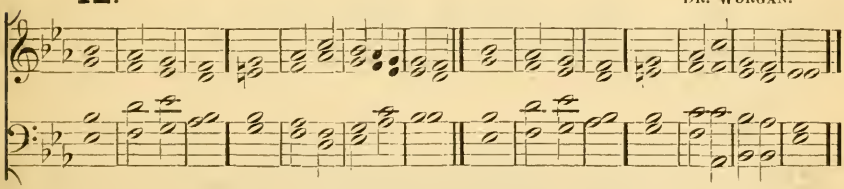
40. H. Lawes.



41. Dr. Hodges.



42. Dr. Worgan.



Benedictus.

St. Luke i. 68.

Blessed be the Lord **God** of | Is-ra- | el : || for He hath **visited**, | and · redeemed · His | people ;

And hath raised up a mighty **salvâtion** | for · = | us : || in the **house** | of · His | ser-vant | David ;

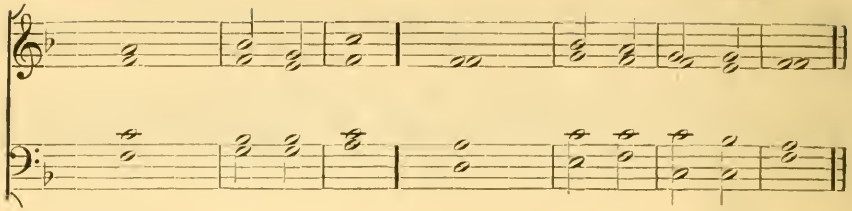
As he spake by the **mouth** of His | ho-ly | Prophets : || which have **been** | since · the | world · be- | gan ;

That we should be **sâved** | from · our | enemies : || and from the **hand** of | all · that | hate · = | us ;

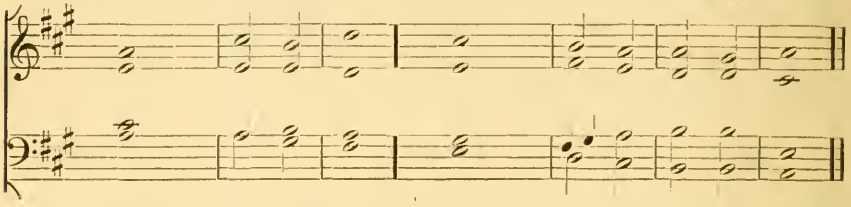
Glo-ry be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**. and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | men.

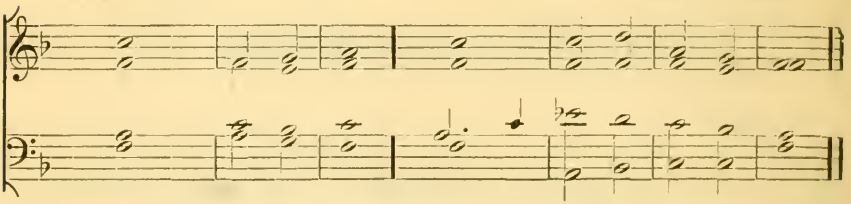
43. W. Russell.



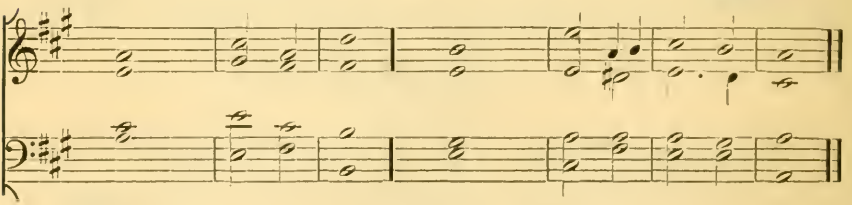
44. Sir John Goss.



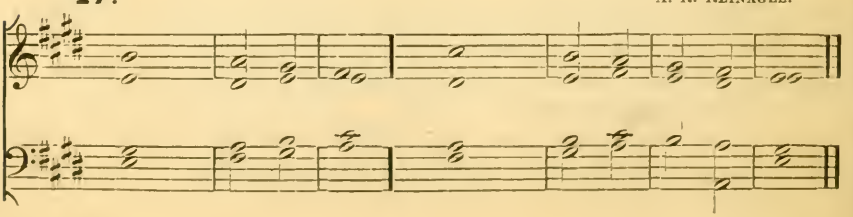
45. Rev. W. Felton.



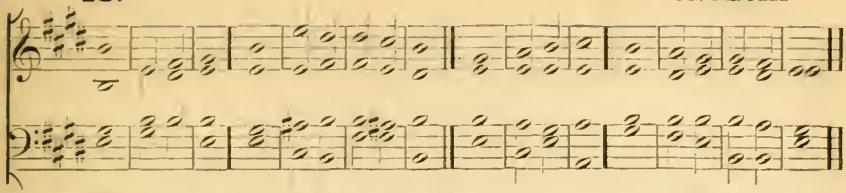
46. V. Novello.



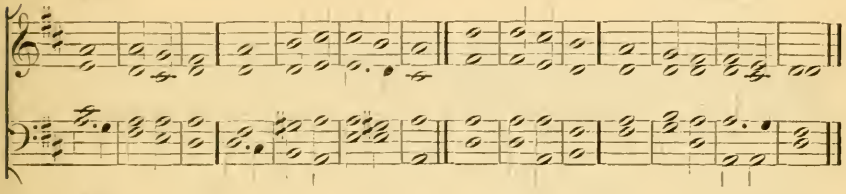
47. A. R. Reinagle.



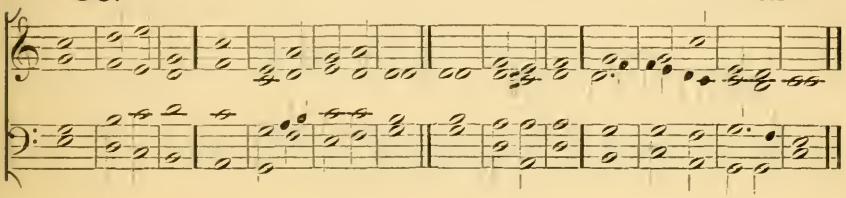
48. DR. RANDALL



49. LORD MORNINGTON.



50. T. ATTWOOD.



Cantate Domino.

Psalm xcviii.

O SING unto the **Lord** a | new · = | song : || for **He** | hath · done | marvellous | things.

With His own right **hand**, and with His | ho-ly | arm : || hath He **gôtten** Him- | self · the | vic-to- | ry.

The Lord **declâred** | His · sal- | va-tion : || His righteousness hath He openly **shôwed** | in · the | sight of the | heathen.

He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the **house** of | Is-ra- | el : || and all the ends of the world have **seen** the sal- | va-tion | of · our | God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the **Lord**, | all · ye | lands : || **sing**, re- | joice, and | give · = | thanks.

Praise the **Lord** up- | on · the | harp : || sing to the **harp** with a | psalm · of | thanks- = | giving.

With **trûmpets** | also · and | shawms : || O show yourselves **jôyful** be- | fore · the | Lord, · the | King.

Let the sea make a noise, and **all** that | there-in | is : || the round **world**, and | they · that | dwell · there- | in.

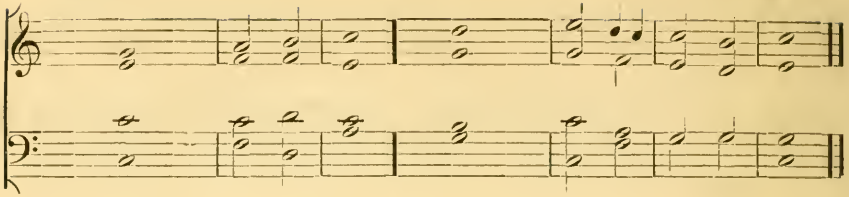
Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful **togêther** before · the | Lord : || for **He** | cometh · to | judge · the | earth.

With righteousness **shall** He | judge · the | world : || **and** the | peo-ple - - with · = | equity.

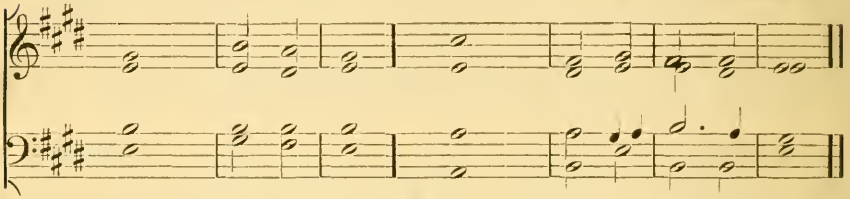
Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | men.

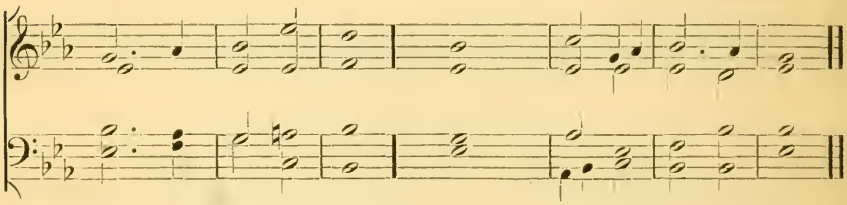
51. DR. WOODWARD.



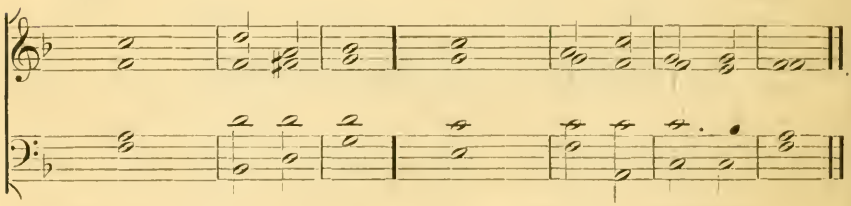
52. DR. HAYES.



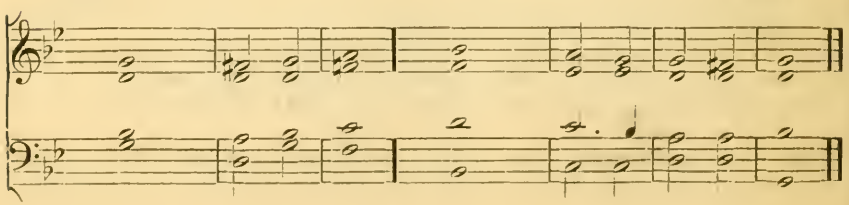
53. J. TRAVERS.



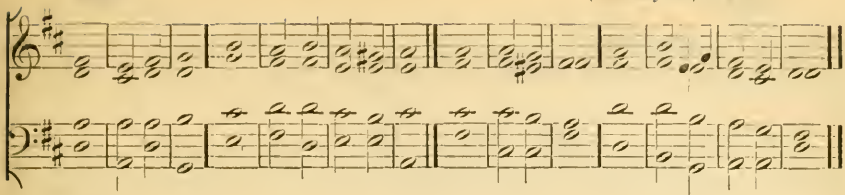
54. W. H. MONK.



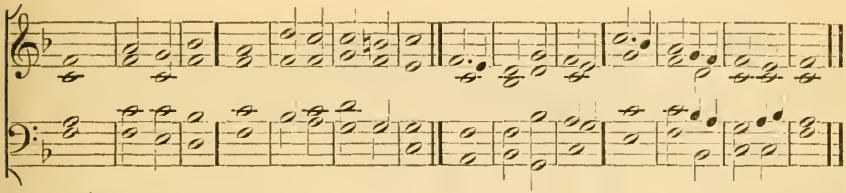
55. W. HINE.



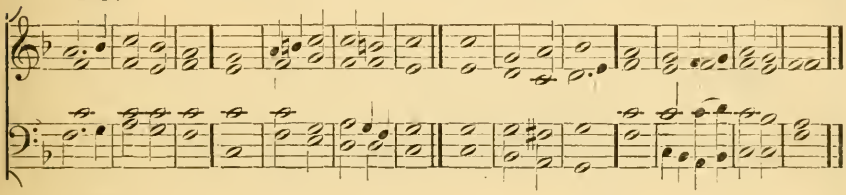
56. (*Altered from*) J. SOAPER.



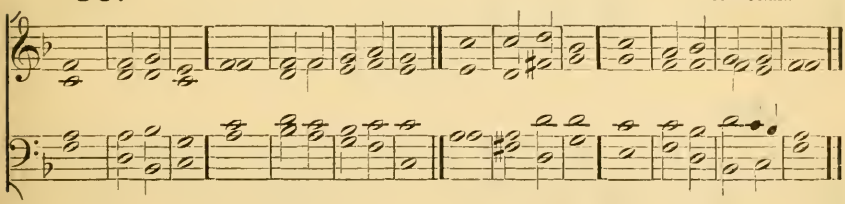
57. From HANDEL.



58. DR. DUPUIS.



59. J. TURLE.



Bonum est confiteri.

Psalm xcii.

IT IS a good thing to give **thanks** | unto · the | Lord : || and to sing praises unto Thy **Name**, | O · = | Most · = | Highest.

To tell of Thy loving-kindness **êarly** | in · the | morning : || and of Thy **truth** | in · the | night · = | season.

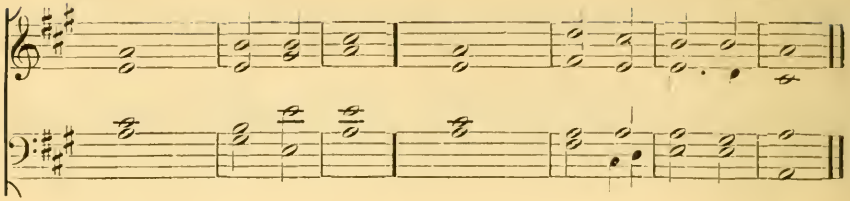
Upon an instrument of ten **strings**, and up- | on · the | lute : || upon a loud **instrument**, | and · up- | on · the | harp.

For Thou, Lord, hast made me **glad** | through · Thy | works : || and I will rejoice in giving **praise** for the oper- | a - tions | of · Thy | hands.

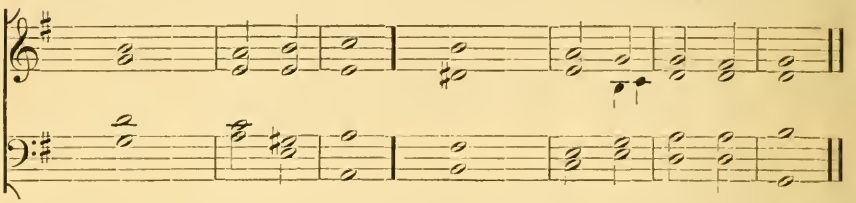
GLO-RY be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | men.

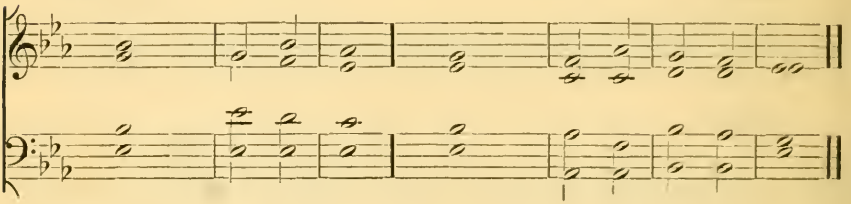
60. DR. TURNER.



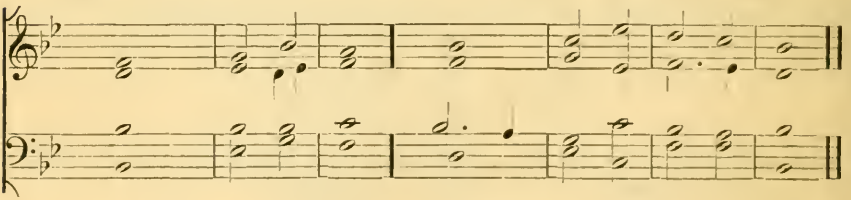
61. DEAN ALDRICH.



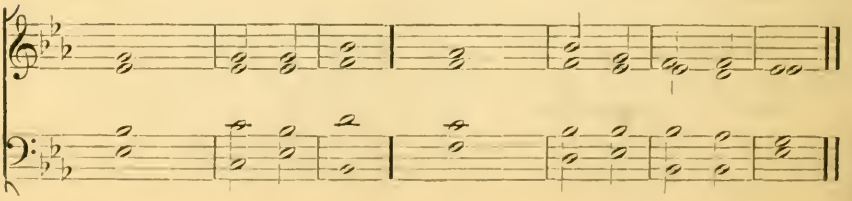
62. J. BARNBY.



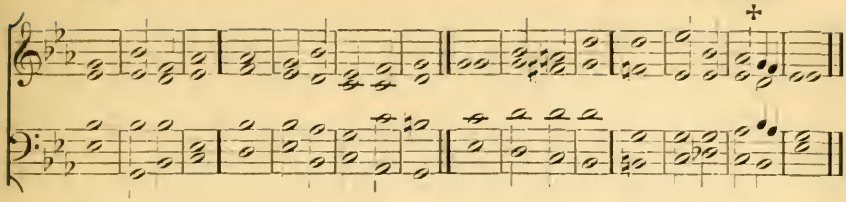
63. SIR G. J. ELVEY.



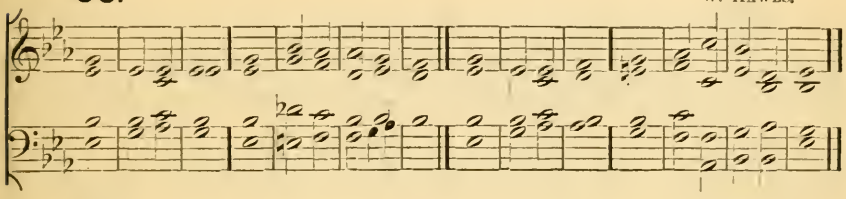
64. W. H. WALTER. 1869. ✠



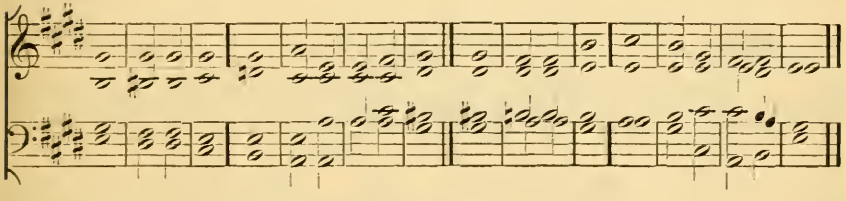
65. J. H. Cornell.



66. W. Hawes.



67. T. Attwood.



Deus misereatur.

Psalm lxvii.

God be merciful unto **us**, and | bless · = | us : || and show us the light of His countenance, **and** be | merci-ful | un-to | us;

That Thy **way** may be | known up-on | earth : || Thy saving **health** a-| mong · = | all · = | nations.

Let the people **praise** | Thee, · O | God : || yea, let **all** the | peo-ple | praise · = | Thee.

O let the nations **rejôice**, | and · be | glad : || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and **gôvern** the | na-tions up-| on · = | earth.

Let the people **praise** | Thee, · O | God : || yea, let **all** the | peo-ple | praise · = | Thee.

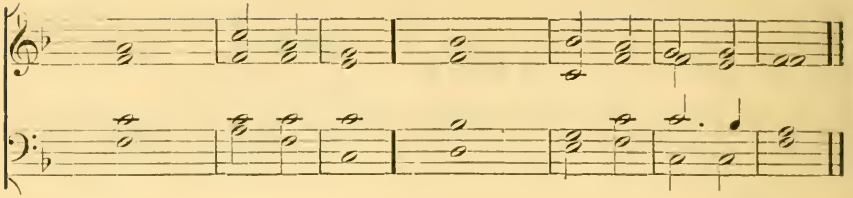
Then shall the **earth** bring | forth · her | increase : || and God, even our own **God**, shall | give · us | His · = | blessing.

God shall | bless · = | us : || and all the ends of the **world** | shall · = | fear · = | Him.

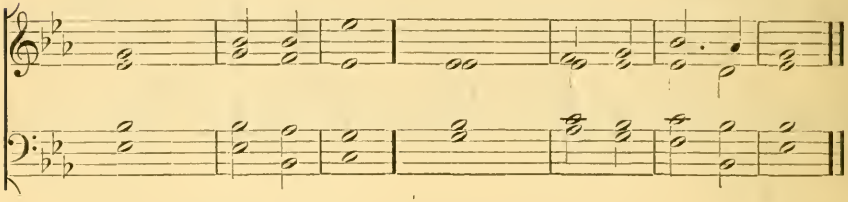
Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A-| men.

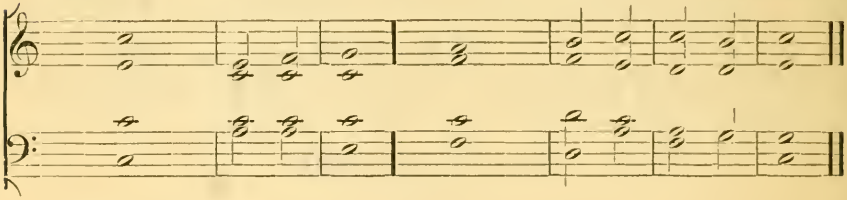
68. W. Lee.



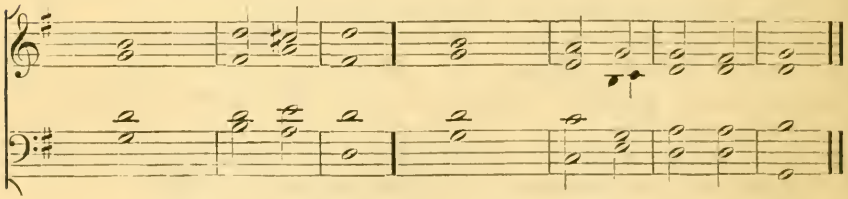
69. E. J. Hopkins.



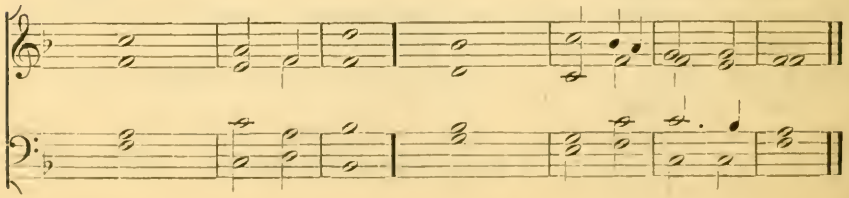
70. E. G. Monk.



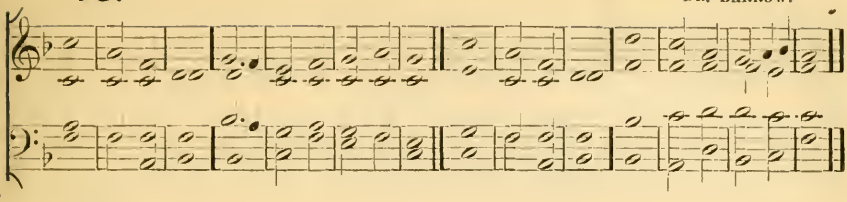
71. W. Dyce.



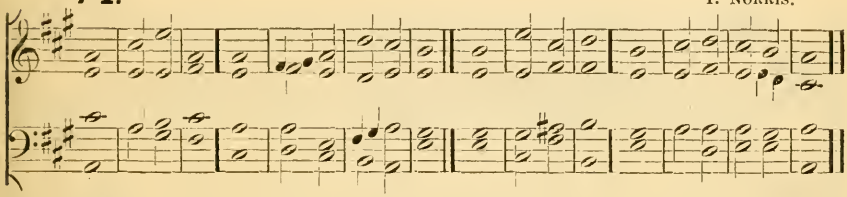
72. Dr. B. Cooke.



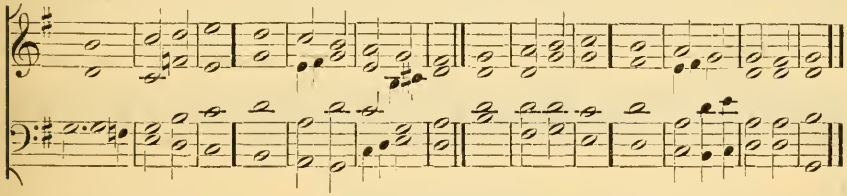
73. DR. BARROW.



74. T. NORRIS.



75. DR. B. COOKE.



Benedic, anima mea.

Psalm ciii.

PRAISE the Lord, | O · my | soul : || and all that is **within** me | praise · His | ho - ly | Name.

Praise the **Lord**, | O · my | soul : || and forget **not** | all · His | ben - e - | fits ;

Who **forgiveth** | all · thy | sin : || and healeth **all** | thine · in- | firm - i - | ties;

Who saveth thy **life** | from · de- | struction : || and crowneth thee with **mêrcy** and | lov - ing - | kind- = | ness.

O praise the Lord, ye Angels of His, **ye** that ex- | cel · in | strength : || ye that fulfil His commandment, and **hêarken** unto the | voice · of | His · = | word.

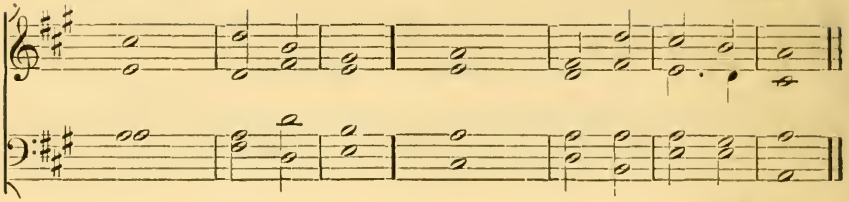
O praise the **Lord**, all | ye · His | hosts : || ye **sêrvants** of | His · that | do · His | pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all **plâces** of | His · do- | minion : || praise thou the **Lord**, | O · = | my · = | soul.

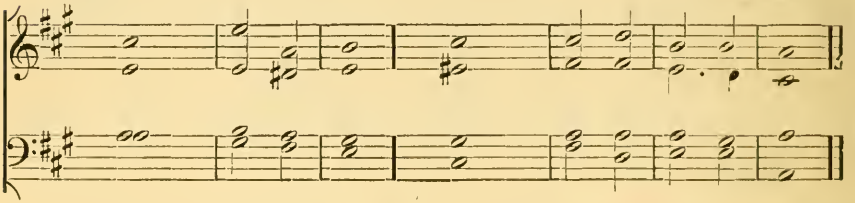
Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | men.

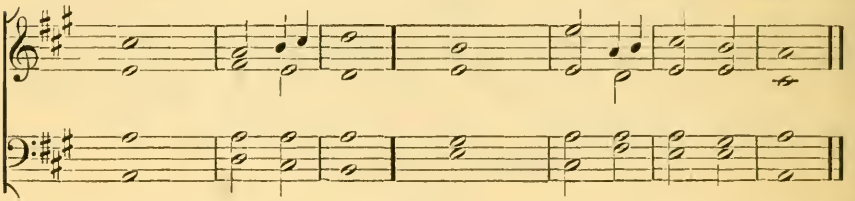
76. DR. J. NARES.



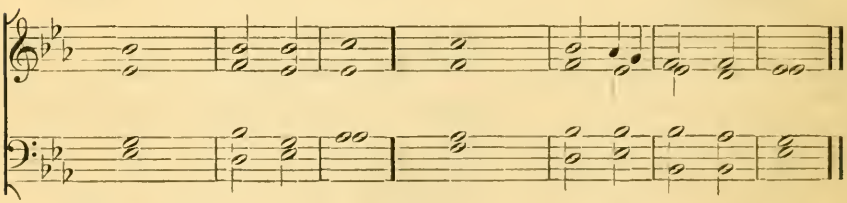
77. E. G. MONK.



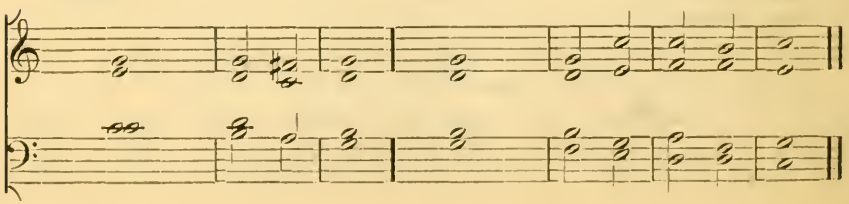
78. REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



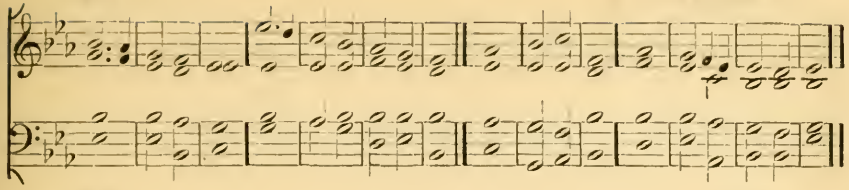
79. J. TRAVERS.



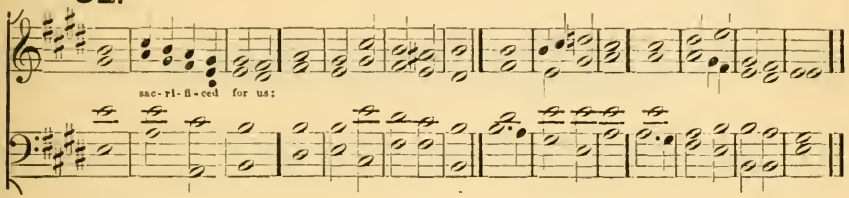
80. W. SAVAGE.



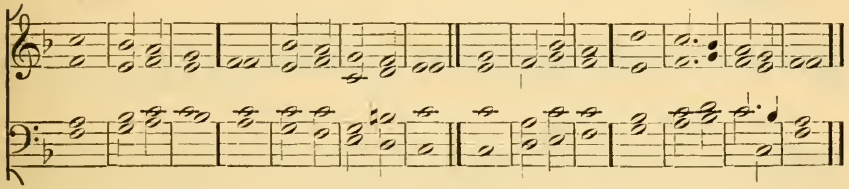
81. LORD MORNINGTON.



82.



83. E. HIGGINS.



Easter Day.

Instead of "O come, let us sing," &c.

CHRIST our Passover is **sacrificed** | for · = | us : ‖ **thêrefore** | let · us | keep · the | feast ;

Not with the old leaven, neither with the **lêaven** of | malice · and | wickedness: ‖ but with the unleavened **bread** of sin- | cer-i- | ty · and | truth. 1 *Cor.* v. 7.

CHRIST being raised from the **dead**, | dieth · no | more : ‖ death hath no **more** do- | min-ion | o-ver | Him.

For in that He died, He **died** unto | sin · = | once : ‖ but in that He **liveth**, He | liv-eth | un-to | God.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead **indêed** | un-to | sin : ‖ but alive unto **God** through | Je-sus | Christ · our | Lord. *Rom.* vi. 9.

CHRIST is **rîsen** | from · the | dead : ‖ and become the **first-fruits** | of · = | them · that | slept.

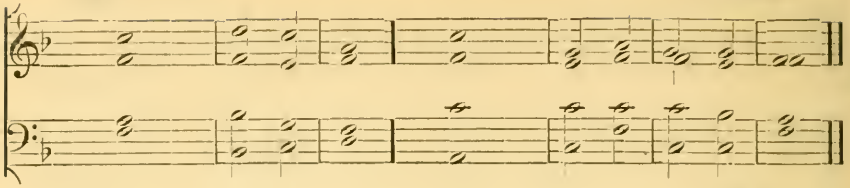
For **since** by | man · came | death : ‖ by man came **âlso** the resur- | rec-tion | of · the | dead.

For as in **Adam** | all · = | die : ‖ even so in **Christ** shall | all · be | made · a- | live. 1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

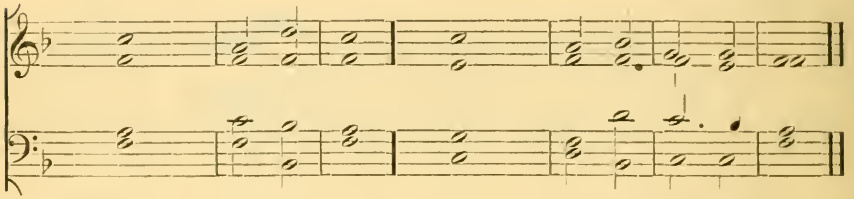
GLO-RY be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : ‖ **world** | without | end. A- | men.

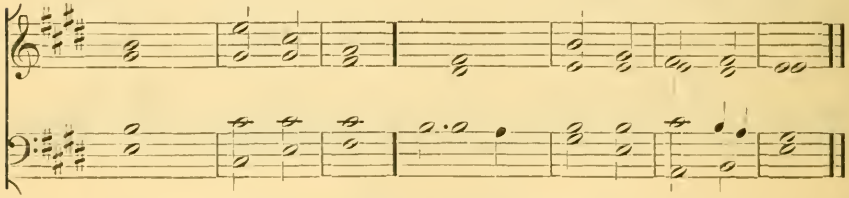
84. DR. W. HAYES.



85. DR. RIMBAULT.



86. REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



Laudate Dominum.

Instead of "O come, let us sing," &c.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing **prâises** | unto · our | God: ‖ **for** it is | pleasant · and | praise · is | comely.

The Lord doth **build up** Je- | ru-sa- | lem: ‖ He gathereth **togêther** the | out-casts of | Is-ra- | el.

He healeth **those** that are | broken · in | heart: ‖ **and** | bind-eth | up · their | wounds.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, and **prepâreth** | rain · for the | earth: ‖ He maketh the **grass** to | grow · up- | on · the | mountains.

He **giveth** to the | beast · his | food: ‖ **and** to the | young · = | ravens · which | cry.

Praise the **Lord**, | O · Je- | rusalem: ‖ praise thy **God**, | O · = | Si- = | on.

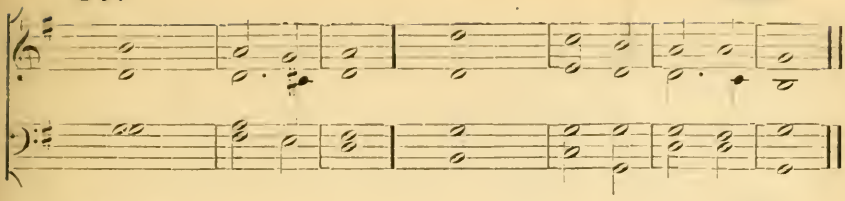
For He hath strengthened the **bars** | of · thy | gates: ‖ He hath **blêssed** thy | child-ren with- | in = | thee.

He maketh **peace** | in · thy | borders: ‖ and filleth **thee** with the | fi-nest | of · the | wheat.

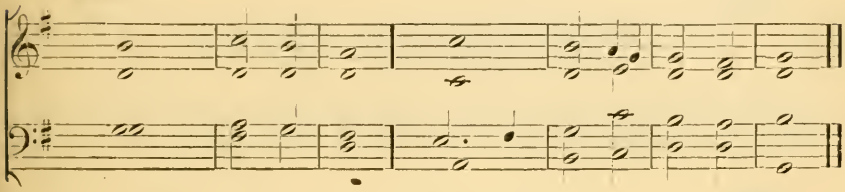
Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son: ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now** and | ev-er | shall be: ‖ **world** | with-out | end. A- | men.

87. T. PURCELL.



88. DR. ALCOCK.



Laudate Nomen.

O PRAISE the Lord, laud ye the **Name** | of · the | Lord : ‖ praise it, **O** ye | servants | of · the | Lord.

Ye that stand in the **house** | of · the | Lord : ‖ in the **courts** of the | house · of | our · = | God.

O praise the **Lord**, for the | Lord · is | gracious : ‖ O sing **prâises** unto His | Name, · for | it · is | lovely.

The Lord is **grâcious**, and | mer - ci - | ful : ‖ **long** - suffering, | and · of | great · = | goodness.

The Lord is **loving** unto | eve - ry | man : ‖ and His **mêrcy** is | o - ver | all · His | works.

All Thy works **praise** | Thee, · O | Lord : ‖ **and** Thy | saints · give | thanks · unto | Thee.

The Lord doth **build up** | Je - ru - | sa - lem : ‖ and gather **togêther** the | out - casts of | Is - ra - | el.

He healeth **those** that are | broken · in | heart : ‖ and giveth **mêdicine** to | heal · = | their · = | sickness.

The Lord's delight is in **them** that | fear · = | Him : ‖ and put their **trust** | in · = | His · = | mercy.

Praise the **Lord**, | O - Je - | rusalem : ‖ praise thy **God**, | O · = | Si - | on.

For He hath made fast the **bars** | of · thy | gates : ‖ and hath **blêssed** Thy | child - ren with - | in · = | Thee.

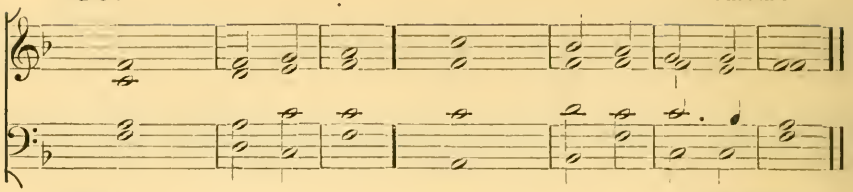
He maketh **peace** | in · thy | borders : ‖ and filleth **thee** | with · the | flour · of | wheat.

He is our God, even the **God** of whom | cometh · sal - | vation : ‖ God is the **Lord** by | whom · we es - | cape · = | death.

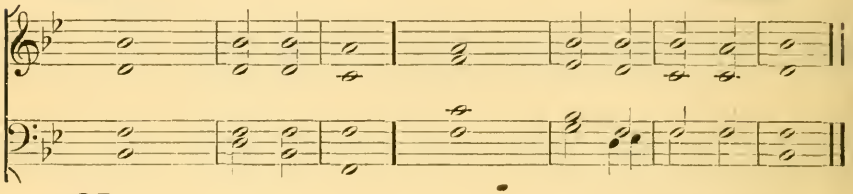
O God, wonderful art **Thou** in Thy | ho - ly | places : ‖ even the God of Israel, He will give strength and power unto His **pêople**. | Bless - ed | be · = | God.

Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : ‖ **world** | without | end. A- | men.

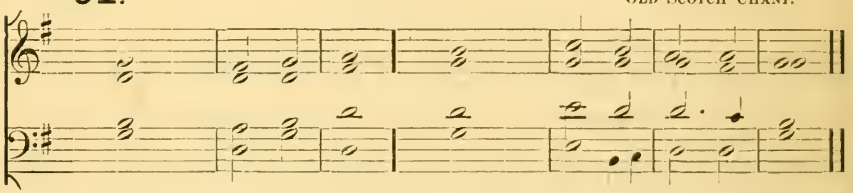
89. FARRANT.



90. P. HUMPHREY.



91. OLD SCOTCH CHANT.



Domini est terra.

Psalm xxiv.

The earth is the Lord's, and **all** that | there-in | is: ‖ the compass of the **world**, and | they · that | dwell · there- | in.

For He hath founded **it** up- | on · the | seas: ‖ and **prepared** | it · up- | on · the | floods.

Who shall ascend into the **hill** | of · the | Lord: ‖ or who shall rise **up** | in · His | ho-ly | place?

Even he that hath clean **hands** and a | pure · = | heart: ‖ and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor **sworn** | to · de- | ceive · his | neighbour.

He shall receive the **blessing** | from · the | Lord: ‖ and righteousness **from** the | God · of | his · sal- | vation.

This is the generation of **them** that | seek · = | Him: ‖ even of **them** that | seek · thy | face, · O | Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift **up**, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: ‖ and the **King** of | glo-ry | shall · come | in.

Who **is** the | King · of | glory: ‖ It is the Lord strong and mighty, **even** the | Lord · = | mighty · in | battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift **up**, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: ‖ and the **King** of | glo-ry | shall · come | in.

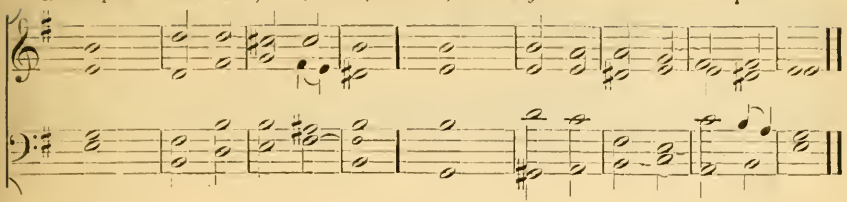
Who **is** the | King · of | glory: ‖ Even the Lord of **hosts**, | He · is the | King · of | glory.

GLO-RY be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son: | **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be: ‖ **world** | without | end. A- | men.

92. J. H. Cornell.

1st v. Soprano or Tenor Solo; 2d v. Chorus, and so on, alternately.



Miserere mei, Deus.

From Psalm li.

Have mercy upon me, O **God**, after | Thy · great | good- = | ness : ‖ according to the multitude of Thy mercies **do** a- | way · = | mine · of- | fen- = | ces.

Wash me **thôughly** | from · my | wick - ed - | ness : ‖ **and** | cleanse · = | me · = | from · my | sin.

For **I** ac- | know - ledge | my · = | faults : ‖ **and** my | sin · is | ever · be- | fore · = | me.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and **done** this | evil · in | Thy · = | sight : ‖ that Thou mightest be justified in Thy **sâying**, and | clear · when | Thou · art | judg- = | ed.

Behôld, I was | shapen · in | wick - ed - | ness : ‖ and in **sin** | hath · my | mother · con- | ceiv-ed | me.

But lo, Thou **requirest** | truth · in the | in - ward | parts : ‖ and shalt make **me** to | under-stand | wis-dom | se-cret- | ly.

Thou shalt purge me with **hŷssop**, | and · I | shall · be | clean : ‖ Thou shalt wash me, **and** I | shall · be | whi-ter | than · = | snow.

Thou shalt make me **hear** of | joy · and | glad- = | ness : ‖ that the **bones** which | Thou · hast | bro-ken | may · re- | joice.

Turn Thy | face · from | my · = | sins : ‖ **and** | put · out | all · = | my · mis- | deeds.

Make **me** a | clean · heart, | O · = | God : ‖ and **renêw** a | right · = | spirit · with- | in · = | me.

Cast me not **awây** | from · Thy | pre- = | sence : ‖ and take **not** Thy | Ho-ly | Spir-it | from · = | me.

O give me the **cômfort** | of · Thy | help · a- | gain : ‖ and **stâblish** | me · with | Thy · = | free · = | Spirit.

Then shall I **teach** Thy | ways · un- | to · the | wicked : ‖ and **sinners** shall | be · con- | vert-ed | un-to | Thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou that **art** the | God · of | my · = | health : ‖ **and** my | tongue · shall | sing of · Thy | right-eous- | ness.

Thou shalt | open · my | lips, · O | Lord : ‖ **and** my | mouth · shall | show · = | Thy · = | praise.

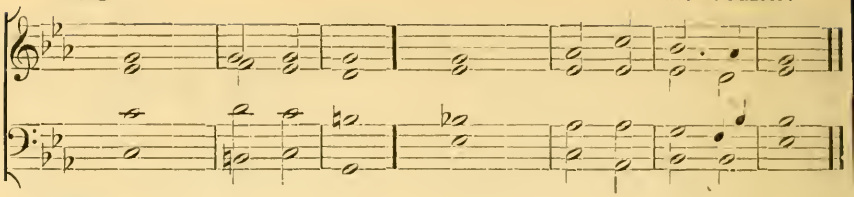
For Thou desirest no **sâcrifice**, | else · would I | give · it | Thee : ‖ but **Thou** de- | light-est | not · in | burnt- = | offerings.

The sacrifice of **God** | is · a | trou - bled | spirit : ‖ a broken and contrite **heart**, O | God, · shalt | Thou · = | not · de- | spise.

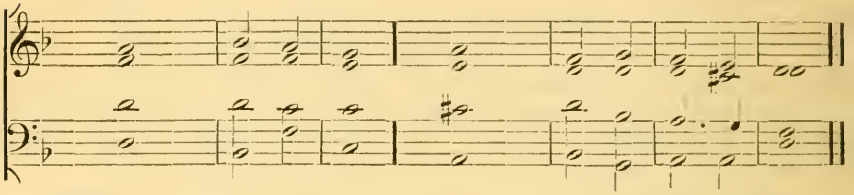
Glory **be** to the | Fa - ther, | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho- = | = · ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall · = | be : ‖ **world** with- | out · end. | A- = | = · = | men.

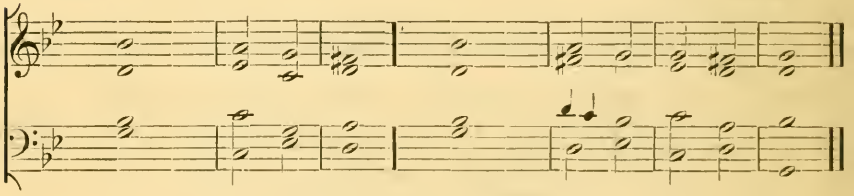
93. REV. W. FELTON.



94. DR. CROTCH.



95. FARRANT.



Burial of the Dead.

LORD, let me know my end, and the **nûmber** | of · my | days : ‖ that I may be **cêrtified** how | long · I | have · to | live.

Behold, Thou hast made my days as it **were** a | span · = | long : ‖ and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee; and verily every man **lîving** is | al - to- | geth - er | vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and **disquîeteth** him- | self · in | vain : ‖ he heapeth up riches, and cannot **tell** | who · shall | gath - er | them.

And now, **Lord**, | what is · my | hope : ‖ **Trûly** my | hope · is | even · in | Thee.

Deliver me from **all** | mine · of - | fences : ‖ and make me **not** a re- | buke · un- | to · the | foolish.

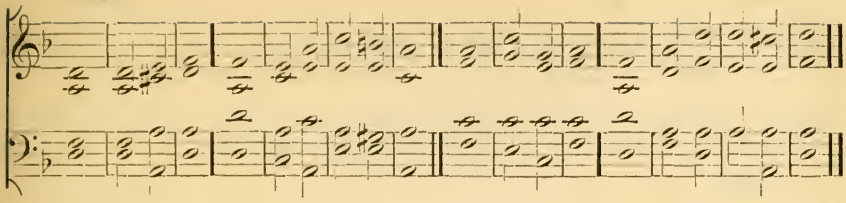
When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a **moth** | fretting · a | garment : ‖ every **man** | there - fore | is · but | vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, and with Thine **ears** con- | sider · my | calling : ‖ hold **not** Thy | peace · = | at · my | tears;

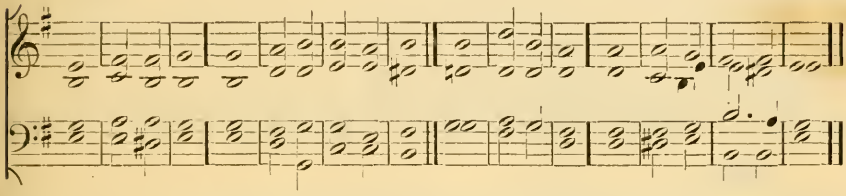
For I **am** a | stranger · with | Thee : ‖ and a **sôjourner** as | all · my | fathers | were.

O spare me a little, that I **may** re- | cover · my | strength : ‖ before I go **hence**, | and · be | no · more | seen.

96. T. Morley.



97. Rev. J. Flintoft.



BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—(continued.)

Lord, **Thou** hast | been · our | refuge : ‖ from **one** gener- | a-tion | to · an- | other.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the **earth** and the | world · were | made : ‖ Thou art God from **everlasting**, and | world · with- | out · = | end.

Thou turnest **man** | to · de- | struction : ‖ again Thou sayest, **Come** a- | gain, · ye | children · of | men.

For a thousand years in Thy **sight** are | but · as | yesterday : ‖ seeing that is **past** | as · a | watch · in the | night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them they are **even** | as · a | sleep : ‖ and fade **away** | sudden - ly | like · the | grass.

In the morning it is **green**, and | grow-eth | up : ‖ but in the evening it is cut **down**, | dri - ed | up, · and | withered.

For we consume **away** in | Thy · dis- | pleasure : ‖ and are **afraid** at Thy | wrath - ful | in - dig- | nation.

Thou hast set our **misdeeds** be- | fore · = | Thee : ‖ and our secret **sins** in the | light of · Thy | coun - te- | nance.

For when Thou art angry, **all** our | days · are | gone : ‖ we bring our years to an **end**, as it | were · a | tale that · is | told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten ; and though men be so strong that they **come** to | four - score | years : ‖ yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon **passeth** it a- | way, · and | we · are | gone.

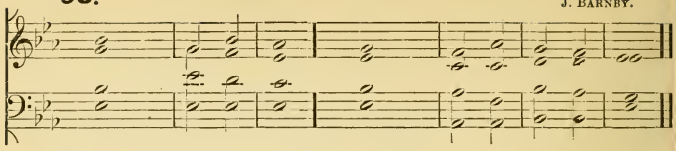
So teach **us** to | number · our | days : ‖ that we may apply our **hearts** | unto | wis - = | dom.

Glory be to the **Father**, | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

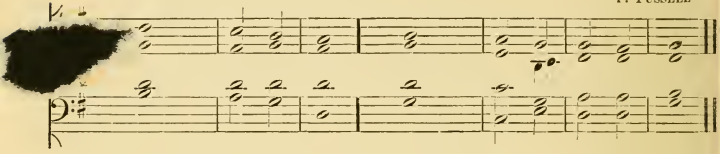
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : ‖ **world** | without | end. A- | men.

For Verse "I heard a voice," *See No.* 161. 162. 163.

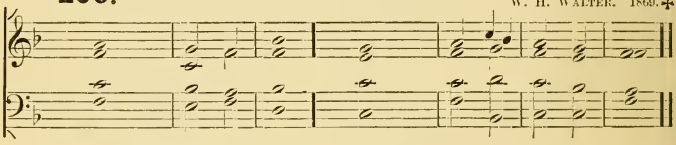
98. J. Barnby.



99. P. Fussell



100. W. H. Walter. 1869.



Magnificat.

St. Luke i. 46.

My soul doth **mâgni-** | fy · the | Lord : ‖ and my spirit **hath** re- | joiced · in | God · my | Saviour.

For He | hath · re- | garded : ‖ the **lôwliness** | of · His | hand- = | maiden.

For be- | hold, · from | henceforth : ‖ **all** gener- | ations · shall | call · me | blessed.

For He that is mighty hath **mâgni-** | fi - ed | me : ‖ **and** | ho - ly | is · His | Name.

And His mercy is on **them** that | fear · = | Him : ‖ **throughôut** | all · = | gen - er- | ations.

He hath showed **strength** | with · His | arm : ‖ He hath scattered the **proud** in the imâgin- | a - tion | of · their | hearts.

He hath put down the **mîghty** | from · their | seat : ‖ and **hath** ex- | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

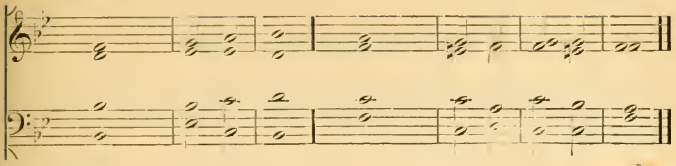
He hath filled the **hùngry** | with · good | things : ‖ and the **rich** He | hath · sent | empty · a- | way.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His **sêrvant** | Is - ra- | el : ‖ as He promised to our forefathers, `**Abraham** | and · his | seed, · for | ever.

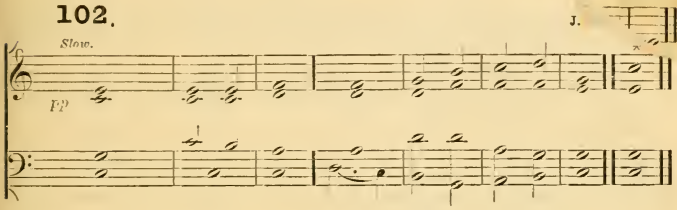
Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : ‖ **world** with- | out · end. | A - = | men.

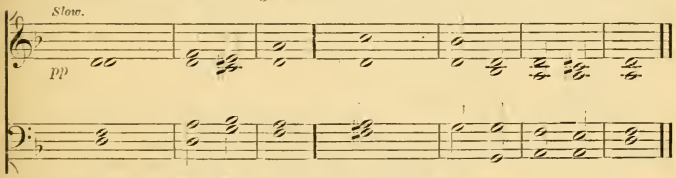
101. ANON.



102. J.



103. At a Funeral. J. BARNBY.



* At the close. NOTE.—Nos. 99 and 100 may be used for *Nunc Dimittis*.

Nunc dimittis.

St. Luke ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy **sêrvant** de- | part · in | peace : ‖ **ac-** | cord-ing | to · Thy | word.

For mine | eyes · have | seen : ‖ **Thy** | sal - = | va · = | tion,

Which **Thou** | hast · pre- | pared : ‖ **befôre** the | face · of | all · = | people;

To be a **light** to | lighten · the | Gentiles : ‖ and to be the **glôry** of Thy | peo - ple | Is - ra- | el.

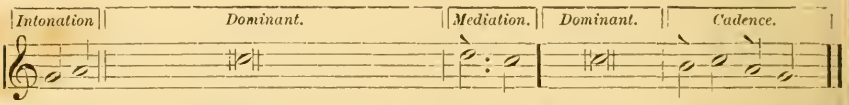
Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : ‖ **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : ‖ **world** | with-out | end. A- | men.

The Gregorian Chant

Is composed of four parts: the *Intonation*, the *Dominant* (or *Reciting Note*), the *Mediation*, and the *Cadence*.

VIII. 1.



Glo-ry || be to the **Fâther**, and to the . . . | Sòn: **and** . . . | tò the Hò-ly Ghost;
As it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever | shàll be: **world** with-| òut end. Â-men.

The *Intonation* should be used on all Sundays and Festivals at the beginning of the first verse of each Canticle, and also for every verse of the *Benedictus*, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*. In this book the *Intonation* is used for every verse of the Anthems for Easter Day; for the Psalm at the Consecration of a Church, and Institution of Ministers, and also for each verse of the Gloria Patri.

In the above example, and in the pages following, the words placed before the short double bar (||) belong to the *Intonation*, and should be sung rather slower than the rest. The words which follow the short double bar (||) and precede the single bar (|) in either part of the Chant, belong to the *Dominant* (or Reciting Note). The last important word in the recitation is printed in heavier type, and when this word contains more than one syllable, the proper accent is indicated thus (^); as for instance, "**rejôice**," "**prepâred**," "**generâtion**," &c.

In five of the Tones, (II., IV., V., VI., and VIII.) the *Mediation* is variable, having a final note which is used when the half-verse ends with an unaccented word or syllable, and omitted when the last word or syllable is accented. The dots (see example) separate the variable note from the other notes of the melody which are invariable. The accent marks in the text correspond with those placed over the notes of the *Mediation* and *Cadence*.

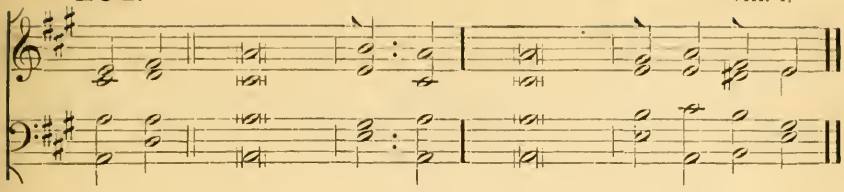
A syllable intended to be sung to two or more notes, is printed in *italics*.

When two words are to be sung to one note, they are joined by a short curve (‿), as in the second verse of the *Venite*.

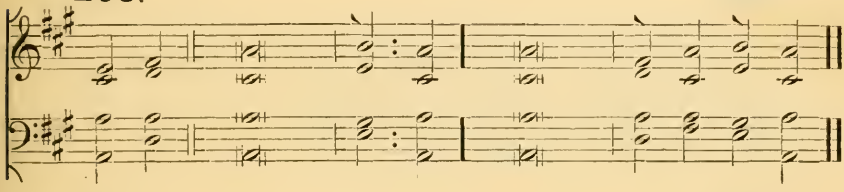
The Tones are harmonized in "short score" for four voices, although it is generally conceded that the melody should be sung by all the voices in unisons and octaves, in which case the skillful organist may vary the accompaniment: taking care not to perplex the voices by an injudicious use of modern and chromatic harmonies.

To secure antiphonal effect the *odd* verses may be sung by Tenors and Basses in unison; the *even* verses by Treble voices; the *Gloria Patri* full, and in harmony.

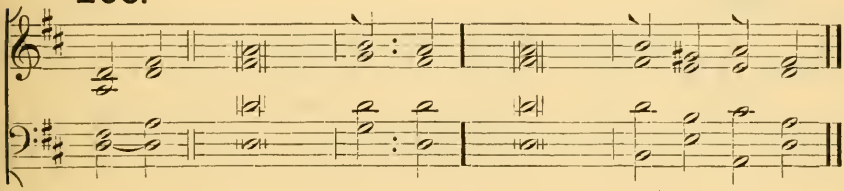
104. VIII. 1.



105. VIII. 2.



106. V. 1.



Venite, exultemus Domino.

O ‖ come, let us **sing** unto the | Lòrd : let us heartily rejoice in the **strength** of | oùr · sal-và-tion.

Let us come before His presence with **thanks-** | gìv-ing : and **show** ourselves | glàd · in · Hìm · with⁀psalms.

For the **Lord** is a great | Gòd : and a great **King** a- | *bòve* · àll · gods.

In His hand are all the **côrners** of the | èarth : and the strength of the **hills** is | *Hìs* · àl-so.

The sea is **His**, and He | màde · it : and His **hands** pre- | pàr-ed · the⁀drỳ · land.

O come, let us **wôrship**, and fall | dòwn : and **kneel** before the | Lòrd · our · Mà-ker.

For He is the **Lord** our | Gòd : and we are the people of His **pâsture**, and the | shèep · of · Hìs · hand.

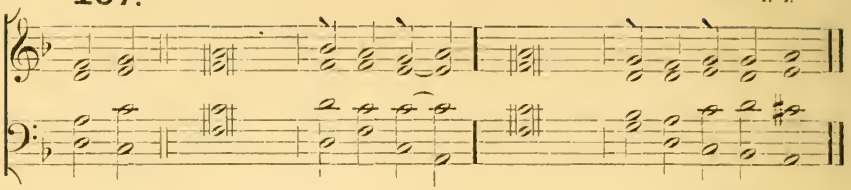
O worship the Lord in the **bêauty** of | hò-liness : let the whole **earth** | stànd · in · àwe · of⁀Him.

For He cometh, for He cometh to **judge** the | èarth : and with right-eousness to judge the **world**, and the | pèo-ple · wìth · His⁀truth.

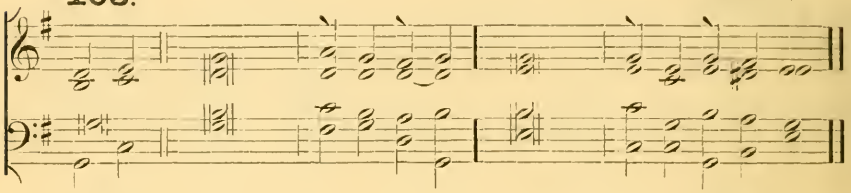
Glo-ry ‖ be to the **Fâther**, and to the | Sòn : **and** tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost ;

As it ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever | shàll · be : **world** with- | òut · end. À-men.

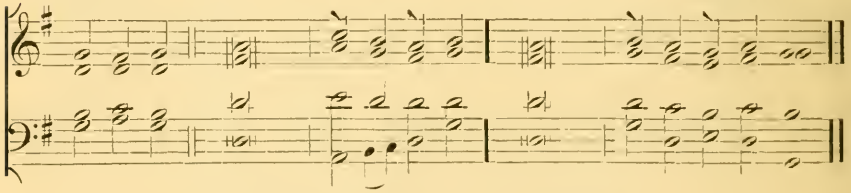
107. I. 4.



108. III. 3.



109. VII. 4.



Venite, exultemus Domino.

O ‖ come, let us **sing** | ùn-to · the⁀*Lòrd* : let us heartily rejoice in the **strength** of | oùr · sal-*rà*-tion.

Let us come before His **prêsence** with | *thànks*-gìv-ing : and **show** ourselves | glàd · in · Hìm · with · psalms.

For the **Lord** is a | *grèat* · *Gòd* : and a great **King** a- | *bòve* · *àll* · gods.

In His hand are all the **côrners** | òf · the · *èarth* : and the strength of the **hills** is | *His* · *àl*-so.

The sea is **His**, and | *Hè* · màde · it : and His **hands** pre- | pàr-ed · the⁀*drỳ* · land.

O come, let us **wôrship**, and | *fàll* · *dòwn* : and **kneel** before the | Lòrd · our · *Mà*-ker.

For **He** is the | Lòrd · our · *Gòd* : and we are the people of His **pâsture**, and the | shèep · of · *His* · hand.

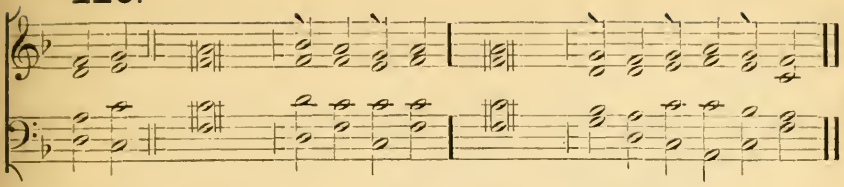
O worship the **Lord** in the | bèauty · of · hò-liness : let the whole **earth** | stànd · in · àwe · of · Him.

For He cometh, for He **cômeth** to | jùdge · the · *èarth* : and with righteousness to judge the **world**, and the | pèo-ple · wìth · His · truth.

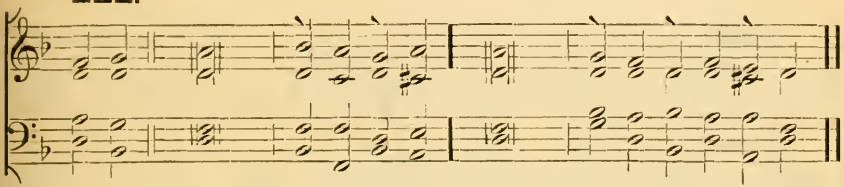
Glo-ry ‖ be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost ;

As it ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be : **world** with- | òut · end. *Â*-men.

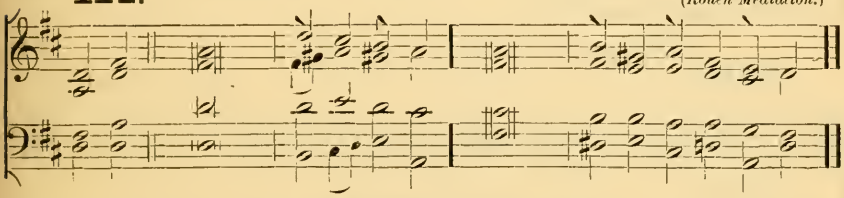
110. I. 1.



111. I. 8.



112. V. 5. *(Rouen Mediation.)*



Venite, exultemus Domino.

O ‖ come, let us **sing** | ùn-to · the⁀*Lòrd* : let us heartily **rejôice** in the | strèngth · of · oùr · sal-và-tion.

Let us come before His **prêsence** with | *thànks*-gìv-ing : and show ourselves **glad** in | *Hìm · wìth · psâlms.*

For the **Lord** is a | *grèat · Gòd* : and a great **King** a- | *bòve · àll · gòds.*

In His hand are all the **côrners** | òf · the · *èarth* : and the strength of the **hills** | *ìs · His* · àl-so.

The sea is **His**, and | *Hê* · màde · it : and His **hands** pre- | pàr-ed · the⁀*drỳ · lánd.*

O come, let us **wôrship**, and | *fàll · dòwn* : and **kneel** be- | fore · the · Lòrd · our · Mà-ker.

For **He** is the | Lòrd · our · *Gòd* : and we are the people of His **pâsture**, and the | shèep · of · *His · hànd.*

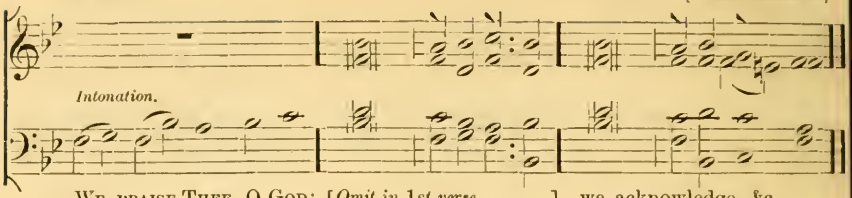
O worship the **Lord** in the | bèauty · of | hò-liness : let the whole **earth** | stànd · in · àwe · of · *Hìm.*

For He cometh, for He **còmeth** to | jùdge · the · *èarth* : and with righteousness to judge the **world**, and the | pèo-ple · wìth · His · *trùth.*

Glo-ry ‖ be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · *Ghòst;*

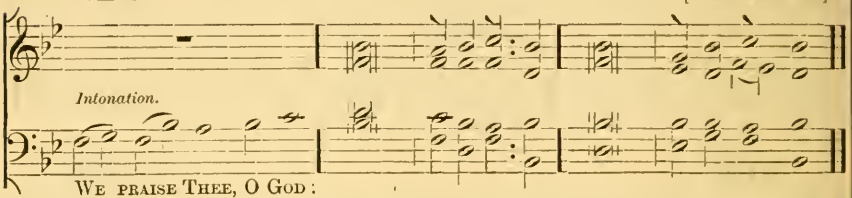
As it ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be : **world** with- | òut · end. *À-men.*

113. VIII. 1. [*Rouen Mediation.*]



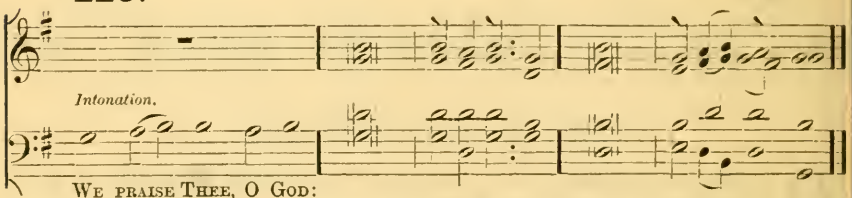
We praise Thee, O God: [*Omit in 1st verse. . . . .*] we acknowledge, &c.

114. VIII. 2. [*Rouen Mediation.*]



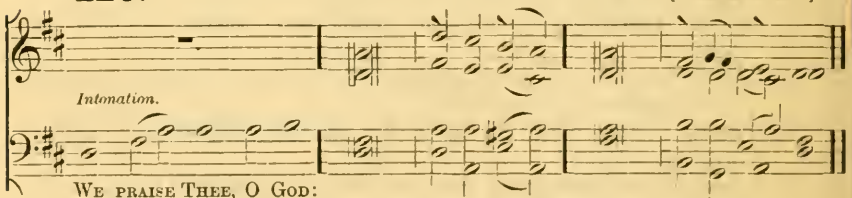
We praise Thee, O God:

115. VI. 1.



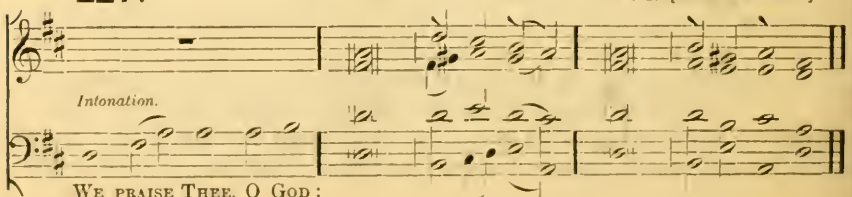
We praise Thee, O God:

116. V. 3. [*Rouen Mediation.*]



We praise Thee, O God:

117. V. 1. [*Rouen Mediation.*]



We praise Thee, O God:

Te Deum laudamus.

PRIEST. FULL.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD : we **acknôwledge** | Thèe · to · bè · the⁀Lord.

FULL. All the **earth** doth | wòr-ship · Thèe : the **Fâther** | èv-er-làst-ing.

DEC. To Thee all **Angels** | crỳ · a - lòud : the **Heavens**, and | àll · the · Pòwers · therein.

CAN. To Thèe **Chêrubim** and | Sè-raph-ìm : **con-** | tìn-nal-lỳ · do⁀cry,

FULL. **Hôly**, | Hòly, · Hò-ly : **Lord** | Gòd · of · Sà-baoth ;
Heaven and earth are **full** | òf · the · Mà-jesty : * | òf · Thy · glò-ry.

DEC. The glorious **cômpany** | òf · the⁀A - pòs - tles : * | pràise · = · `= · Thee.

CAN. The goodly **fêllowship** | òf · the · Prò-phets : * | pràise · = · `= · Thee.

DEC. The **noble** | àr - my⁀of · Màr-tyrs : * | pràise · = · `= · Thee.

CAN. The holy **Church** throughout | àll · the · wòrld : **doth** | `= · ac-knòw-ledge⁀Thee ;

DEC. **The** | Fà- = · `= · ther : **of** an | ìn - finite · Mà - jesty ;

CAN. **Thine** a- | dòr - able, · trùe : **and** | òn- = · `= · ly⁀Son ;

DEC. **Alsô** the | Hò - ly · Ghòst : **the** | Còm- = · `= · forter.

FULL. **Thou** art the | Kìng · of · glò-ry : * | `O · = · `= · Christ.
Thou **art** the ever- | làst - ing · Sòn : **of** | thè · = · Fà-ther.

DEC. When Thou tookest upon **Thee** to de- | lìv - er · màn : Thou didst humble Thyself to be **born** | òf · a · Vìr-gin.

CAN. When Thou hadst **overcôme** the | shàrp-ness⁀of · dèath : Thou didst open the kingdom of **Heaven** to | àll · be - lìev - ers.

DEC. Thou sittest **at** the | rìght · hand⁀of . Gòd : in the **glôry** | òf · the · Fà - ther.

CAN. We **believe** that | Thòu · shalt · còme : **to** | bè · = · òur · Judge.

DEC. We therefore **pray** Thee, | hèlp · Thy · sèr-vants : whom Thou hast **redêemed** | wìth · Thy · prè - cious⁀blood.

CAN. Make them to be **nûmbered** | wìth · Thy · Sàints : in **glôry** | èv-er-làst - ing.

DEC. O **Lord**, | sàve · Thy · pèo-ple : **and** | blèss · Thine · hèr-itage.

CAN. **Gôv-** | *ern* · thèm : and **lift** them | ùp · for · èv - er.

FULL. **Day** | *by* · dày : **we** | màg - ni - fỳ · Thee ;
And we | wòrship · Thy · Nàme : **êver** | wòrld · with - òut · end.

DEC. **Vouchsâfe**, | `*O* · Lòrd : to **keep** us | thìs · day⁀with - òut · sin.

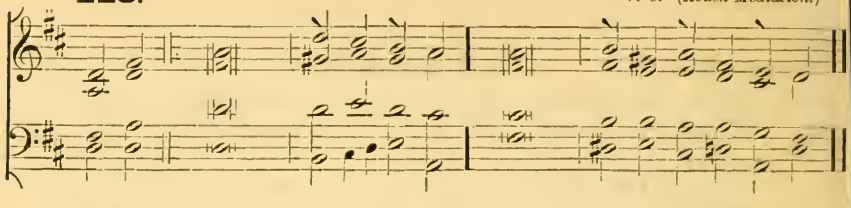
CAN. O **Lord**, have | mèr - cy⁀up - òn · us : **have** | mèr - cy⁀up - òn · us.

DEC. O Lord, let Thy **mêrcy** | bè · up - òn · us : **as** our | trùst · is · ìn · Thee.

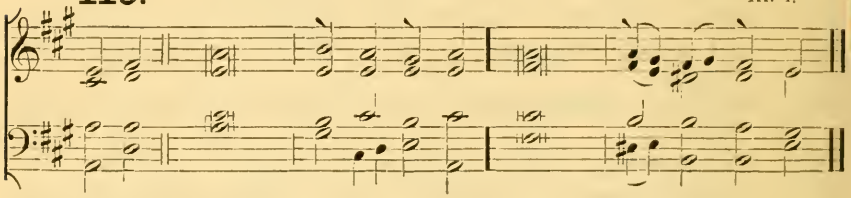
FULL. O Lord, in **Thee** | hàve · I · trùst - ed : let me **nêver** | bè · con-fòund - ed.

* Omit the reciting note.

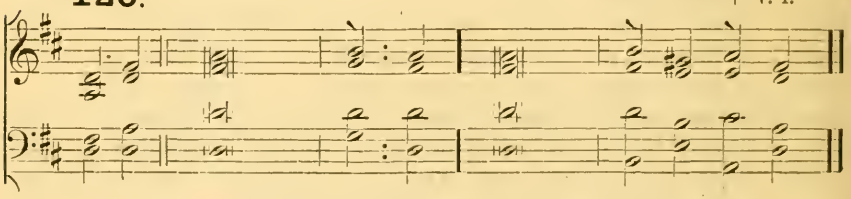
118. V. 5. (*Rouen Mediation.*)



119. * III. 4.



120. † V. 1.



Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

O = ‖ ALL ye Works of the **Lord**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Angels of the **Lord**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye **Heavens**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Waters that be above the **Firmament**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O all ye Powers of the **Lord**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Sun and **Moon**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Stars of **Heaven**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Showers and **Dew**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Winds of **God**, | blèss · ye · the⁀*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

---

* For Tone III. 4, disregard the accent on the word "magnify," and the bar before it.

† For Tone V. 1, omit the accents on the words "bless" and "magnify," and the bars next before.

O ye Fire and **Heat**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd*: praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Winter and **Summer**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy : Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Dews and **Frosts**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Frost and **Cold**, | blèss · ye the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Ice and **Snow**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Nights and **Days**, | bless · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Him · for · èv-er.

O ye Light and **Darkness**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Lightnings and **Clouds**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O let the **Earth**, | blèss · — the⌒*Lòrd* : **Yea**, let it praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Mountains and **Hills**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O all ye Green Things upon the **Earth**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye **Wells**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Seas and **Floods**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye **Whales**, and all that move in the **wâters**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O all ye Fowls of the **Air**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O all ye Beasts and **Cáttle**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye children of **Men**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O let **Israel** | blèss · — the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Priests of the **Lord**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

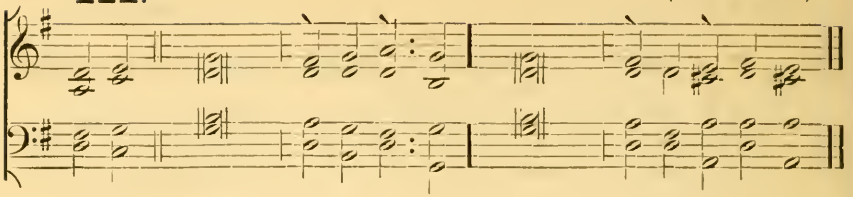
O ye Servants of the **Lord**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the **Righteous**, | blèss · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Hìm · for · èv-er.

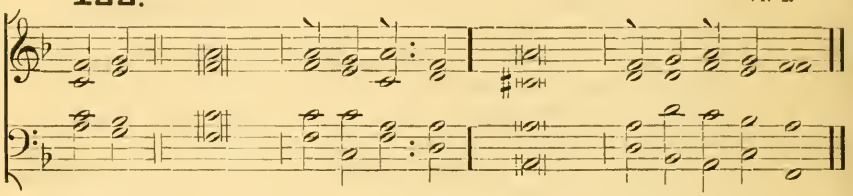
O ye holy and humble Men of **Heart**, | bless · ye · the⌒*Lòrd* : praise **Him**, and | màgni-fy · Him · for · èv-er.

Glo-by ‖ be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⌒*Son* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghòst.
As it ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shall · be : **world** with-| òut · end. · *À-men.*

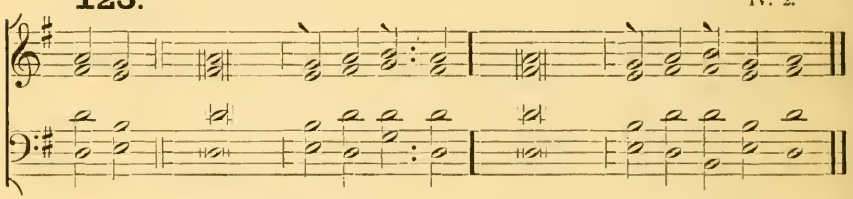
121. II. 2. (*Rouen Mediation.*)



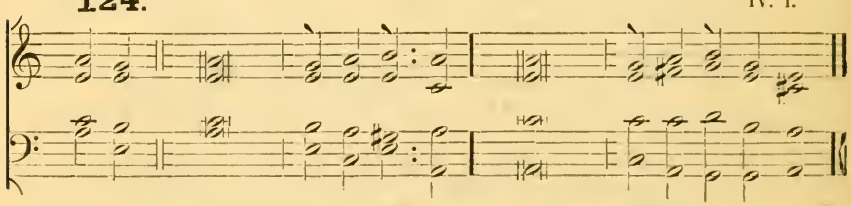
122. VI. 2.



123. IV. 2.



124. IV. 1.



Jubilate Deo.

Psalm c.

O · be ‖ joyful in the **Lord** | àll · ye · lànds : serve the Lord with gladness, and come **befôre** His | prè - sence · with · a · song.

Be ye sure that the **Lord**, | Hè · is · God : it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are His people, and the **sheep** | ôf · His · *pàs* - ture.

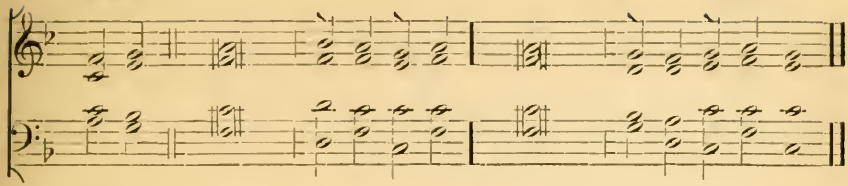
O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and **into** His | còurts · with · pràise : be thankful unto **Him**, and | spèak · good ôf · His · Name.

For the Lord is gracious, His **mêrcy** is | èv - er - làst - ing : and His truth endureth from **generàtion** to | gèn - er - *à* - tion.

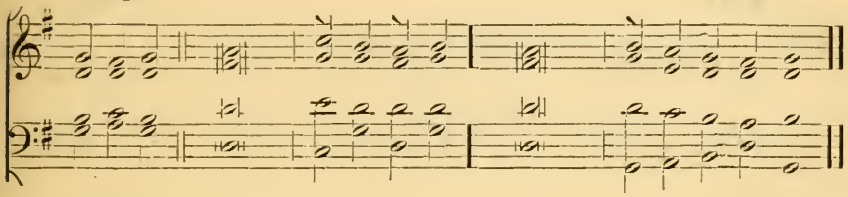
Glo-ry ‖ be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the ⁀Sòn : **and** | tô · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev - er | shall be : ‖ **world** | without | end. A- | men.

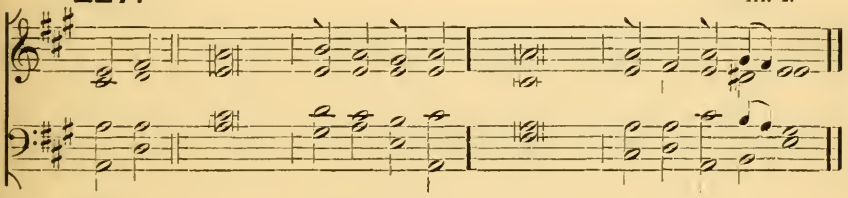
125. I. 2.



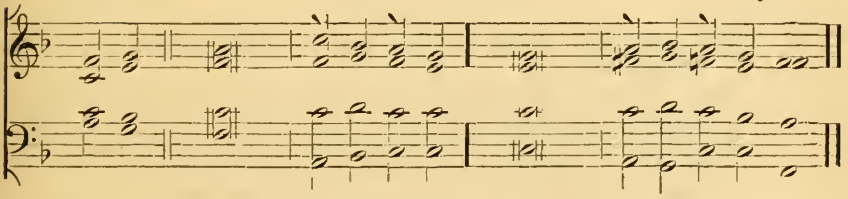
126. VII. 1.



127. III. 1.



128. *Tonus Regius.*



Benedictus.

St. Luke i. 68.

Bless-ed ‖ be the Lord **God** of | Is-ra-*èl* : for He hath visited and **redêemed** | *His* · *pèo*-ple ;

And hath ‖ raised up a mìghty **salvâtion** | *fòr* · *ùs* : in the **house** of His | sèr-vant · *Dà*-vid ;

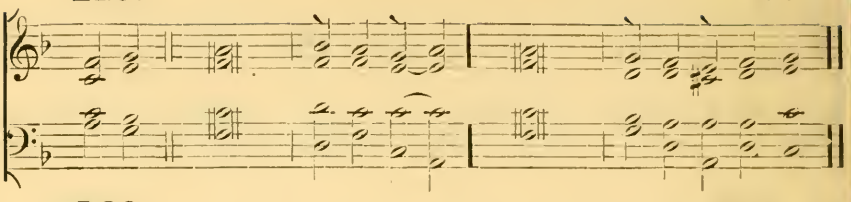
As He ‖ spake by the **mouth** of His | hò - ly · Prò - phets : which have **been** | sìnce · the | wòrld · be - gan ;

That = ‖ we should be **sâved** | fròm · our | èn - emies : and from the **hand** of | àll · that · *hàte* · us.

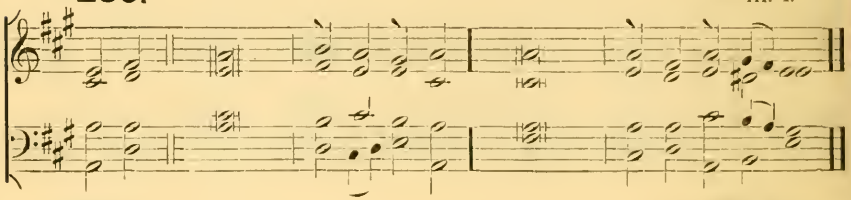
Glo - ry ‖ be to the **Fâther** | ànd · to the · *Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

As · it ‖ was in the beginnin*g*, is **now**, and | èv - er · shàll · be : **world** with - | ðut · end. *A* - men.

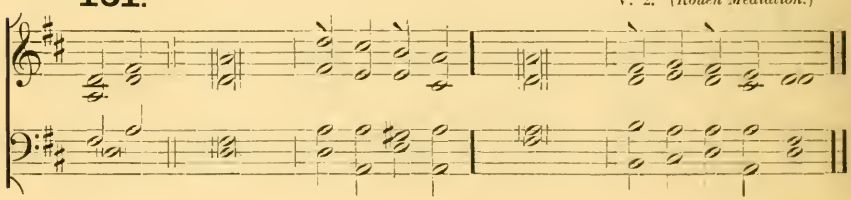
129. I. 6.



130. III. 1.



131. V. 2. (*Rouen Mediation.*)



Cantate Domino.

Psalm xcviii.

O ‖ SING unto the **Lord** a | *nèw · sòng* : for **He** | hàth · done · màr-vellous · things.

With His own right **hand**, and with His | hò-ly · *àrm* : hath He **gôtten** Him- | sèlf · the · vìc-to-ry.

The Lord **declâred** | His · sal-va-tion : His righteousness hath He openly **shôwed** in the | sìght · of⁀the | *hèa*-then.

He hath remembered His mercy and truth **towârd** the | hòuse of · Is-rael : and all the ends of the world have **seen** the sal- | và-tion · òf · our · God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the **Lord**, | àll · ye *làands* : **sing**, re- | joìce, and · *gìve* · thanks.

Praise the **Lord** up- | òn · the · *hàrp* : sing to the harp with a **psalm** of | *thànks-gìv-ing*.

With **trùmpets** | àl-so · and⁀*shawms* : O show yourselves **jôyful** be- | fòre · the · Lòrd, · the · King.

Let the sea make a noise, and **all** that | thère-in · *ìs* : the round **world**, and | thèy · that · dwèll · there-in.

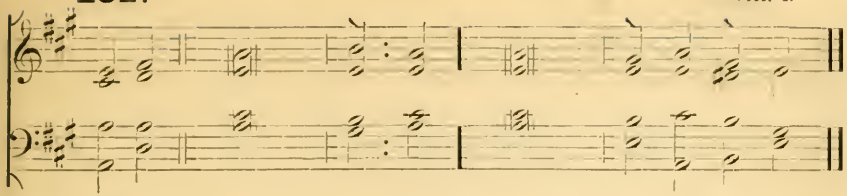
Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful **togêther** be- | fòre · the · *Lòrd* : for **He** | còm-eth⁀to · jùdge · the · earth.

With righteousness **shall** He | jùdge · the · *wòrld* : **and** the | pèo-ple⁀with · è-qui-ty.

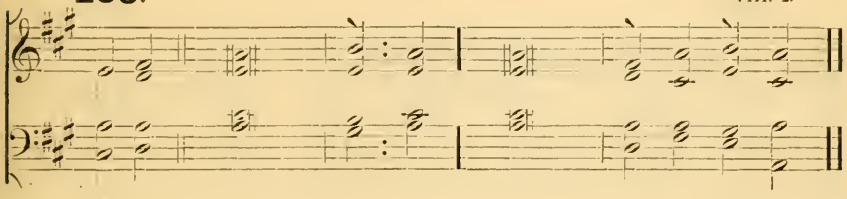
GLO-RY ‖ be to the **Fâther**, | àn̄d · to · the⁀*Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

As · IT ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be : **world** with- | òut · end. A-men.

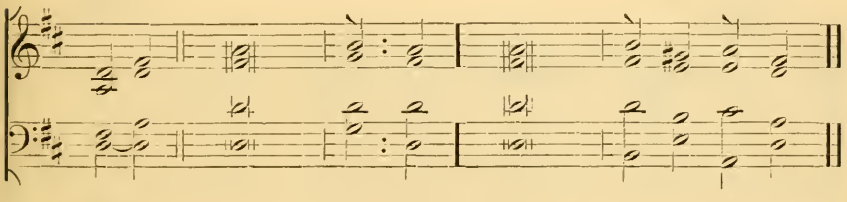
132. VIII. 1.



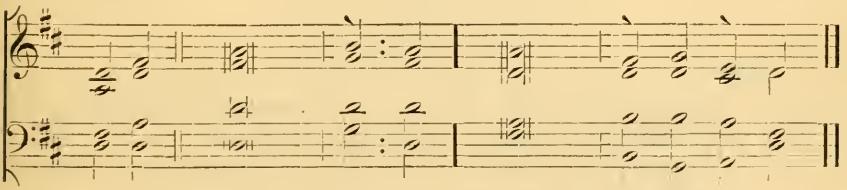
133. VIII. 2.



134. V. 1.



135. V. 3.



Bonum est confiteri.

Psalm xcii.

It · is ‖ a good thing to give **thanks** unto the | Lòrd : and to sing praises unto Thy **Name**, | `O · Most · Hìgh - est.

To tell of Thy loving-kindness **êarly** in the | mòrn-ing : and of Thy **truth** in the | *night* · sèa - son.

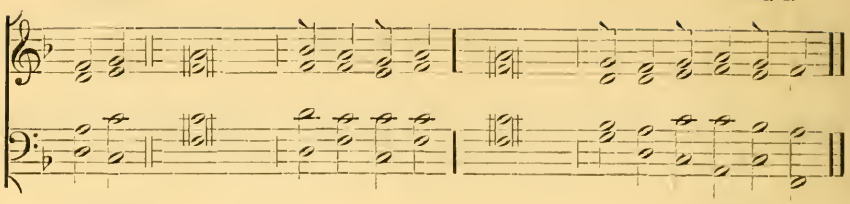
Upon an instrument of ten **strings**, and upon the | lùte : upon a loud **instrument**, | ànd · up - òn · the⁀harp.

For Thou, Lord, hast made me **glad** through Thy | wòrks : and I will rejoice in giving **praise** for the oper- | à - tions · of⁀Thỳ · hands.

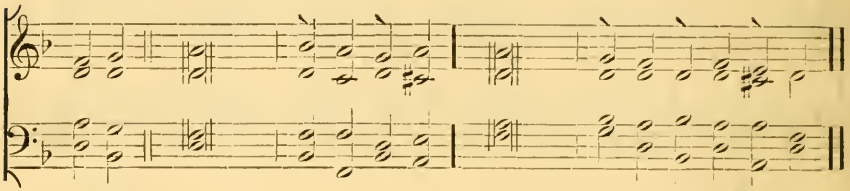
Glo-ry ‖ be to the **Fâther**, and to the | Sòn : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost ;

As · it ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever | shàll · be : **world** with- | òut · end. `A - men.

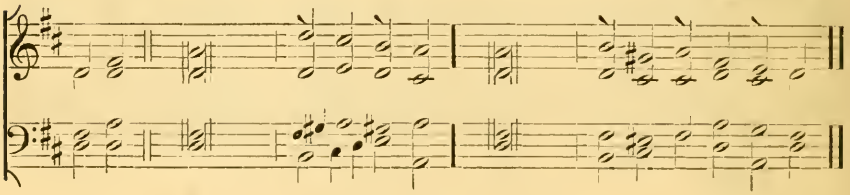
136. I. 1.



137. I. 6.



138. V. 5. (*Rouen Mediation.*)



Deus misereatur.

Psalm lxvii.

God · be ‖ **mêrciful** unto | ùs, · and · blèss · us : and show us the light of His countenance, **and** be | mèrci - ful · ùn - to · *ùs* ;

That Thy **way** may be | knòwn · upon · *èarth* : Thy saving **health** a- | *mòng* · *àll* · nà - tions.

Let the people **praise** | Thèe, · O · *Gòd* : yea, let **all** the | pèo-ple · *pràise* · *Thèe.*

O let the nations **rejôice**, | ànd · be · *glàd* : for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and **gôvern** the | nà - tions⁀up - *òn* · *èarth* .

Let the people **praise** | Thèe, · O · *Gòd* : yea, let **all** the | pèo-ple · *pràise* · *Thèe.*

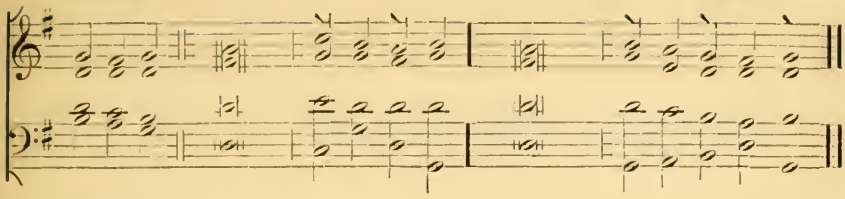
Then shall the **earth** bring | fòrth · her · in-crease : and God, even our own **God**, shall | gìve · us · *Hìs* · blèss-ing.

God shall | *blèss* · *ùs* : and all the **ends** of the | wòrld · shall · *fèar* · *Him.*

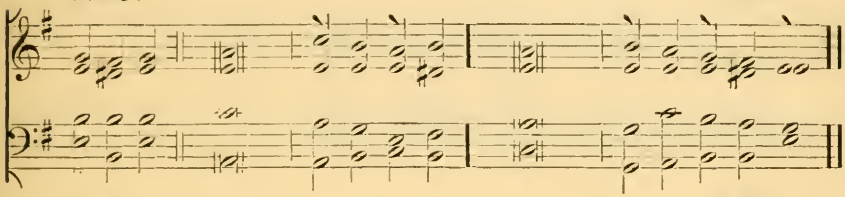
Glo - ry ‖ be to the **Fâther** | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · *Ghòst;*

As · it ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv - er · shàll · be : **world** with - | òut · end. *A - mèn.*

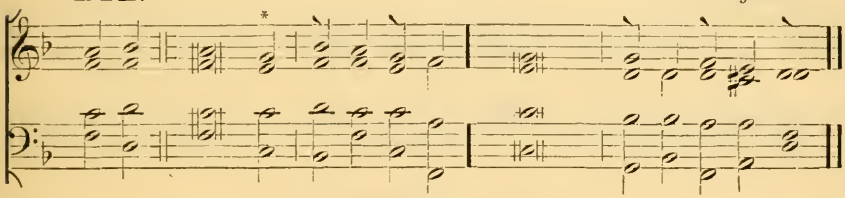
139. VII. 1.



140. VII. 3.



141. *Tonus Peregrinus.*



Deus misereatur.

Psalm lxvii.

GOD · BE ‖ **mêrciful** unto | ùs, · and · blèss · us : and show us the light of His countenance, **and** be | mèrci - ful · ùn - to · ùs ;

That Thy **way** may be | knòwn · upon · *èarth* : Thy saving **health** a- | mòng · all · *nà* - tiòns.

Let the people **praise** | Thèe, · O · *Gòd* : yea, let **all** the | pèo-ple · *pràise* · Thèe.

O let the nations **rejôice**, | ànd · be · *glàd* : for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and **gôvern** the | nà - tions⁀up - *òn* · èarth.

Let the people **praise** | Thèe, · O · *Gòd* : yea, let **all** the | pèo-ple · *pràise* · Thèe.

Then shall the **earth** bring | fòrth · her · ìn-crease : and God, even our own God, shall **give** | ùs · His · *blèss* - ìng.

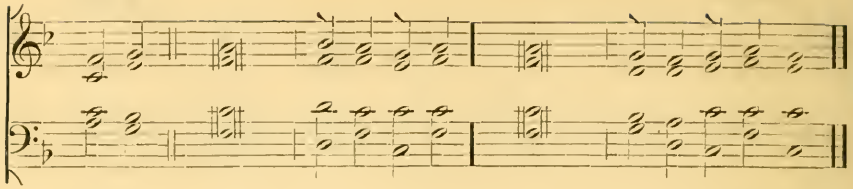
God shall | *blèss* · *ùs* : and all the **ends** of the | wòrld · shall · *fèar* · Hìm.

GLO - RY ‖ be to the **Fâther** | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghòst;

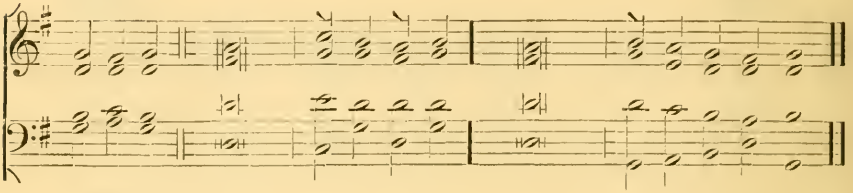
AS · IT ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv - er · shàll · be : **world** with - | òut · end. *À* - mèn.

* This note should be used for the last syllable (or word) in the recitation.

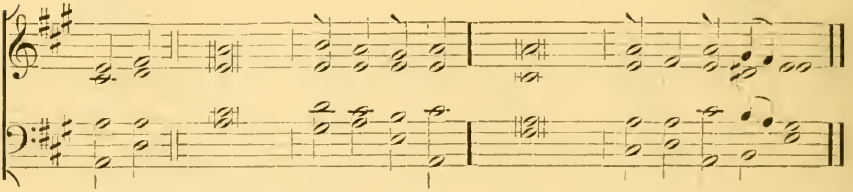
142. I. 2.



143. VII. 1.



144. III. 2.



Benedic, anima mea.*

Psalm ciii.

PRAISE = ‖ the **Lord**, | `O · my · *sòul* : and all that is **within** me | pràise · His · hò - ly · Name.

Praise the **Lord**, `O · my · *sòul* : and forget **not** | àll · His · bè- ne - fits ;

Who **forgiveth** | àll · thy · *sìn* : and healeth **all** | thìne · in- fìrm - i - ties ;

Who saveth thy **life** | fròm · de- | strùction : and croweth thee with **mêrcy** and | lòv - ing - *kìnd* - ness ;

O praise the Lord, ye Angels of His, **ye** that ex- | cèl · ìn · *strèngth* : ye that fulfil His commandment, and **hêarken** unto the | vòice · of · *His* · word.

O praise the **Lord**, all | yè · His · *hòsts* : ye servants of **His** that | dò · His · *plèa* - sure.

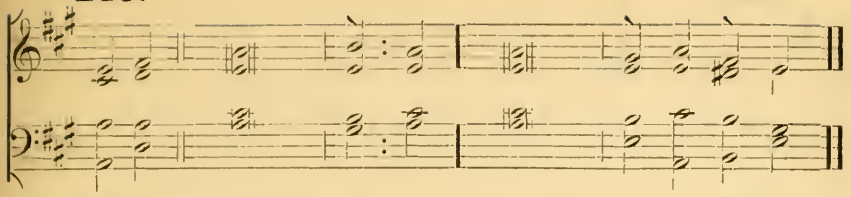
O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all **plâces** of | His · do- | mìn - ion : praise thou the **Lord**, | `*O* · *mỳ* · soul.

GLO - RY ‖ be to the **Fâther** ànd · to the · *Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

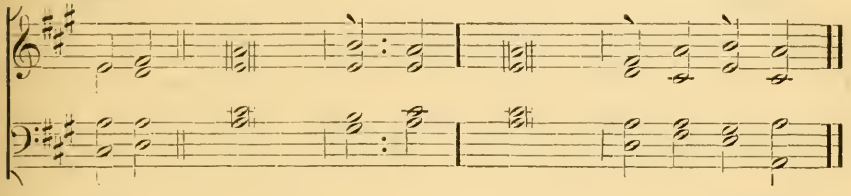
AS · IT ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv - er · shàll · be : **world** with - | òut · end. *À* - men.

* This pointing may be used for VIII. 1, VIII. 2, V. 1, and V. 3, by omitting the first accent in the mediation.

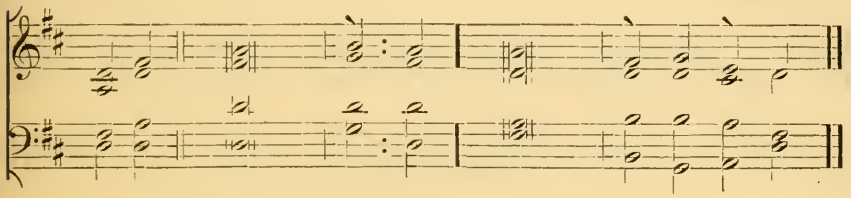
145. VIII. 1.



146. VIII. 2.



147. V. 3.



Easter Day.

Instead of "O come, let us sing," &c.

CHRIST our ‖ Passover is **sâcrificed** | fòr · us : **thêrefore** | lèt · us · kèep · the⁀feast;

Not with ‖ the old leaven, neither with the leaven of **mâlice** and | wìck-edness : but with the unleavened **bread** of sin- | cèr - i - tỳ · and⁀truth. 1 *Cor.* v. 7.

CHRIST be- ‖ ing raised from the **dead**, dieth no | mòre : death hath no **more** do- | mìn-ion · ò-ver⁀Him.

For in ‖ that He died, He died unto **sin** | ònce : but in that He **liveth**, He | lìv-eth · ùn-to⁀God.

Like - wise ‖ reckon ye also yourselves to be dead **indêed** unto | sìn : but aliv unto **God** through | Jè-sus · Chrìst · our⁀Lord. *Rom.* vi. 9.

CHRIST is ‖ **rìsen** from the | dèad : and become the **first-** | frùits · of · thèm · that⁀slept.

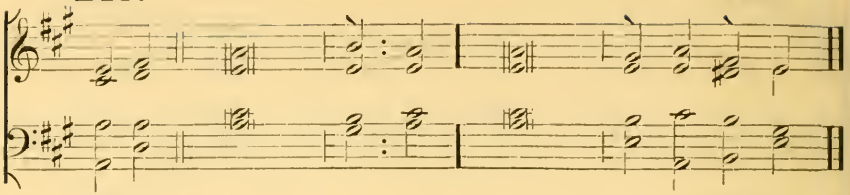
For since ‖ by **man** came | dèath : by man came **âlso** the resur- | rèc-tion · òf · the⁀dead.

For as ‖ in **Adam** all | die : even so in **Christ** shall | àll · be · màde · alive. 1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

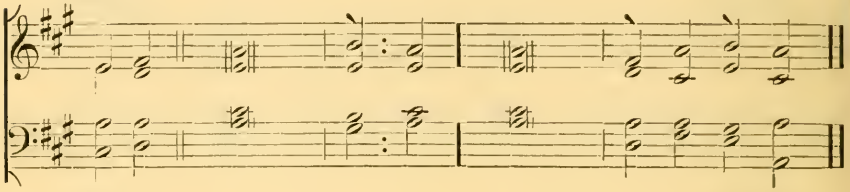
GLO - RY ‖ be to the **Father**, and to the | Sòn : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost

AS · IT ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever | shàll · be ; **world** with- | òut · end. À-men.

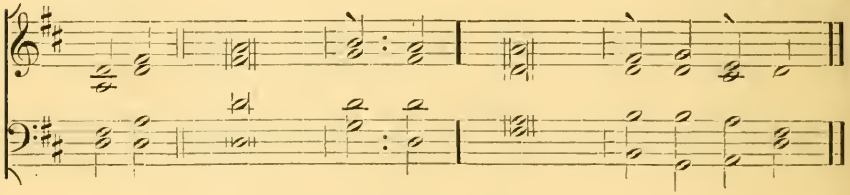
148. VIII. 1.



149. VIII. 2.



150. V. 3.



Thanksgiving Day.

Instead of "O come, let us sing," &c.

PRAISE ye ‖ the Lord, for it is good to sing **prâises** unto our | Gòd : for it is **plêasant**, and | prâise · is · eòme-ly.

The Lord doth **build up** Je- | rù-salem : He gathereth **togêther** the | oùt-easts⁀of · Is-rael.

He healeth those that are **brôken** in | hèart : **and** | bìnd-eth · ùp · their⁀wounds.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth **rain** for the | eàrth : He maketh the grass to **grow** up- | òn · the · mòun-tains.

He giveth to the **beast** his | fòod : **and** to the | *yòung* · ràvens · whieh⁀ery.

PRAISE = ‖ the **Lord**, O Je- | rù-salem : praise thy **God**, | ∂ · Sì-on.

For He hath strengthened the **bars** of thy | gàtes : He hath **blêssed** thy | chìld-ren · within · thee.

He maketh **peace** in thy | bòr-ders ; and filleth **thee** with the | fì-nest · òf the⁀wheat.

GLO-RY ‖ be to the **Fâther**, and to the | Sòn : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost;

AS · IT ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever | shàll · be : **world** with- | òut · end. À-men

Domini est terra.*

Psalm xxiv.

THE EARTH || is the Lord's, and âll that therein | ìs : the compass of the wôrld, and | thèy · that · dwèll · therein.

For He || hath founded ìt upôn the | sèas : and prepâred | it · up-òn · the⁀floods.

Who shall || ascend into the hill of the | Lòrd : or who shall rîse up | ìn · His · hò-ly⁀place ?

Ev - en || he that hath clean hands, and a pûre | hèart : and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor swôrn to de- | cèive · his · nèigh-bour.

He shall || receive the blêssing from the | Lòrd : and righteousness from the Gôd of | hìs · sal-vâ-tion.

This is || the generation of thêm that | sèek · Him : even of them that sêek thy | fâce, · O · Ja-cob.

Lift up || your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift ûp, ye ever- | làst-ìng⁀doors : and the King of | glò-ry · shàll · come⁀ìn.

Who is || the King of | glò-ry : it is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lôrd | mìghty · in | bàt-tle.

Lift up || your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift ûp, ye ever- | làst-ing⁀doors: and the King of | glò-ry · shàll · come⁀in.

Who is || the King of | glò-ry : Even the Lord of hosts, Hê is the | King · of · glò-ry.

GLO - RY || be to the Fâther, and to the | Sòn : ând | to · the · Ho-ly⁀Ghost ;

As IT || was in the beginning, is nôw, and ever | shàll · be : wôrld with- | òut · end. `A-men.

Enstitution of Ministers.

Laudate Nomen.*

O PRAISE || the Lord, laud ye the Nâme of the | Lòrd : praise it, O ye | sèr-vants · òf · the⁀Lord.

Ye that || stand in the hôuse of the | Lòrd : in the côurts of the | hòuse · of · òur · God.

O praise || the Lord, for the Lôrd is | grà-cious : O sing praises unto His Nâme, for | ìt · is · lòve-ly.

The Lord || is grâcious and | mèr-ciful : long-suffering, ând of | *grèat* · gòod-ness.

The Lord || is lôving unto | ève-ry⁀man : and His mêrcy is | ò-ver · all · His⁀works.

All Thy || works praise Thêe, O | Lòrd : and Thy sâints give | *thànks* · ùn-to⁀Thee.

The Lord || doth bûild up Je- | rù-salem : and gather togêther the | òut-casts⁀of · `Is-rael.

He heal- || eth those that are brôken in | hèart : and giveth mêdicine to | hèal · their · sìck-ness.

The Lord's || delight is in thêm that | fèar · Him : and put their trûst | ìn · His · mèr-cy.

Praise = || the Lôrd, O Je- | rù-salem : praise thy Gôd, | `O · Sì-on.

For He || hath made fast the bârs of thy | gàtes : and hath blêssed thy | chìld-ren · withìn · thee.

He mak- || eth pêace in thy | bòr-ders : and filleth thêe | with · the · flòur · of⁀wheat.

He is || our Gòd, even the God of whom cômeth sal- | và-tion : God is the Lôrd by | whòm · we⁀es-càpe · death.

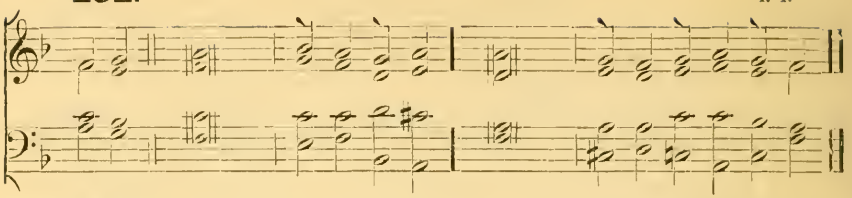
O = || God, wonderful art Thou in Thy hôly | plà-ces : even the God of Israel, He will give strength and power unto His pêople. | Blèss-ed · bè · God.

GLO - RY || be to the Fâther, and to the | Sòn : ând | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost;

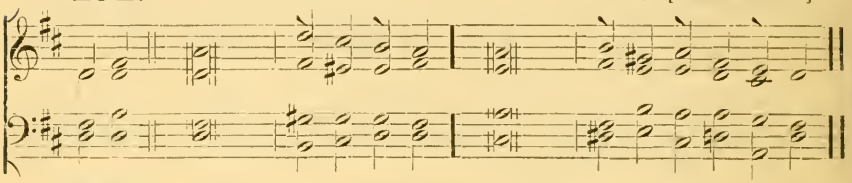
As IT || was in the beginning, is nôw, and ever | shàll · be : wôrld with- | òut · end. `A-men.

* To be sung to either of the Tones on page 62.

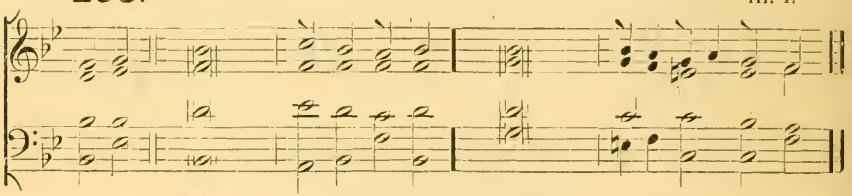
151. I. 1.



152. V. 5. [*Rouen Mediation.*]



153. III. 4.



Magnificat.

St. Luke i. 46.

My = soul doth **mâgni-** | fỳ · the · *Lòrd* : and my spirit hath **rejôiced** in | *Gòd* · *mỳ* · Sà-viour.

For = **He** | hàth · re-gàrd-ed : the **lôwliness** of | *Hìs* · *hànd*-màid-en.

For be- **hôld** from | *hènce-fòrth* : all **generâtions** shall | *càll* · *mè* · Blèss-ed.

For = He that is **mîghty** hath | màg-ni-fì-ed⁀me : **and** | hò-ly · ìs · His · *Nàme.*

And His **mèrcy** is on | thèm · that · fèar · Him : **throughôut** | *àll* · gèn-er-à-tions.

He hath shewed **strength** | with · His · *àrm* : He hath scattered the **proud** in the imagin- | à-tion · ðf · their · *hèarts.*

He hath put down the **mîghty** | fròm · their · *sèat* : and hath **exâlted** the | hùm-ble · *ànd* · *mèck.*

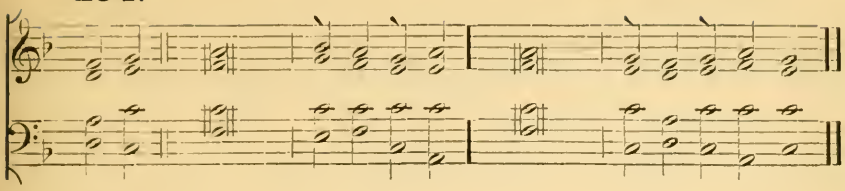
He hath filled the **hûngry** | with · good · *thìngs* : and the rich He hath **sent** | *èmp*-tỳ · a-*wày.*

He · re- membering His mercy hath **hôlpen** His | sèr-vant · `Is-rael : as He promised to our forefathers, **Abraham** and his | *sèed* · *fòr* · èv-er.

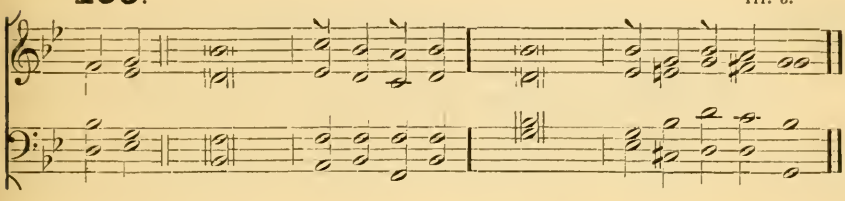
Glo-ry be to the **Fâther** | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · *Ghòst ;*

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : **world** | without | end. A- | men.

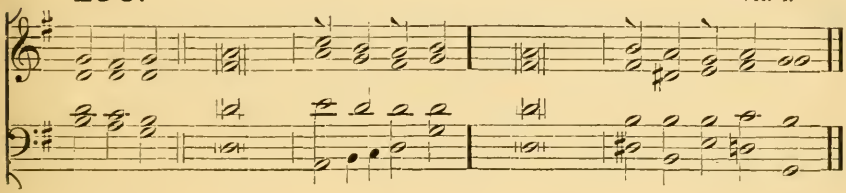
154. I. 2.



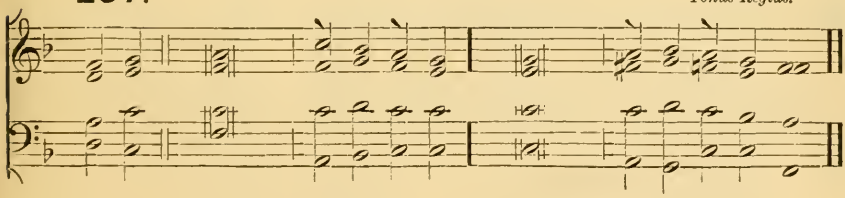
155. III. 3.



156. VII. 4.



157. *Tonus Regius.*



Nunc dimittis.

St. Luke ii. 29.

Lord, = || now lettest Thou Thy **sêrvant** de- | pàrt · in · *pèace* : **ac-** | còr-ding · tò · Thy · word.

For = || **mine** | èyes · have · *sèen* : **Thy** | `= · sal - *và* - tion.

Which = || **Thou** | hàst · pre - pàr - ed : before the **face** of | *àll* · *pèo* - ple ;

To be || a **light** to | lìght - en · the⌢Gèn-tiles : and to be the **glòry** of Thy | pèo - ple · `Is - ra - el.

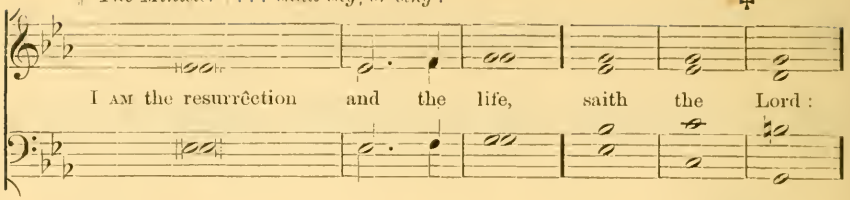
Glo - ry || be to the **Fàther**, | ànd · to · the⌢*Sòn* : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

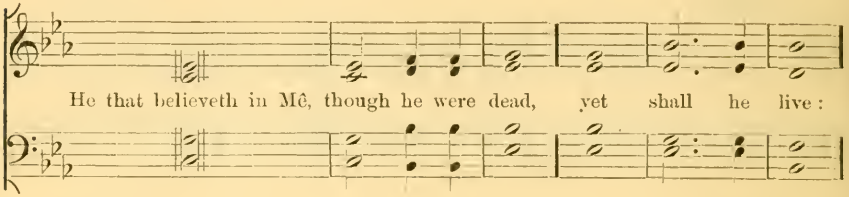
As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv - er · shàll · be : **world** with - | òut · end. *À* - men.

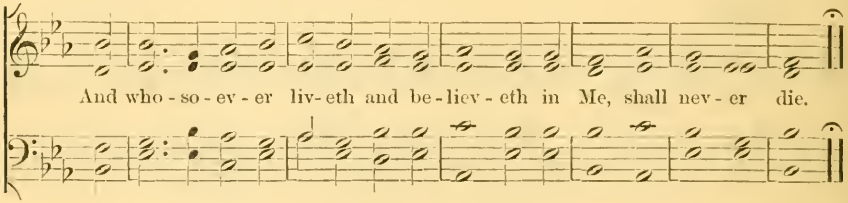
158.

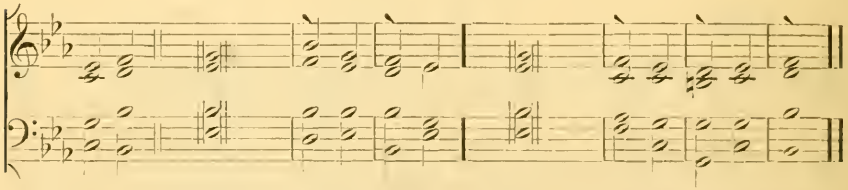
W. H. Walter.

¶ *The Minister . . . shall say, or sing :*





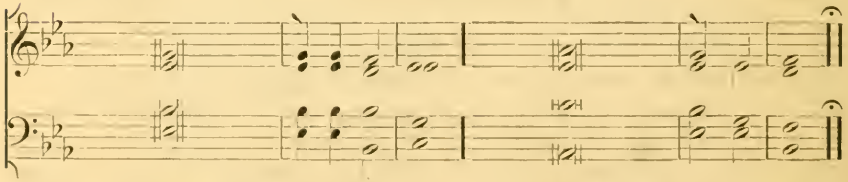




I = know that mŷ Re- | dèem-er | lĭv-eth : and that He shall stând at the latter | dày · up- | ŏn · the | èarth.

And though after my skin, wôrms de- | stròy · this | bò-dy : yet in mŷ | flesh · shall I′ · see | Gòd :

Whom I shall sêe | fòr · my- | sèlf : and mine êyes shall be- | hòld, · and | nòt · an- | ŏther.

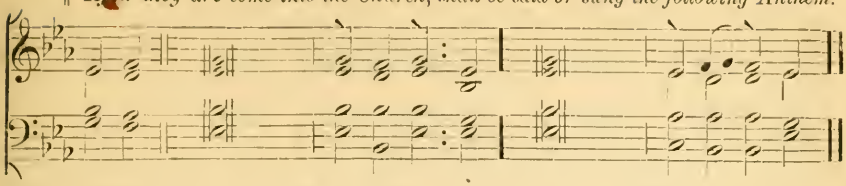


We brought nôthing | in-to · this | world : and it is cêrtain we can carry | nò-thing | out.

The Lord gave, and the Lôrd hath | tak-en · a- | way : blessed be the Nâme | of · the | Lord.

159.

¶ After they are come into the Church, shall be said or sung the following Anthem.



Lord, =|| let me know my end, and the nûmber | òf · my · dàys : that I may be certified how lông I | hàve · to · *live.*

Behold, Thou hast made my dâys as it | wère · a · spàn · long : and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee ; and verily every man living is àlto- | gèth-er · vàn-ity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquìeteth him- | sèlf · in · vàin : he heapeth up riches, and cannot têll | whò · shall · gàth - er⁀them.

And now, Lôrd | what⁀is · my hòpe : Truly my hôpe is | èven · in · *Thèe.*

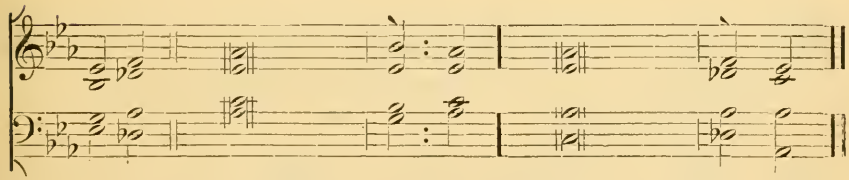
Deliver me from àll | mìne · ‹ f-fèn-ces : and make me not a rebûke | unto · the · fòol-ish.

When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a môth | frètting · a · gàr-ment : every man thêrefore | ìs · but · vàn-ity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with Thine êars, con- | sìder · my · càll-ing : hold not Thy pêace | àt my *tèars ;*

For I âm a | stranger · with · Thèe ; and a sôjourner, as | àll · my · fà-thers⁀ were.

O spare me a little, that I mây re- | còver · my · strèngth : before I go hênce, and be | nô · more · *sèen.*



Lord, =|| Thou hast bêen our | rè-fuge : from one generâtion to an- | ò-ther.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the wôrld were | made : Thou art God from everlasting, and wôrld with- | òut · end.

Thou turnest mân to de- | strùc-tion : again Thou sayest, Come agâin, ye children | òf · men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are bût as | yès-terday : seeing that is past as a wâtch | ìn · the⁀nìght.

As soon as Thou scatterest them they are even âs a | slèep : and fade away sûddenly | like · the⁀grass.

In the morning it is grêen, and groweth | ùp : but in the evening it is cut down, dried ûp, and | with-ered.

For we consume away in Thŷ dis- | pleà-sure : and are afraid at Thy wrâthful indig- | nà-tion.

Thou hast set our misdêeds be- | fòre · Thee : and our secret sins in the light of Thy | còun-tenance.

For when Thou art angry, all our dâys are | gòne : we bring our years to an end, as it were a tâle that | ìs · told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten ; and though men be so strong that they come to fôurscore | yèars : yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow ; so soon passeth it awây, and | wè · are⁀gone.

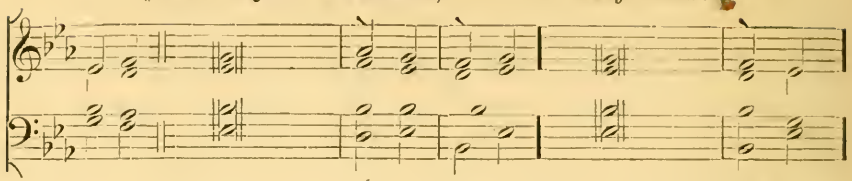
So teach us to nûmber our | dàys : that we may apply our heârts unto | wìs-dom.

Glory be to the Fâther, and to the | Sòn : and tô the | Hò-ly⁀Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and ever | shàll · be : world without ênd. | A-men.

160.

¶ *When they come to the Grave, ... shall be sung or said :*



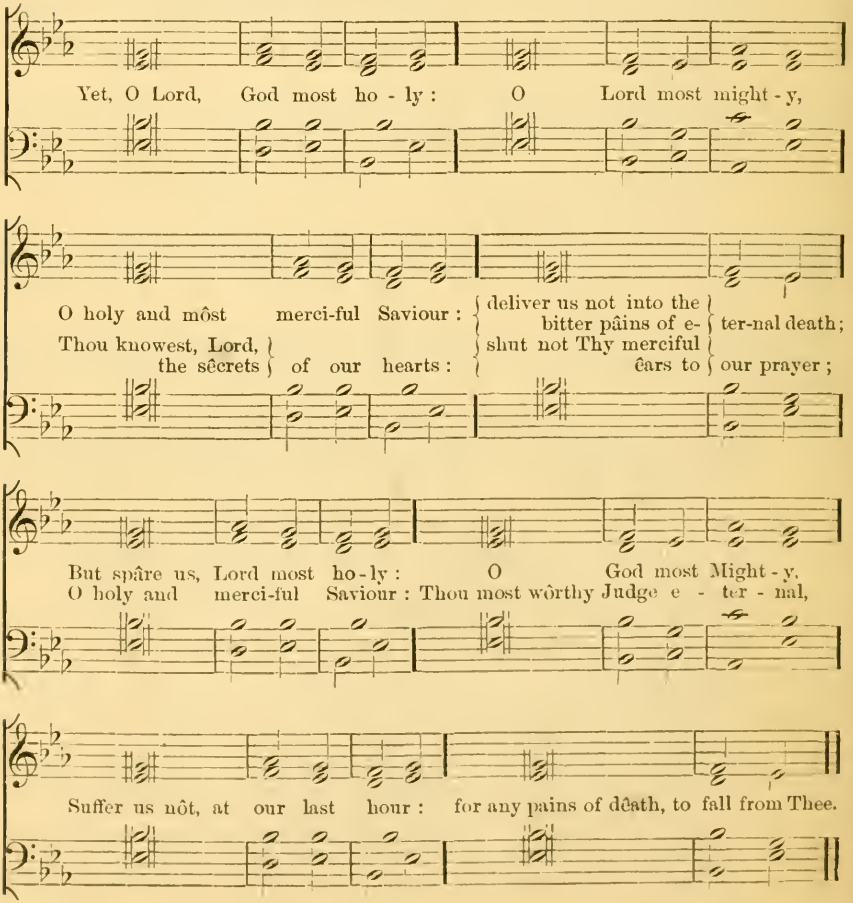
Man, that ‖ is born of a woman, hath but a shôrt | time · to | live : and is fûll of | mis-ery.

Hê | còm-eth | ùp : and is cut dôwn like a | flòw-er.

He flêeth as it | wère · a | shàdow : and never continueth in | òne · stay.

In the | mìdst · of | life : wê | àre · in ⁀death.

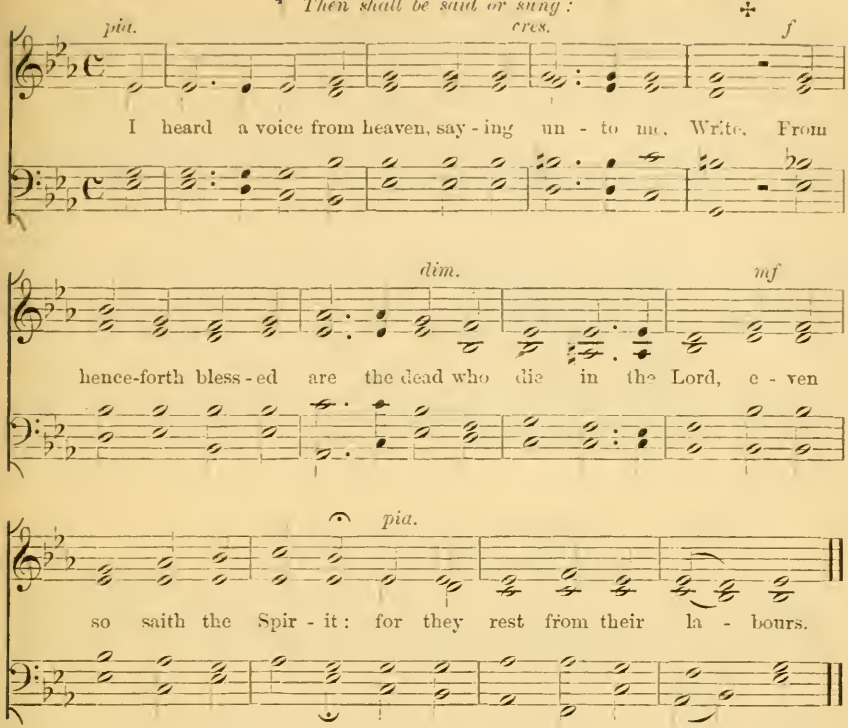
Of whom may we seek for sûccour, but of | Thèe, O | Lòrd ; Who for our sins art jûstly dis- | plèas-ed ?



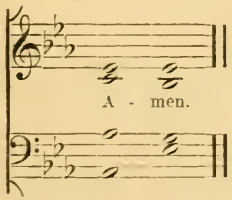
161.

W. H. WALTER.

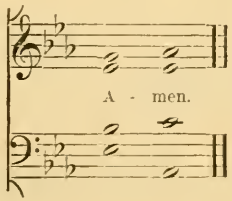
Then shall be said or sung:



After each Prayer:

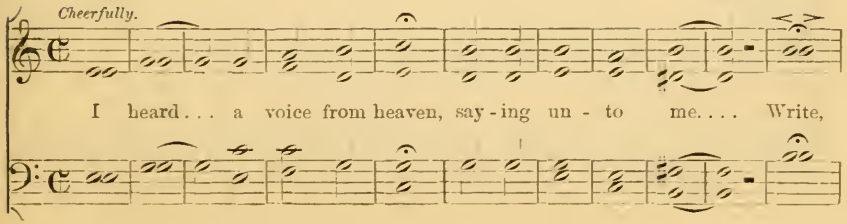


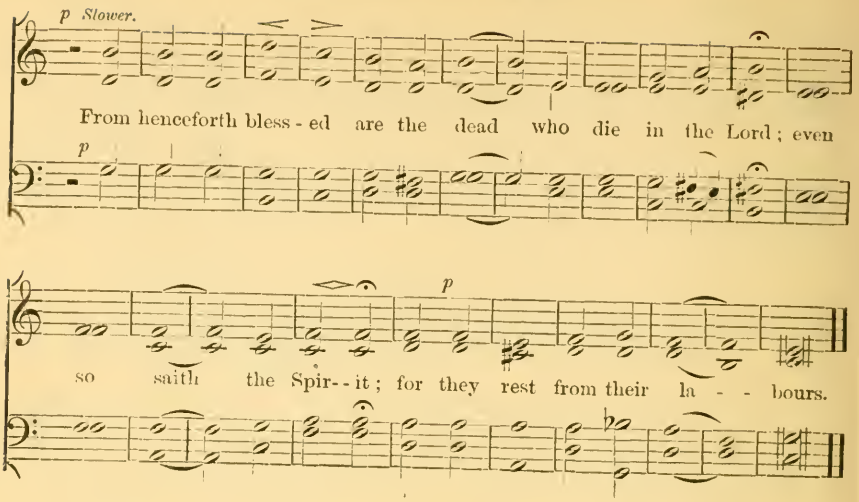
At the Close:



162.

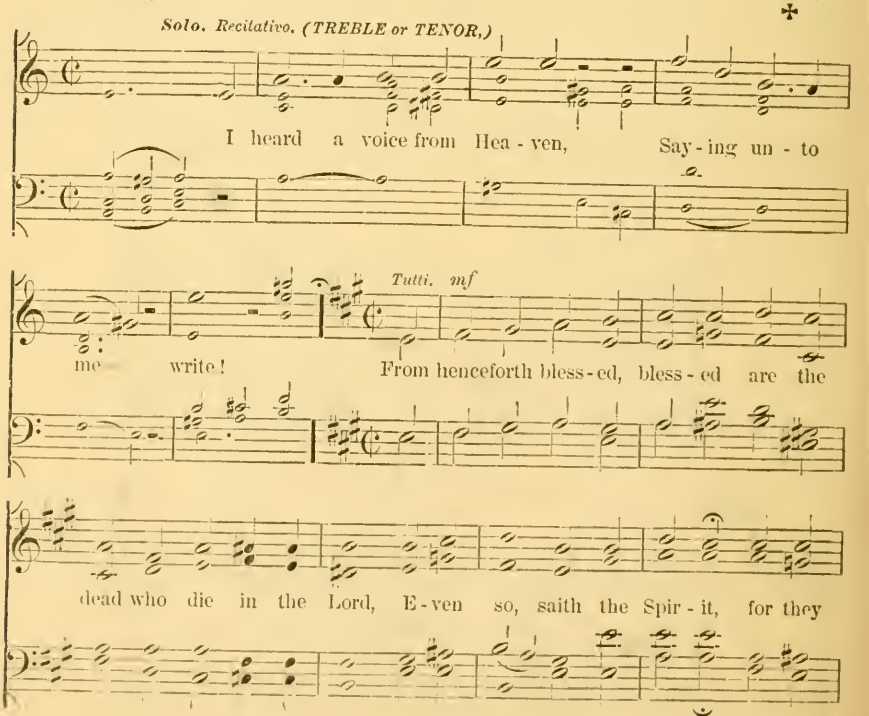
R. REDHEAD.

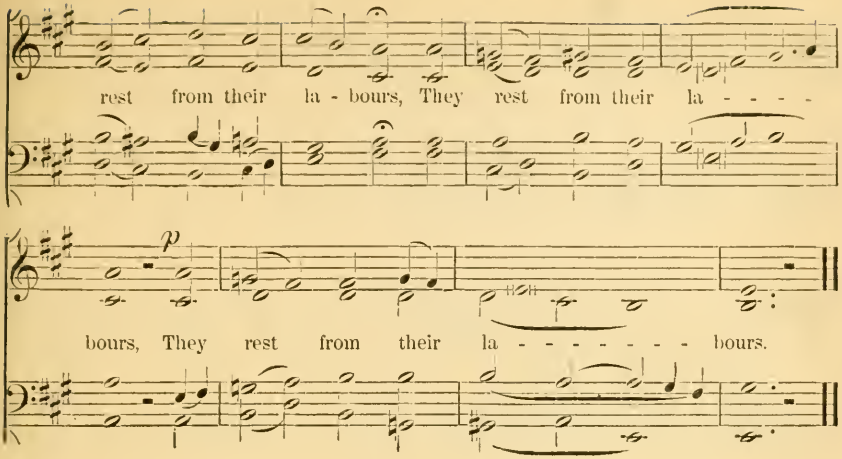



p Slower.
From henceforth bless - ed are the dead who die in the Lord; even
p
p
so saith the Spir - - it; for they rest from their la - - bours.

163.

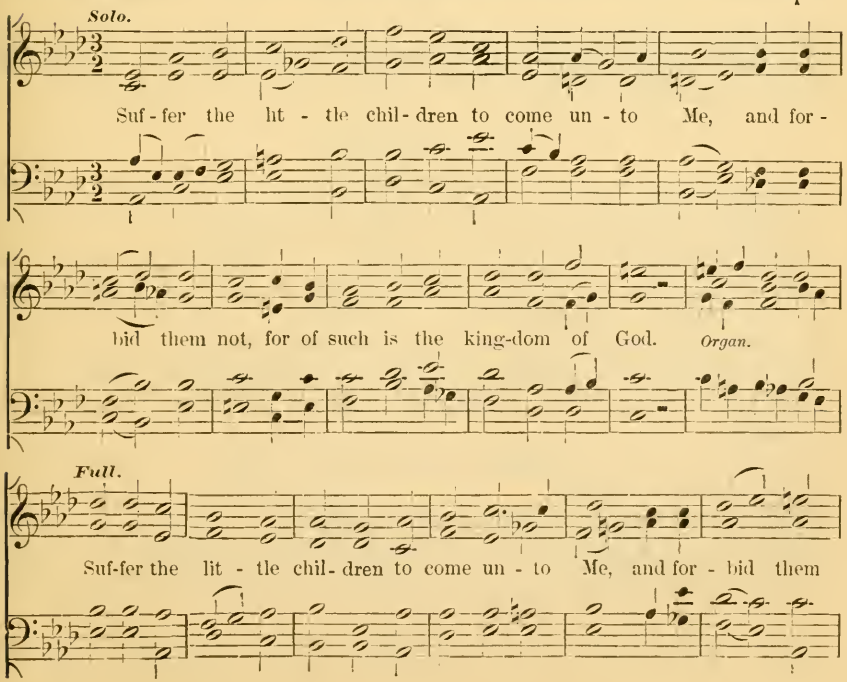
J. I. T.

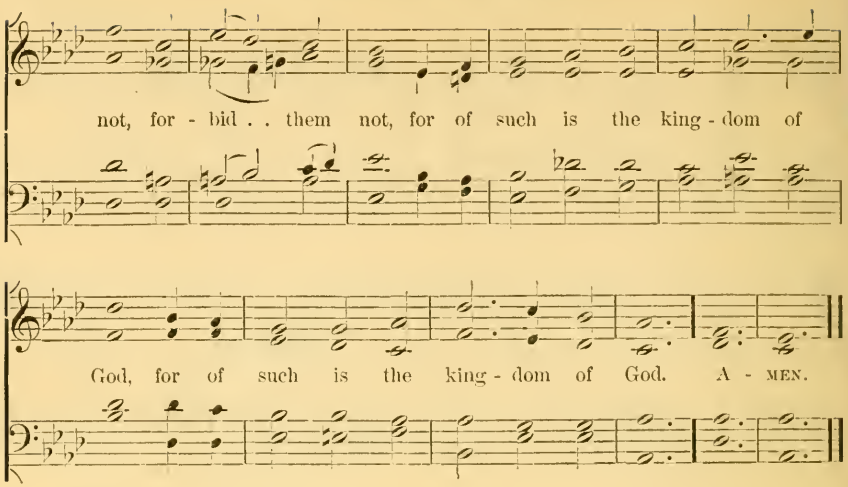

Solo. Recitativo. (TREBLE or TENOR.)
I heard a voice from Hea - ven, Say - ing un - to
Tutti. mf
me write! From henceforth bless - ed, bless - ed are the
dead who die in the Lord, E - ven so, saith the Spir - it, for they



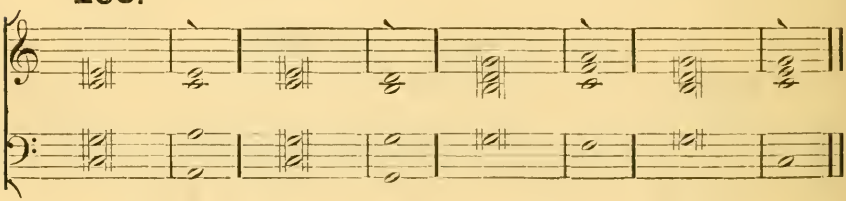
At the Burial of a Child.

164. St. Mark x, 15. J. I. T. ✝





165.



De profundis.

Psalm cxxx.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thêe, O | Lòrd : || Lôrd, hear my | vòice.
O let Thine ears consîder | wèll : || the voice of mŷ com- | plaint.

If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is dône a- | mìss : || O Lord, who mây a- | bìde it.
For there is mèrcy with | Thèe : || therefore shalt Thôu be | fèared.

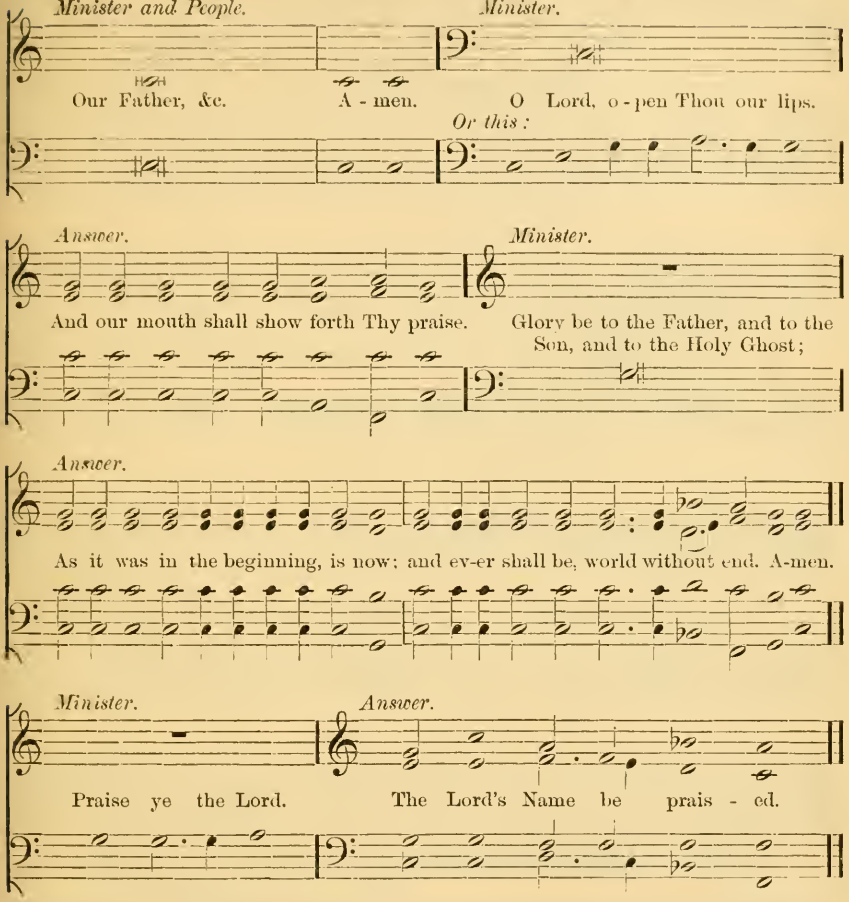
I look for the Lord, my soul doth wâit for | Him : || in His wôrd is my | trùst.
My soul flêeth unto the | Lòrd : || before the morning watch, I say before the môrning | wàtch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lôrd there is | mèrcy : || and with Him is plênteous re- | dèmption.
And He shall redêem Isra- | èl : || from âll his | sìns.

Glory be to the Father, and tô the | Sòn : || and to the Hôly | Ghòst ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and êver shall | bè : || world without ênd. A- | mèn.

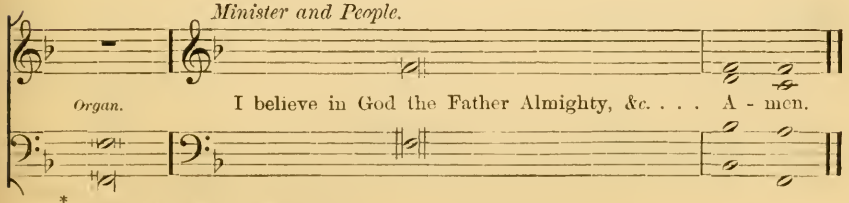
166.

For the SENTENCES, *the* EXHORTATION, CONFESSION, *and the* ABSOLUTION, *any convenient note may be taken.*



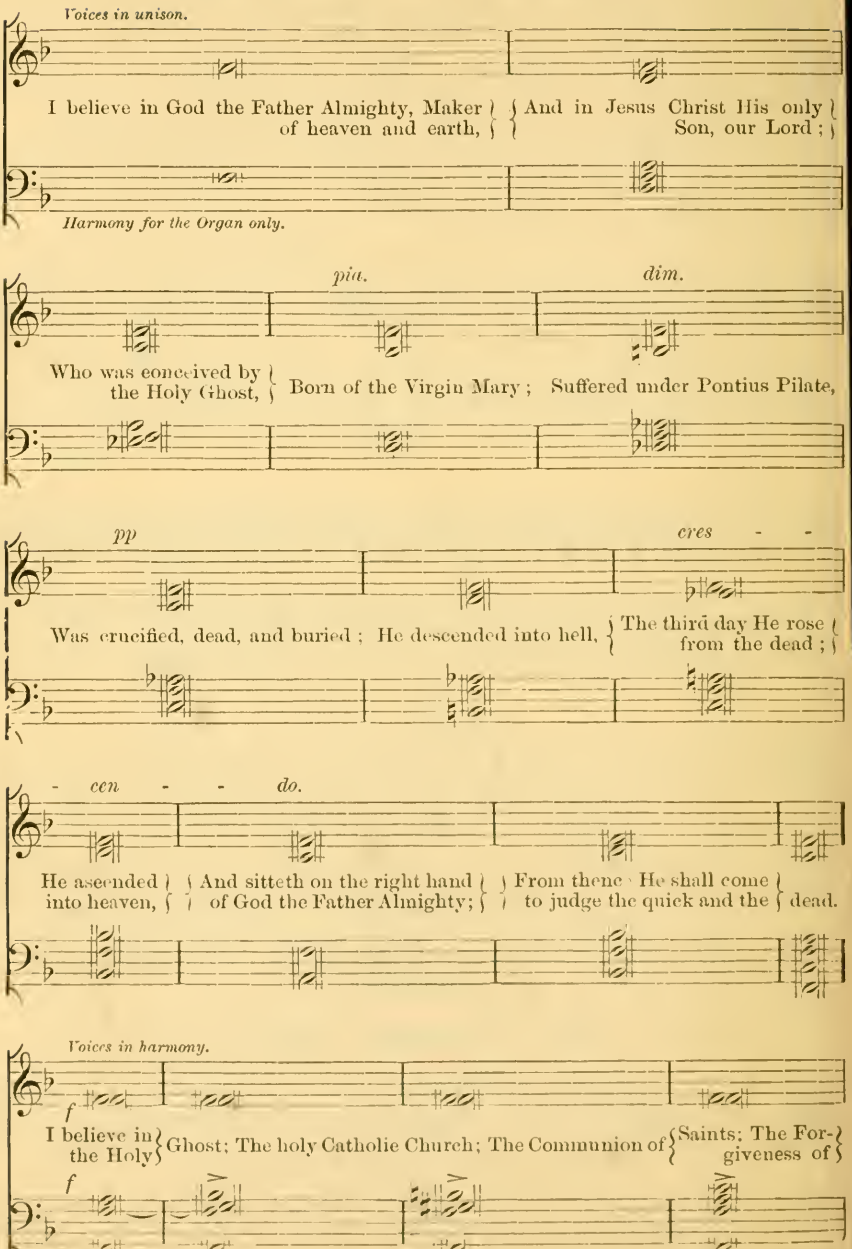
Here follow the VENITE EXULTEMUS, *the* PSALMS, LESSONS, *and* CANTICLES, *in their appointed order.*

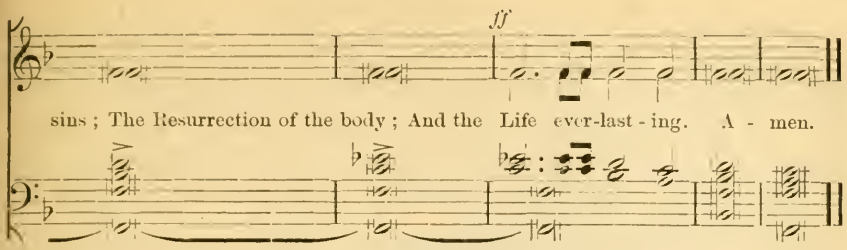
THE APOSTLES' CREED. *



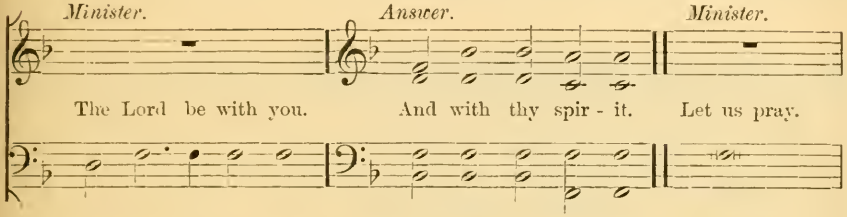
* *For* NICENE CREED, *See pp. 76 and 80.*

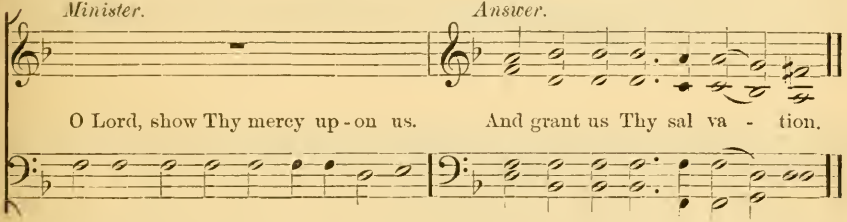
THE APOSTLES' CREED. (*With Harmony.*)

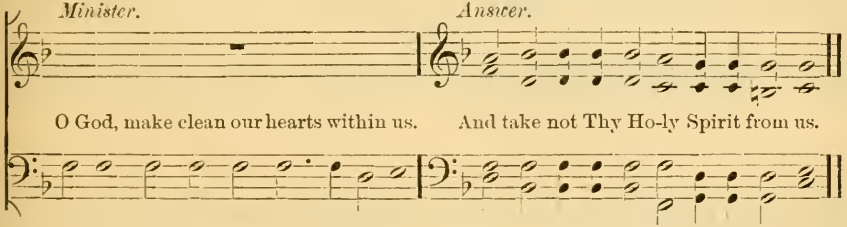


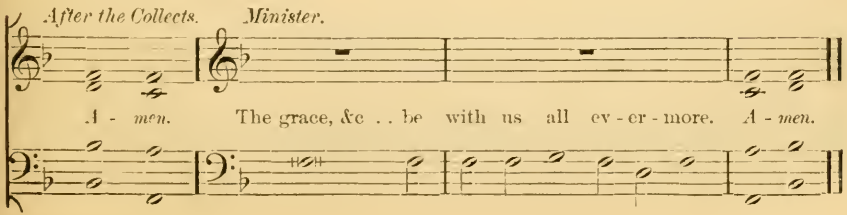


AFTER THE CREED.





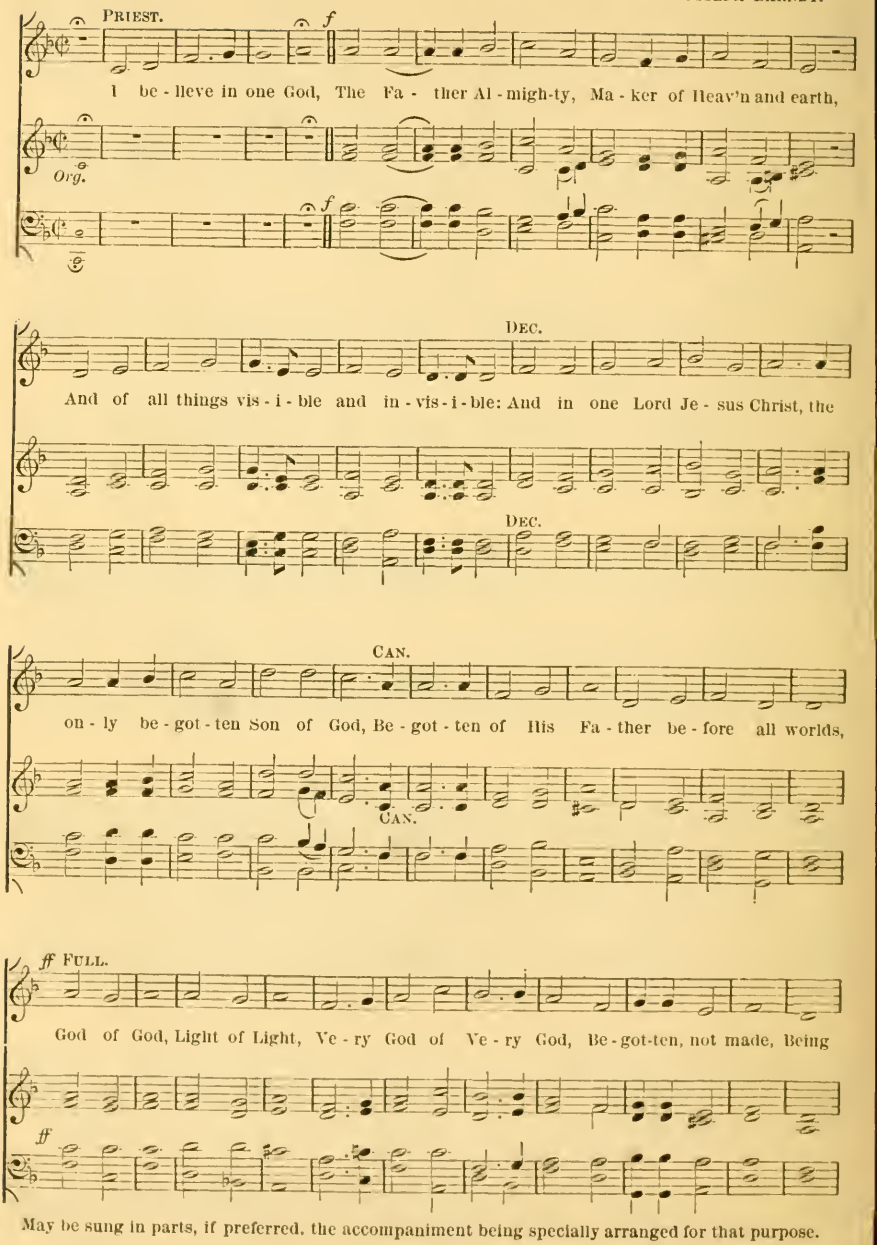




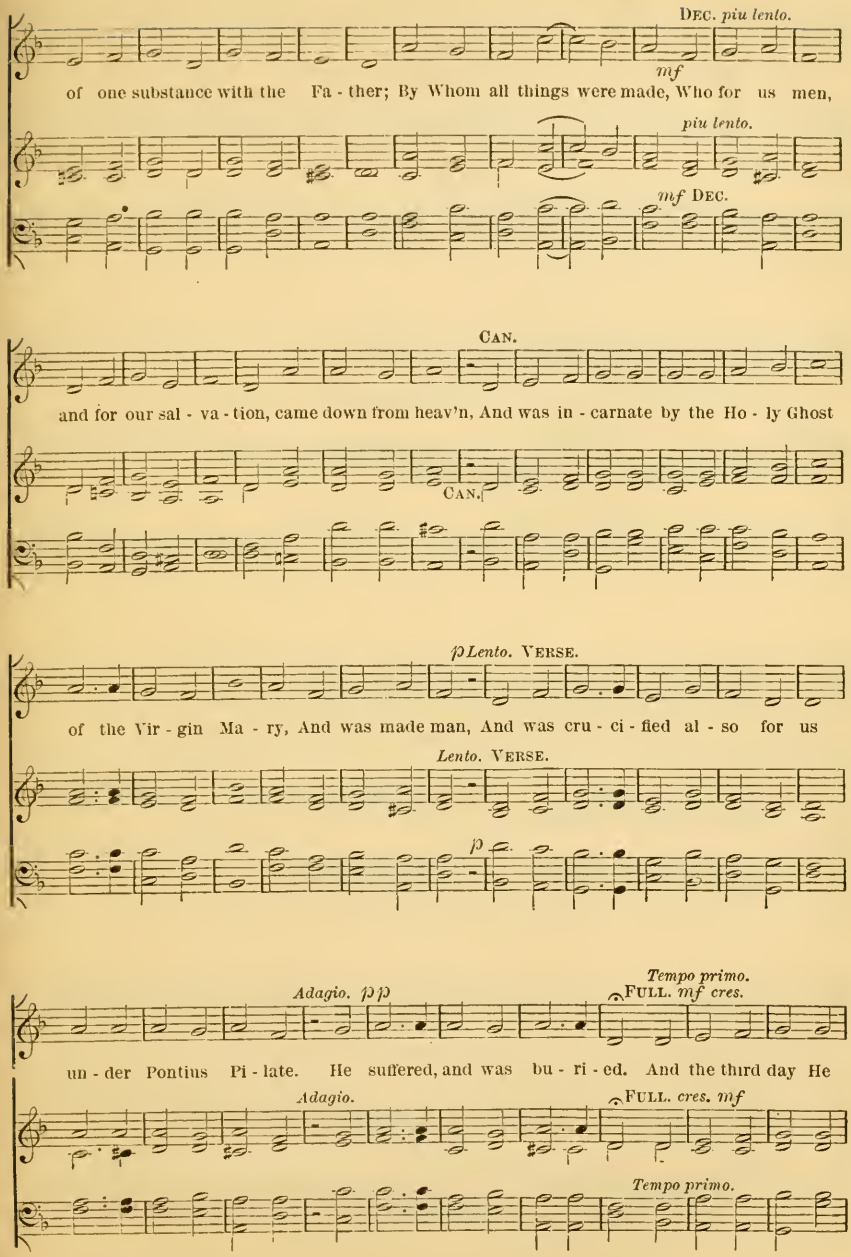
The Nicene Creed.

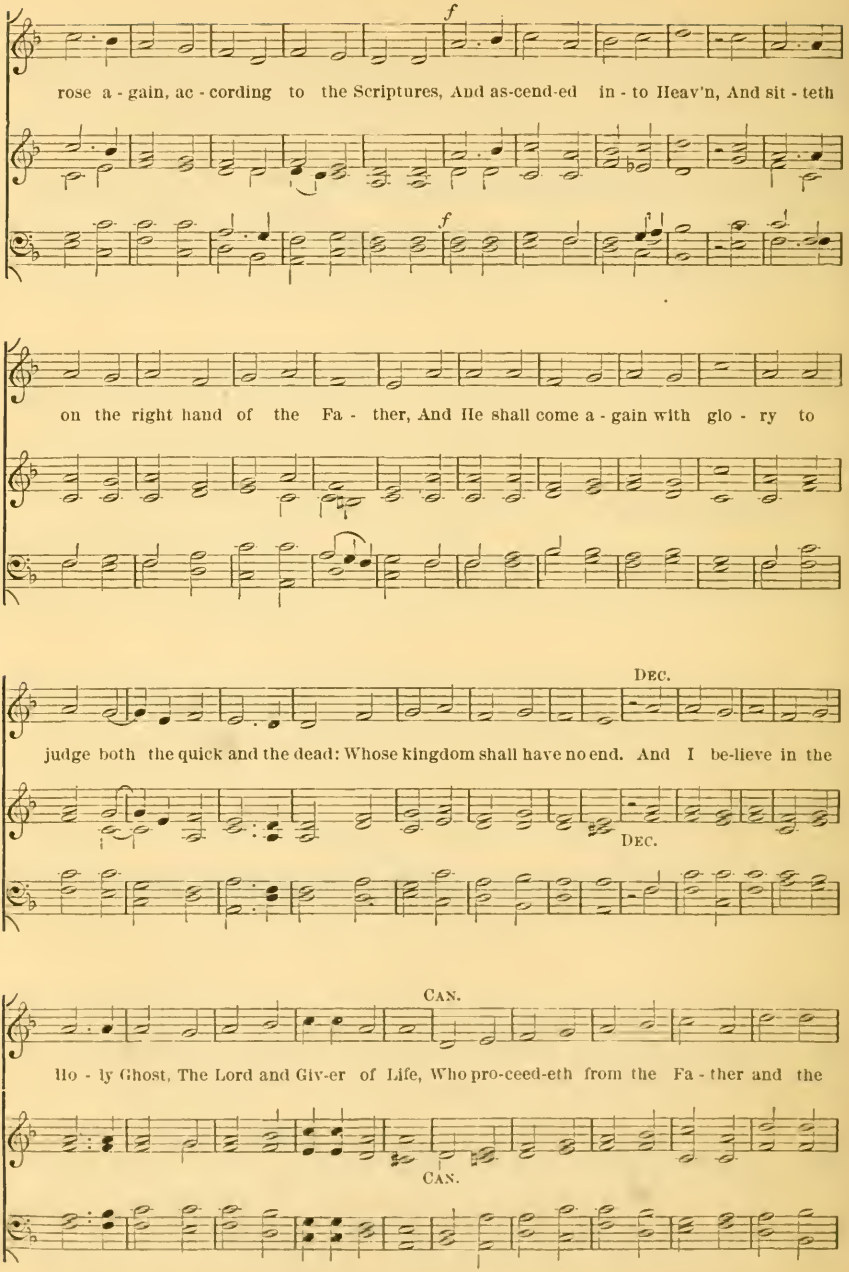
AS NOTED IN MERBECKE'S PRAYER BOOK.

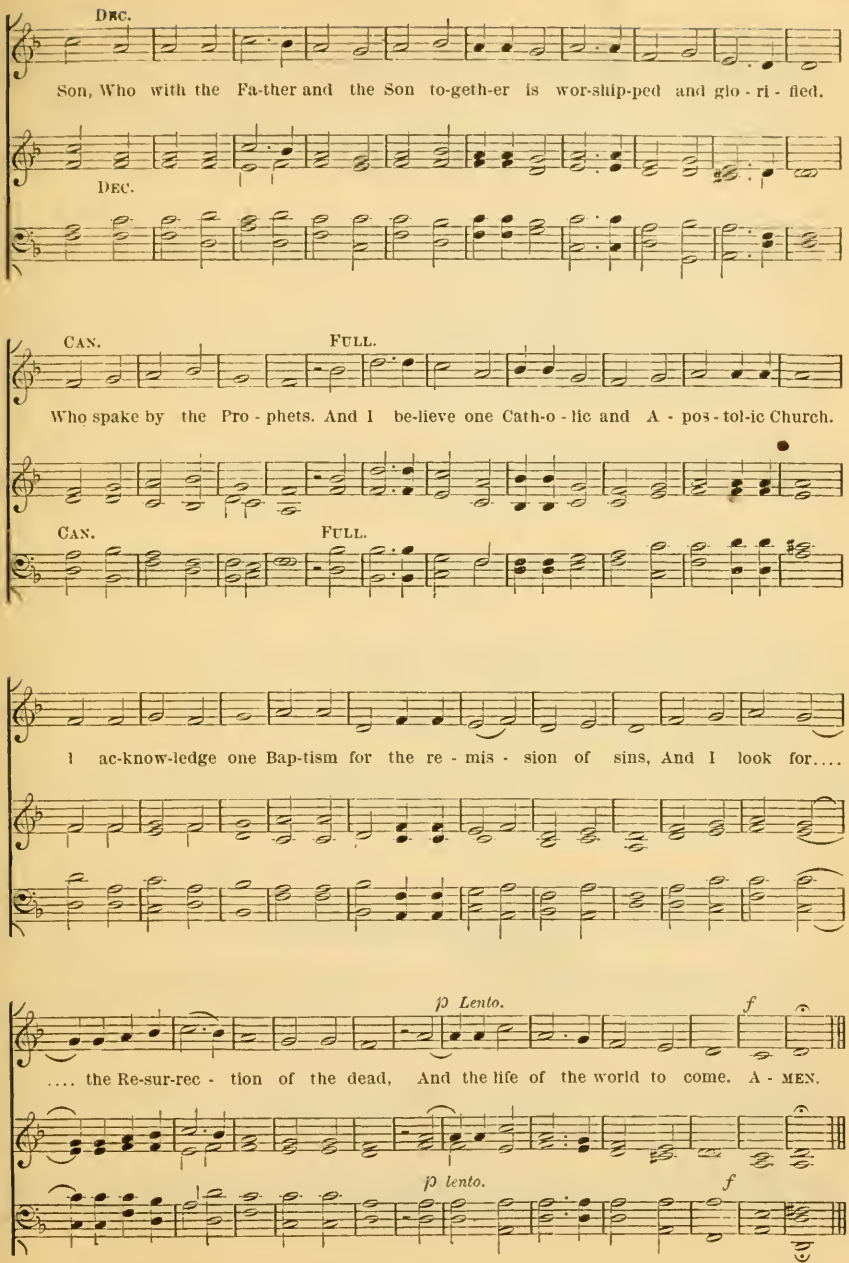
JOSEPH BARNBY.



May be sung in parts, if preferred, the accompaniment being specially arranged for that purpose.

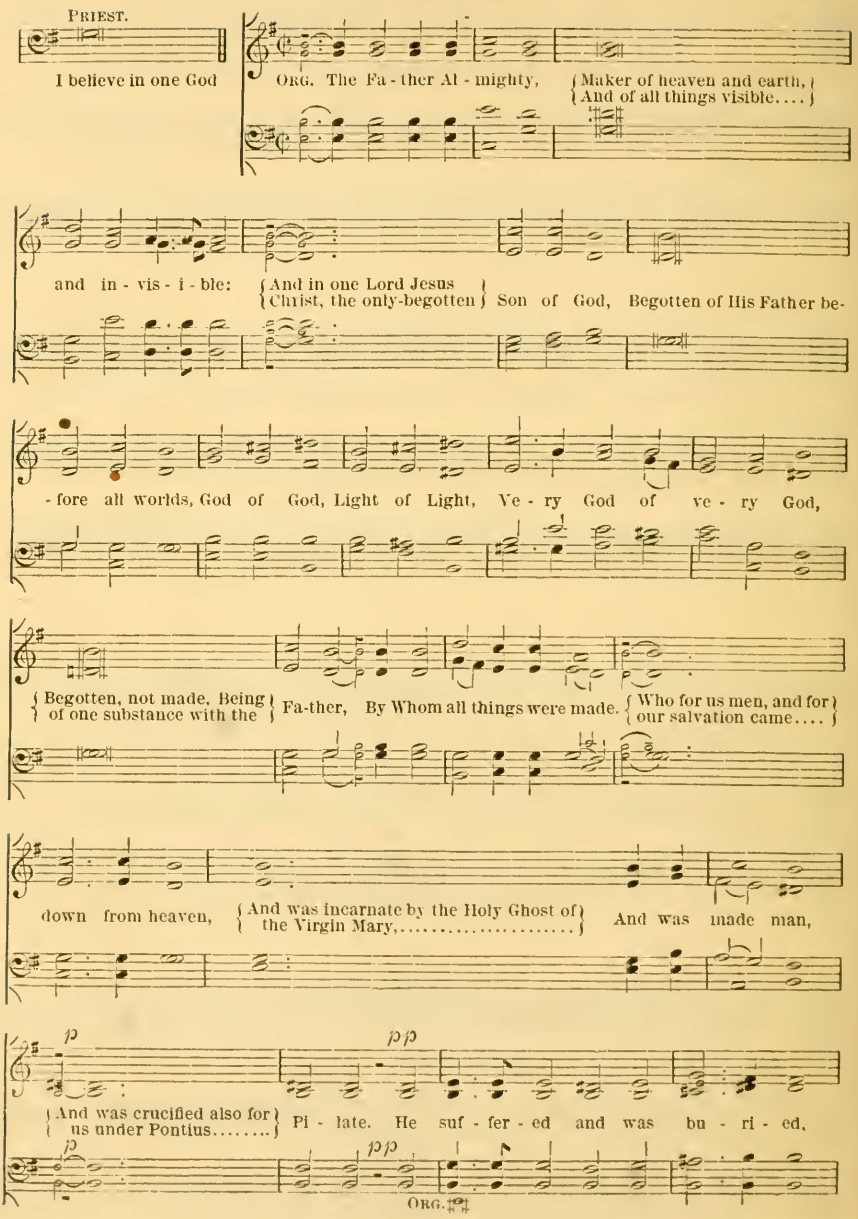

DEC. piu lento.
mf
of one substance with the Fa - ther; By Whom all things were made, Who for us men,
piu lento.
mf DEC.
CAN.
and for our sal - va - tion, came down from heav'n, And was in - carnate by the Ho - ly Ghost
CAN.
p Lento. VERSE.
of the Vir - gin Ma - ry, And was made man, And was cru - ci - fied al - so for us
Lento. VERSE.
p
Tempo primo.
Adagio. p p
FULL. mf cres.
un - der Pontius Pi - late. He suffered, and was bu - ri - ed. And the third day He
Adagio.
FULL. cres. mf
Tempo primo.

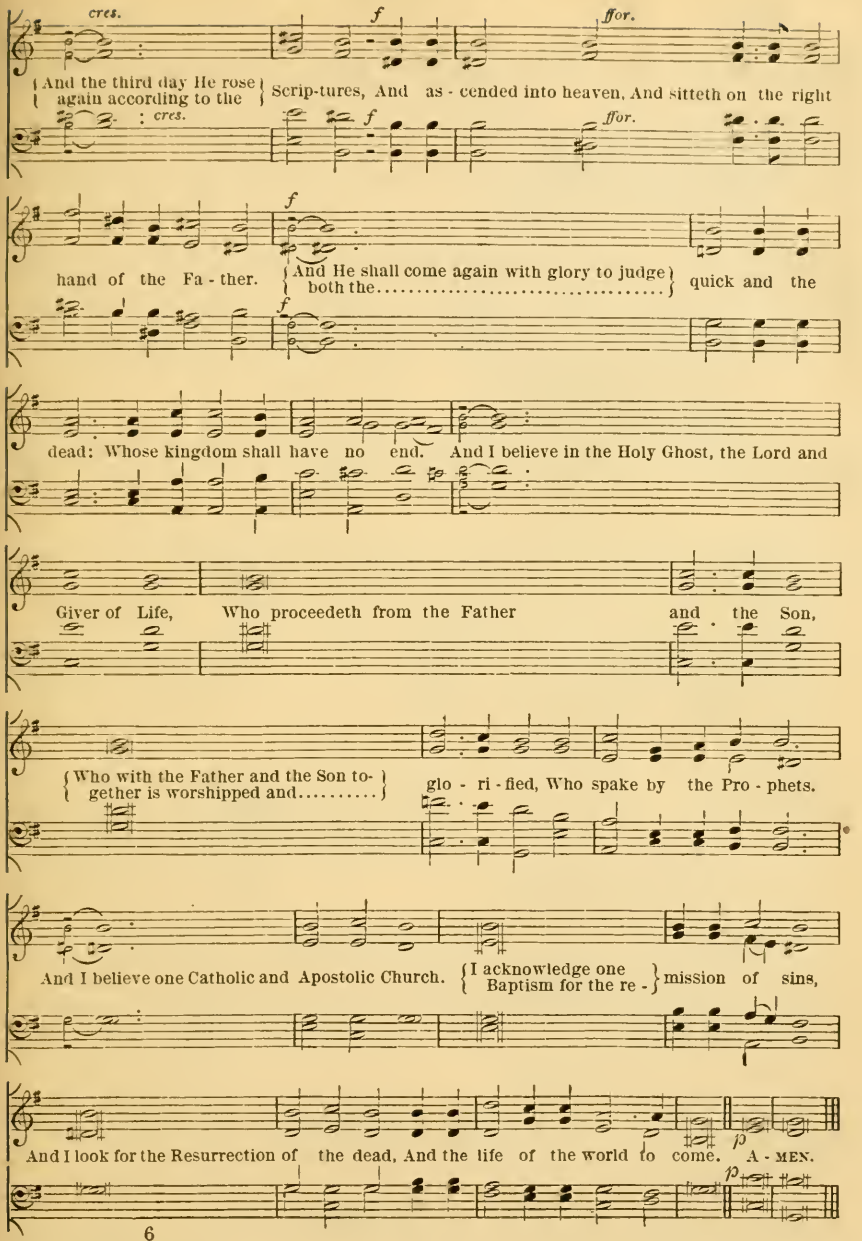

f
rose a - gain, ac - cording to the Scriptures, And as-cend-ed in - to Heav'n, And sit - teth
f
on the right hand of the Fa - ther, And He shall come a - gain with glo - ry to
Dec.
judge both the quick and the dead: Whose kingdom shall have no end. And I be-lieve in the
Dec.
Can.
Ho - ly Ghost, The Lord and Giv-er of Life, Who pro-ceed-eth from the Fa - ther and the
Can.


Dec.
Son, Who with the Fa-ther and the Son to-geth-er is wor-ship-ped and glo - ri - fied.
Dec.
Can.
Full.
Who spake by the Pro - phets. And I be-lieve one Cath-o - lic and A - pos - tol-ic Church.
Can.
Full.
I ac-know-ledge one Bap-tism for the re - mis - sion of sins, And I look for....
p Lento.
f
.... the Re-sur-rec - tion of the dead, And the life of the world to come. A - men.
p lento.
f

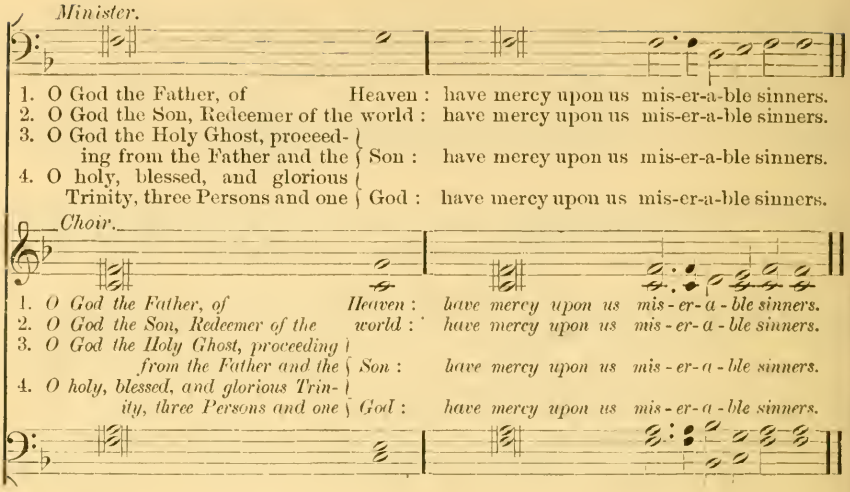
The Nicene Creed.

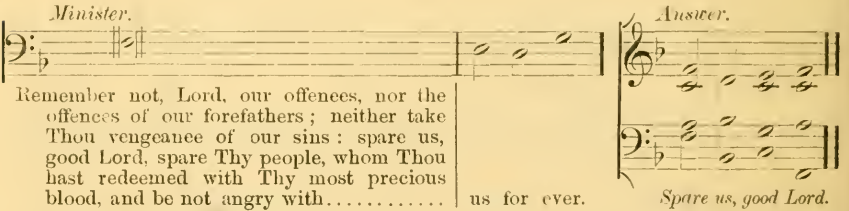
IN CHANT FORM. JOHN HOPKINS.

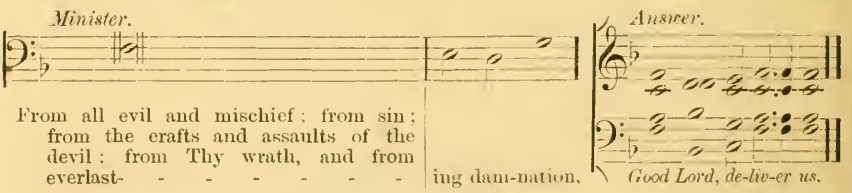



cres.
f
ffor.
{And the third day He rose again according to the} Scrip-tures, And as - cended into heaven, And sitteth on the right
hand of the Fa - ther.
{And He shall come again with glory to judge both the.....} quick and the
dead: Whose kingdom shall have no end. And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and
Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,
{Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and.....} glo - ri - fied, Who spake by the Pro - phets.
And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church. {I acknowledge one Baptism for the re -} mission of sins,
And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, And the life of the world to come. A - MEN.

167.







From all blindness of heart ; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy ; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all unchari- | ta-ble-ness, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

From all inordinate and sinful affections ; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, | and the devil, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

From lightning and tempest ; from plague, pestilence, and famine ; from battle and murder, and from | sud-den death. *Good Lord, deliver us.*

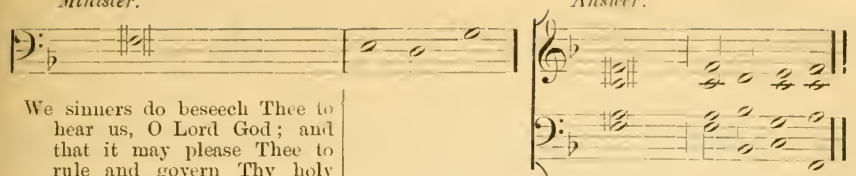
From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion ; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism ; from hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word | and Commandment, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

By the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation ; by Thy holy Nativity and Circumcision ; by Thy Baptism, Fasting, | and Temp-tation, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

By Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat ; by Thy Cross and Passion ; by Thy precious Death and Burial ; by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension ; and by the coming of the | Ho-ly Ghost, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our prosperity ; in the hour of death, and in the | day of judgment, *Good Lord, deliver us.*

Minister. *Answer.*



We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please Thee to rule and govern Thy holy Church universal ..... in the right way; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please Thee to bless and preserve all Christian Rulers and Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to | main-tain truth ;
We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and understanding of Thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and show | it ac-cordingly ;
We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to bless and keep | all thy people ;
We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, | peace, and concord ;
We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to give us an heart to love and fear Thee, and diligently to live after | Thy com-mandments ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please Thee to give to all Thy people increase of grace to hear meekly Thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits | of the Spirit ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred, and | are de-ceived ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please Thee to strengthen such as do stand ; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted ; and to raise up those who fall ; and finally to beat down Satan | un-der our feet ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please Thee to succour, help, and comfort, all who are in danger, necessity, and | tribu-lation ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please Thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all women in the perils of child-birth, all sick persons, and young children ; and to show thy pity upon all prison- | ers and captives ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please Thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate | and op-pressed ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

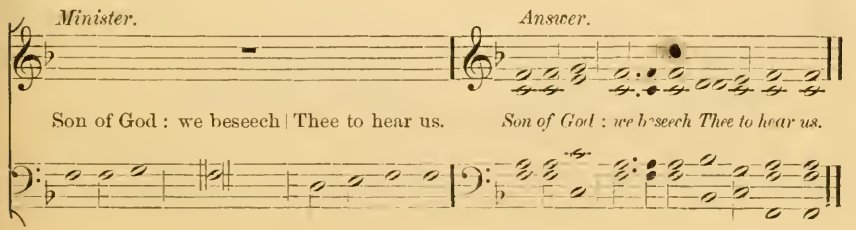
That it may please Thee to have mercy up- | on all men ;
We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to | turn their hearts : *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

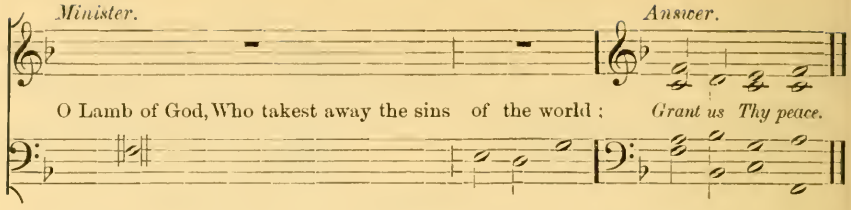
That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we | may en-joy them ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

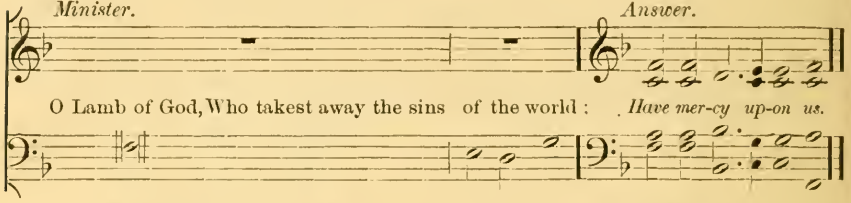
That it may please Thee to give us true repentance ; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances ; and to endue us with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy | ho-ly Word ; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

Minister. *Answer.*

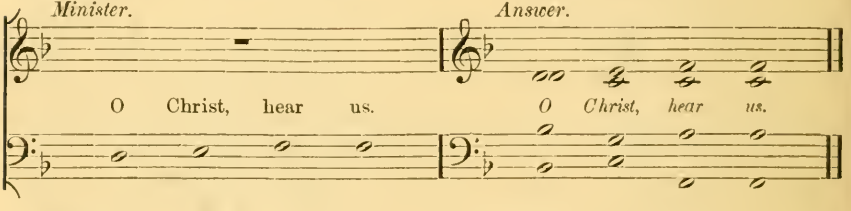


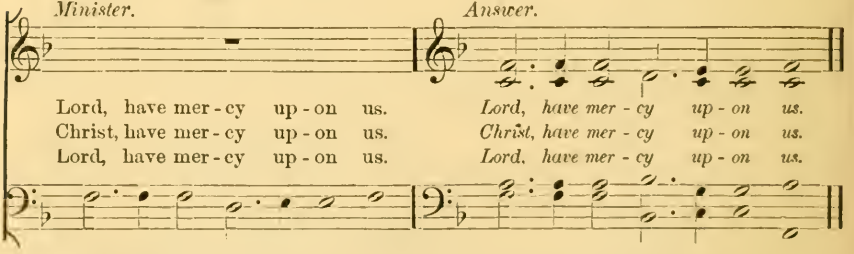
Son of God : we beseech | Thee to hear us. *Son of God : we beseech Thee to hear us.*

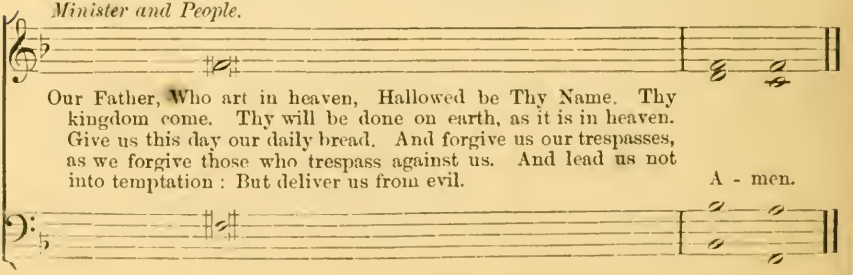




¶ *The Minister may, at his discretion, omit all that follows, to the Prayer,* "We humbly beseech Thee, O Father," &c.



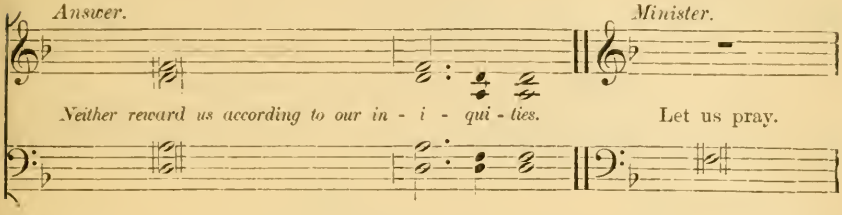




Minister.

O Lord, deal not with us according to our sins.

Answer.

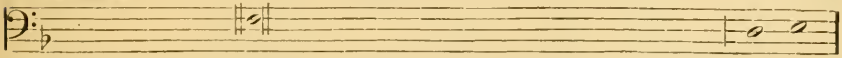


Neither reward us according to our in - i - qui - ties.

Minister.

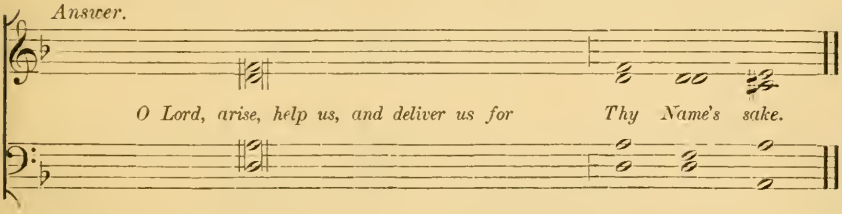
Let us pray.

Minister.



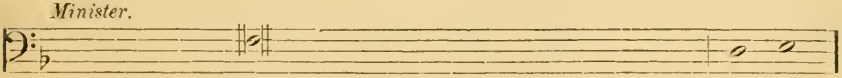
O God, merciful Father, Who despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful: Mercifully assist our prayers which we make before Thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us. may, by Thy good providence, be brought to nought; that we Thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Answer.



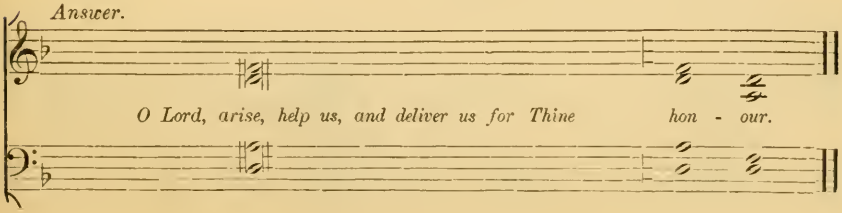
O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thy Name's sake.

Minister.

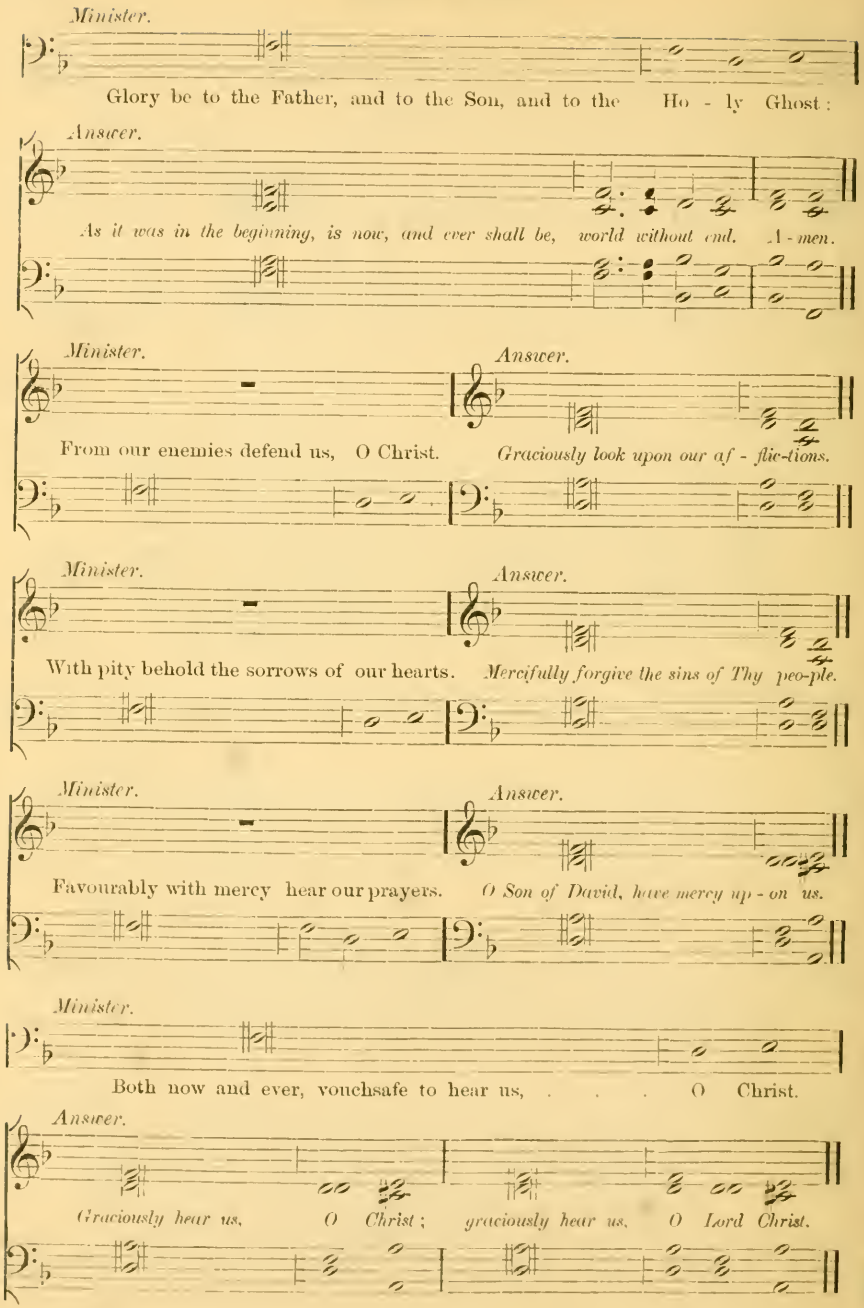


O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time be - - - - - - - - - - - fore them.

Answer.



O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine hon - our.


Minister.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost:
Answer.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men.
Minister.
From our enemies defend us, O Christ.
Answer.
Graciously look upon our af - flic-tions.
Minister.
With pity behold the sorrows of our hearts.
Answer.
Mercifully forgive the sins of Thy peo-ple.
Minister.
Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.
Answer.
O Son of David, have mercy up - on us.
Minister.
Both now and ever, vouchsafe to hear us, . . . O Christ.
Answer.
Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.

Minister. *Answer.*

O Lord, let Thy mercy be showed up - on us: *As we do put our trust in Thee.*

(The final prayers are to be recited on this note.)

Minister.

Let us pray. We humbly beseech Thee, O Father, &c.

A general Thanksgiving.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, &c.

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

Almighty God, Who hast given us grace, &c.

A - men.

Minister.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all ev-er-more. A-men.

HERE ENDETH THE LITANY.

167[2] The Order of Confirmation.

Bishop. *Answer.*

Our help is the	Name of the	Lord.
Blessed be the..	Name of the	Lord.
Lord,.....	hear our	prayer.

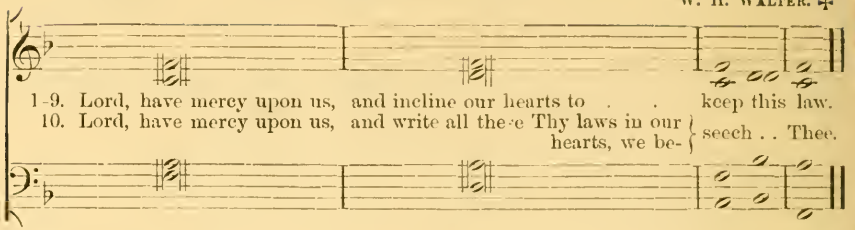
Who hath made	heaven and	earth.
Henceforth.....	world without	end
And let our cry	come unto	Thee.

Bishop. *Answer.*

The Lord be with you. And with thy spirit. A - men.

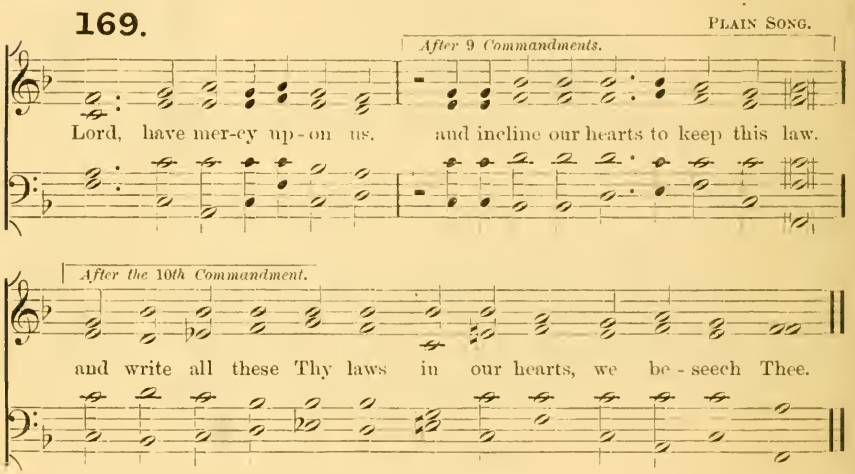
168. Kyrie eleison.

W. H. WALTER.



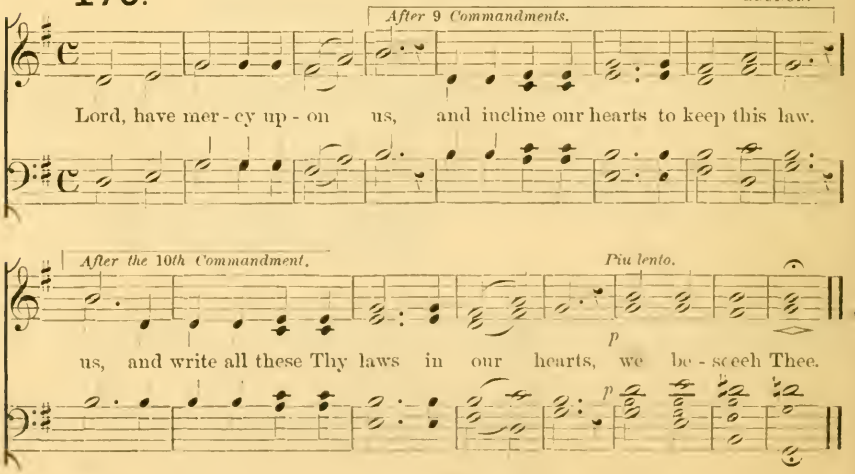
169.

PLAIN SONG.



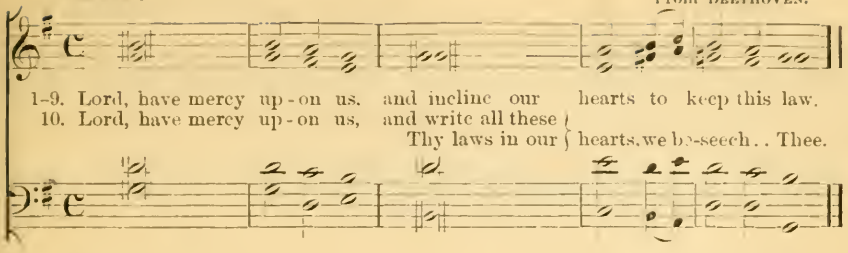
170.

GOUNOD.



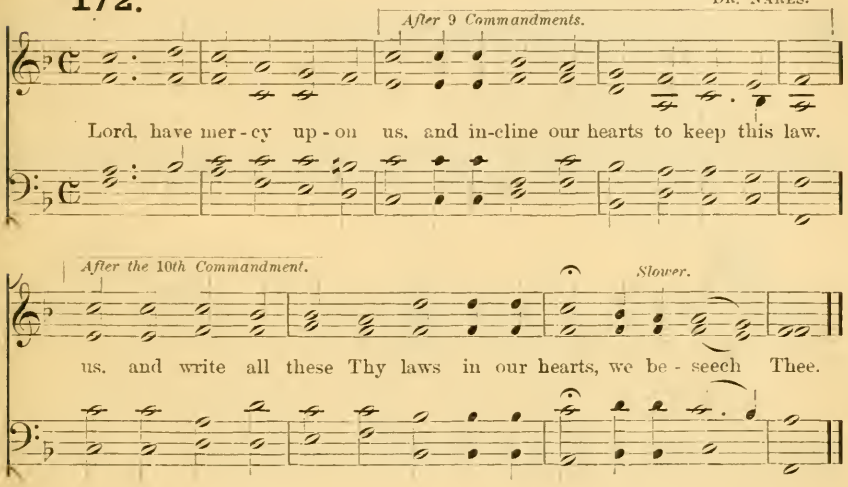
171.

From BEETHOVEN.



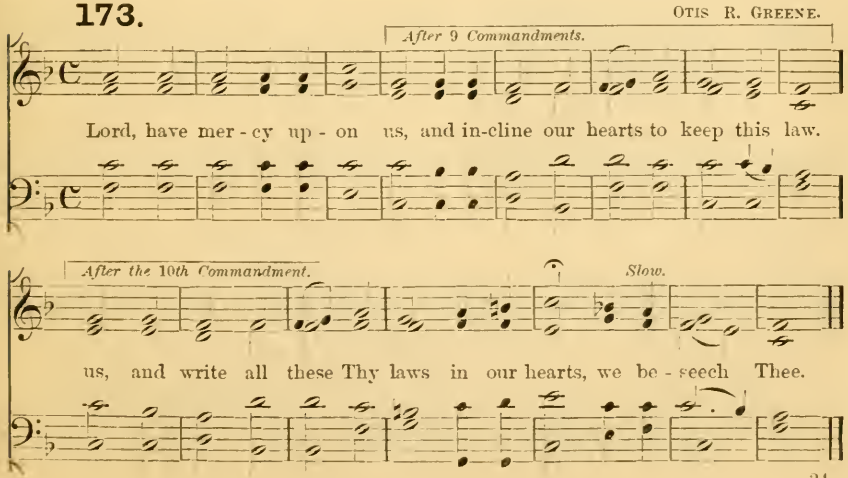
172.

DR. NARES.



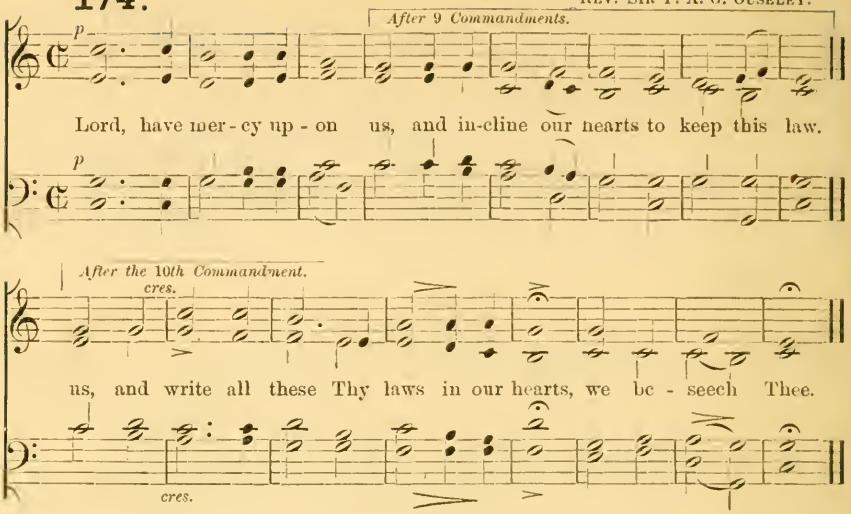
173.

OTIS R. GREENE.



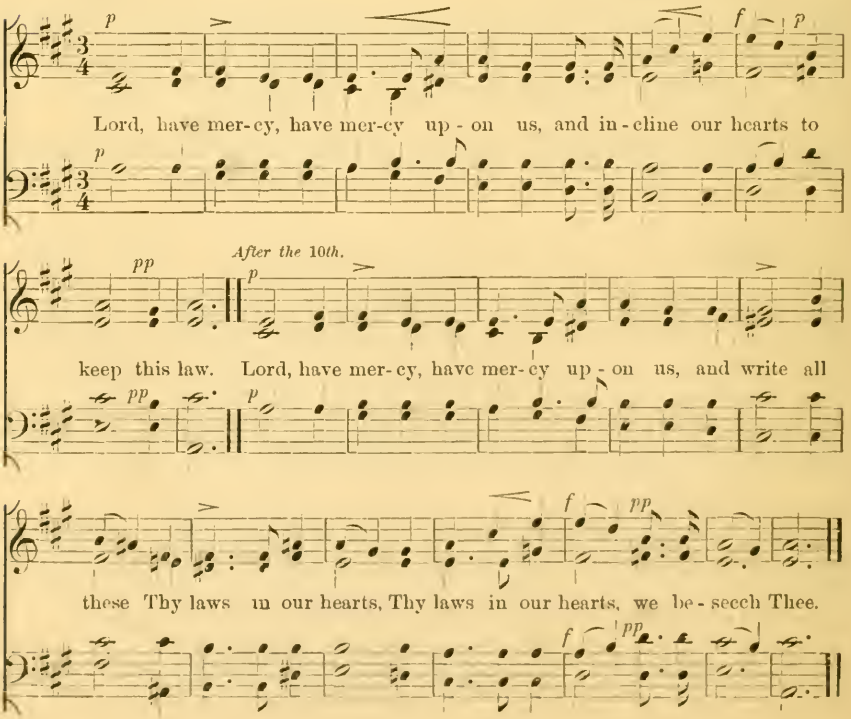
174.

REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



175.

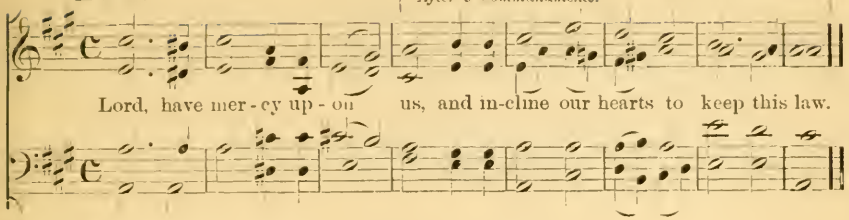
SIR G. J. ELVEY.



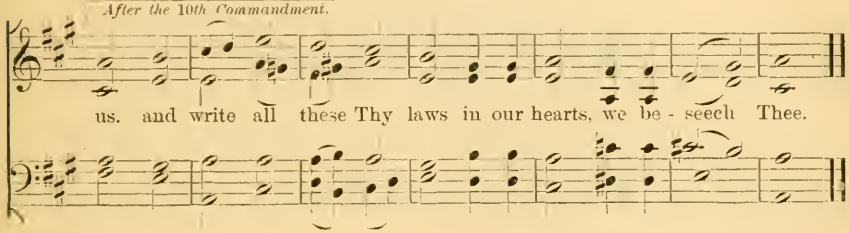
176.

N. B. WARREN. ✣

After 9 Commandments.

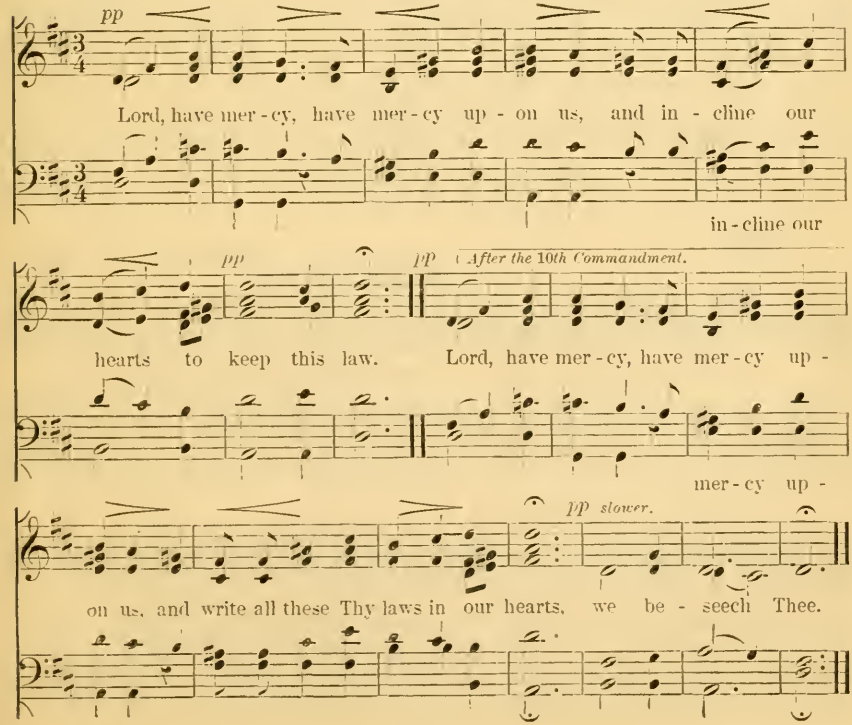


After the 10th Commandment.



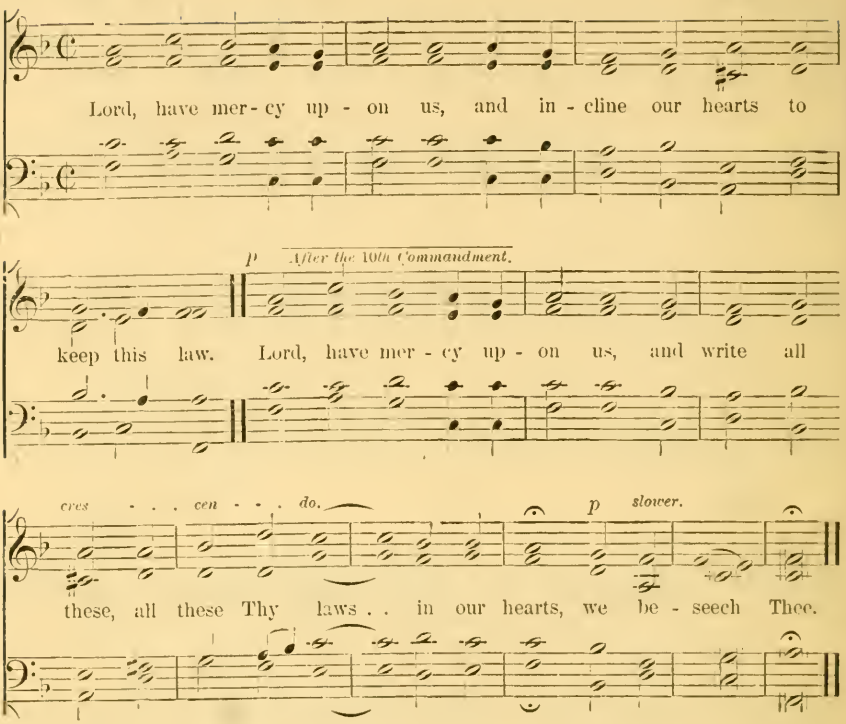
177.

Adapted from CH. GOUNOD, by J. BARNBY.



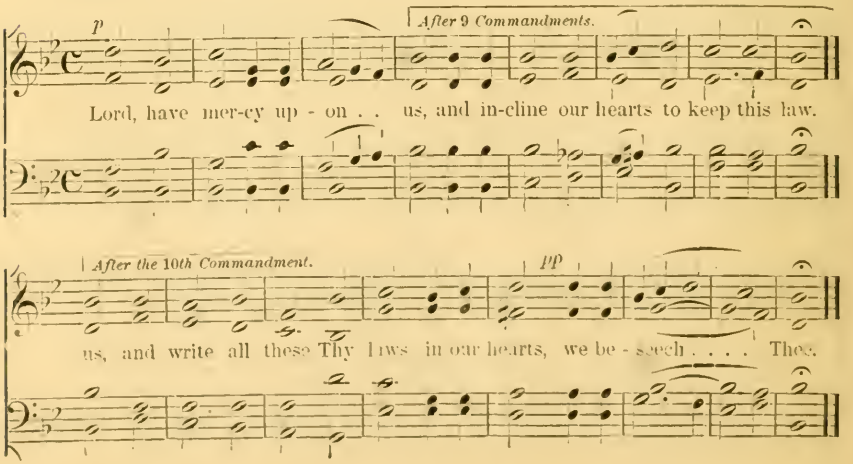
178.

R. REDHEAD.



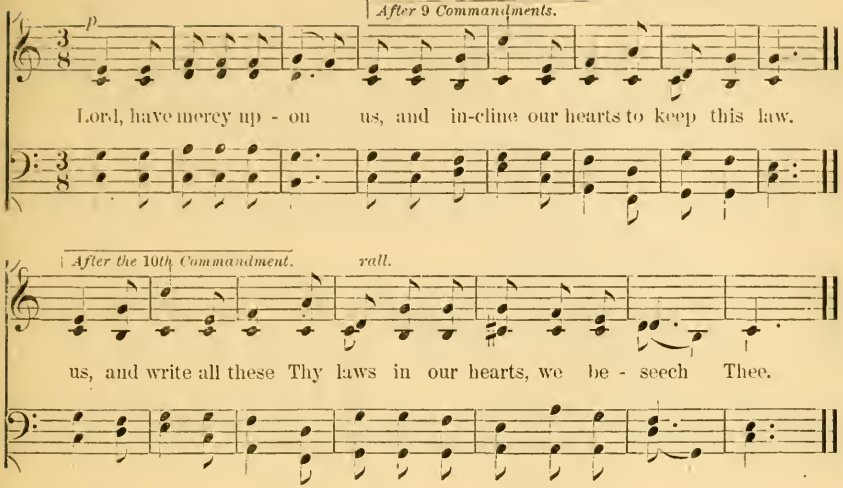
179.

HENRY BAKER, *Mus. Bac.*



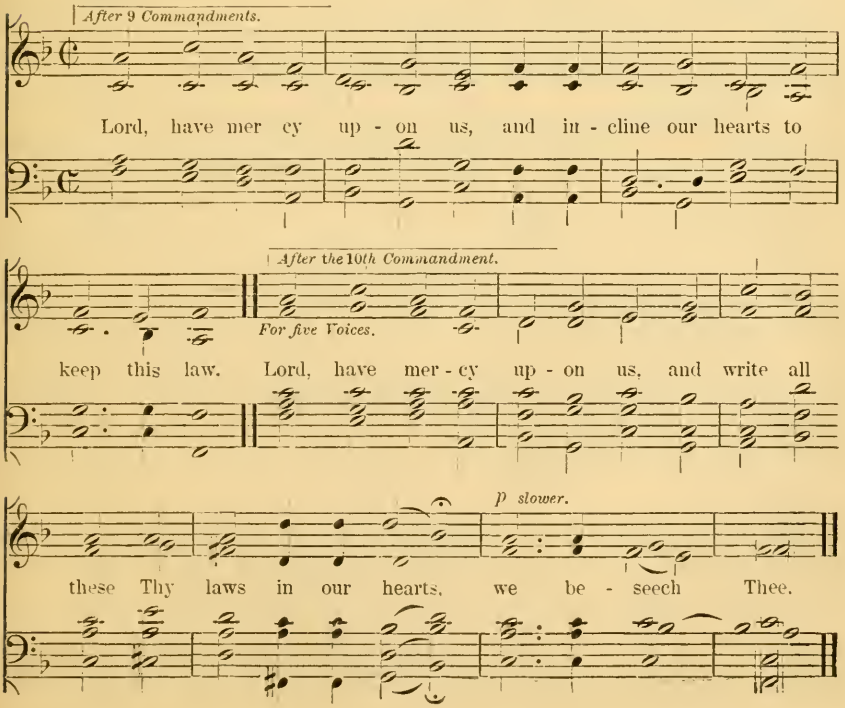
180.

From FRANZ. SCHUBERT.



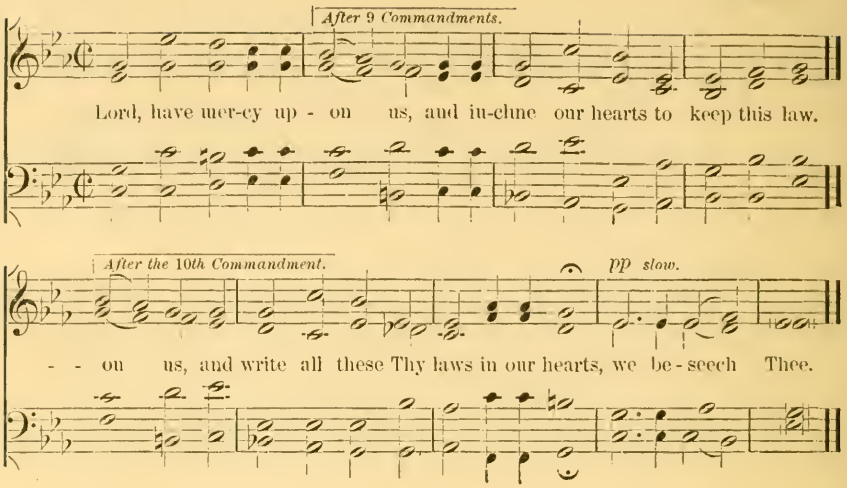
181.

E. J. HOPKINS.



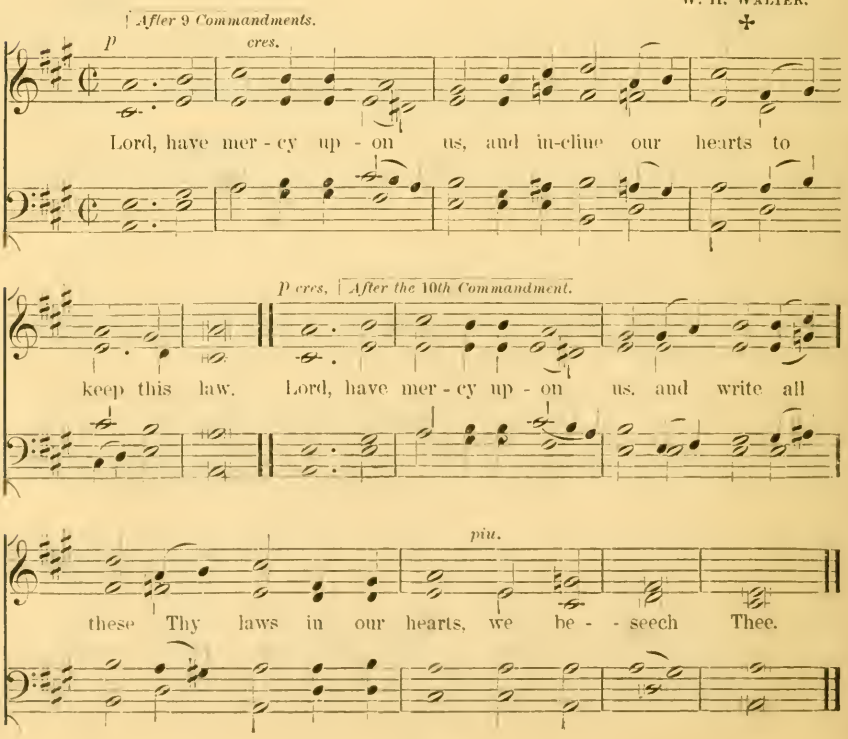
182.

Dr. J. Stainer.



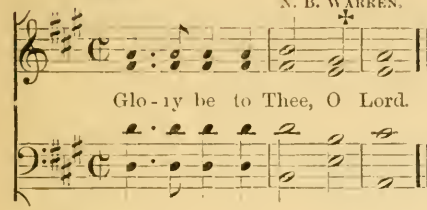
183.

W. H. Walter.

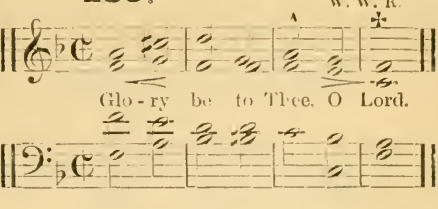


Gloria Tibi.

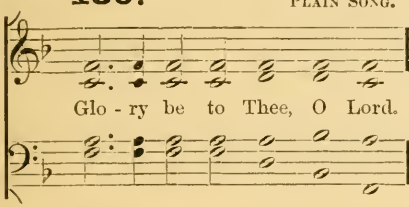
184. N. B. WARREN.



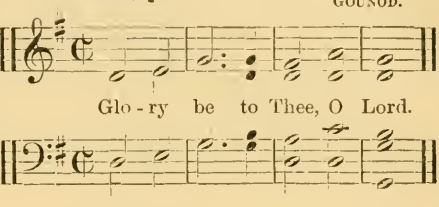
185. W. W. R.



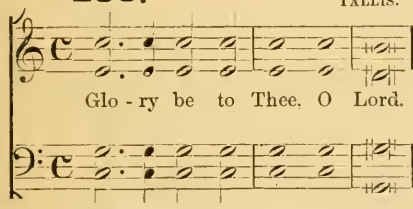
186. PLAIN SONG.



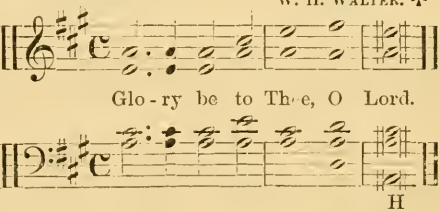
187. GOUNOD.



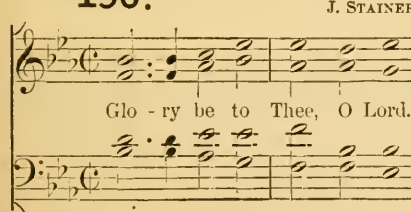
188. TALLIS.



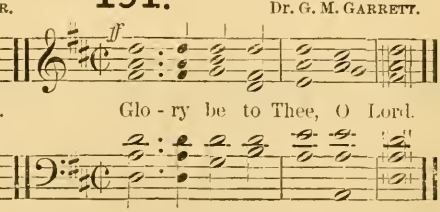
189. W. H. WALTER.



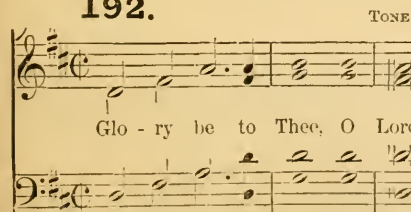
190. J. STAINER.



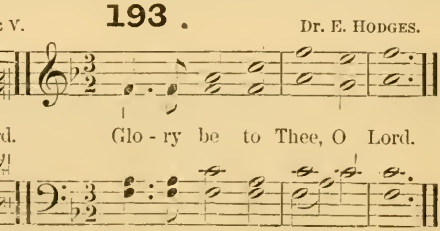
191. Dr. G. M. GARRETT.



192. TONE V.

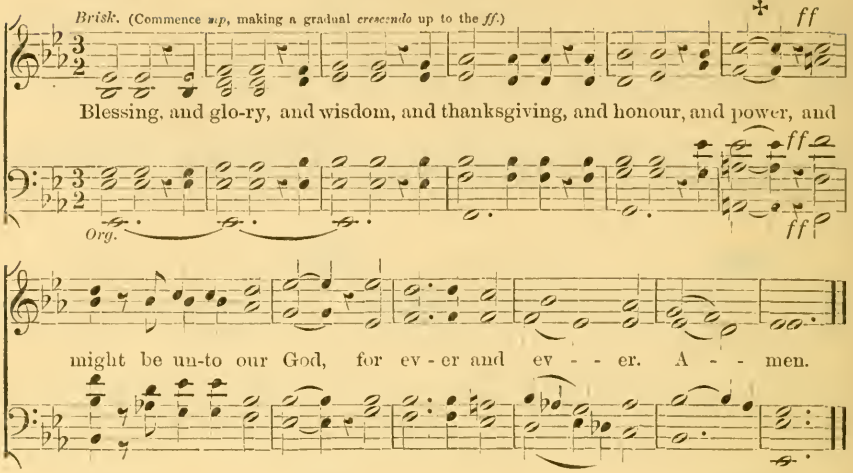


193. Dr. E. HODGES.



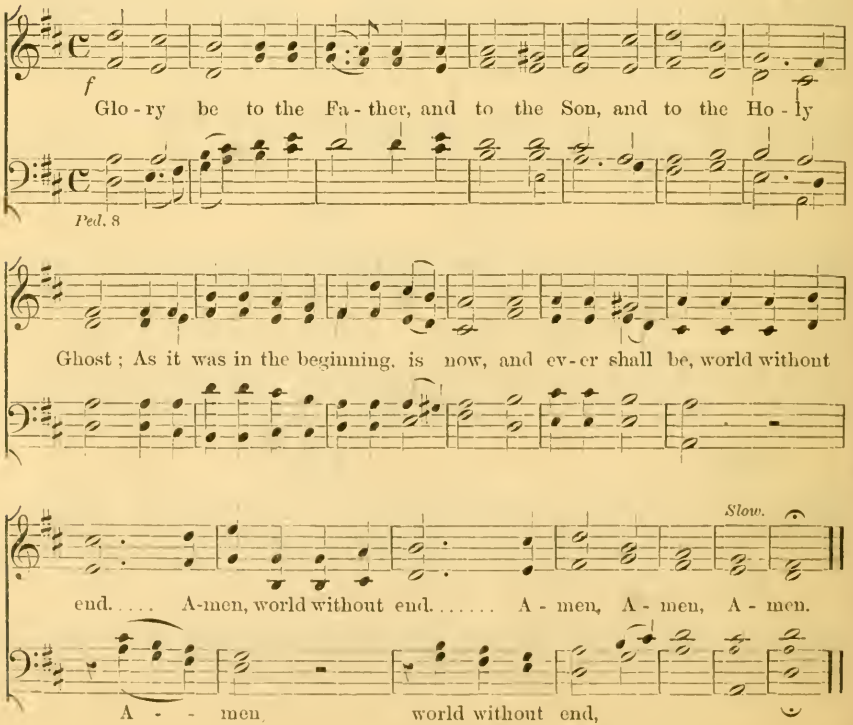
194. Ascription after Sermon.

J. H. CORNELL.



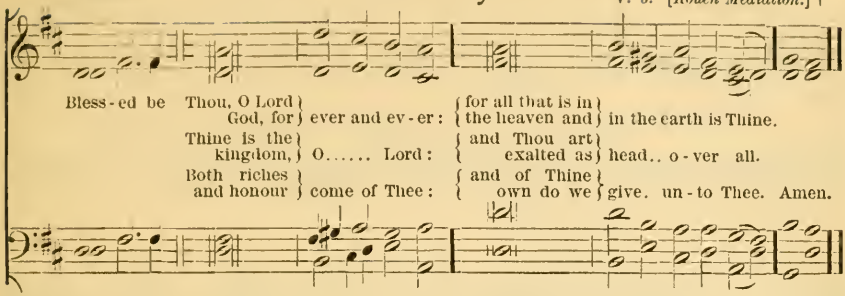
195. Gloria Patri.

DR. NARES.



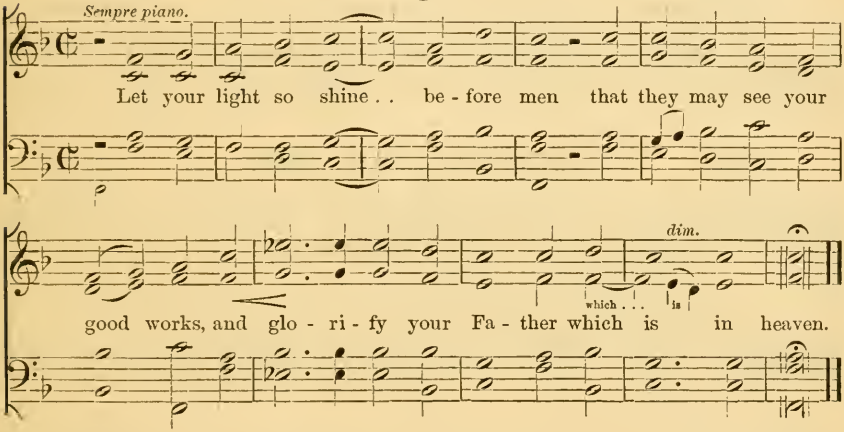
196. Offertory.

V. 5. [*Rouen Mediation.*] †



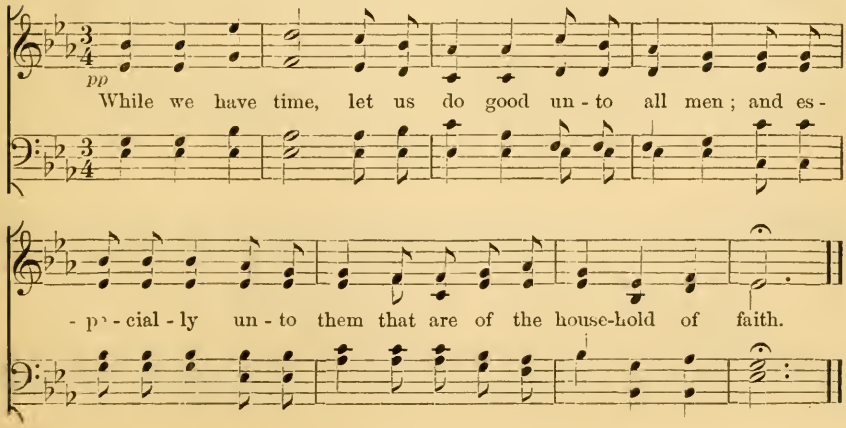
197. "Let your light so shine."

W. H. Monk.



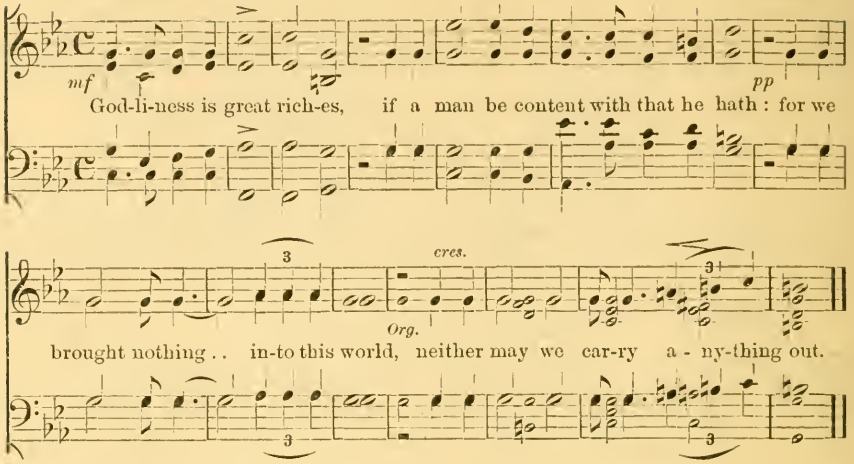
198. "While we have time."

J. Barnby.



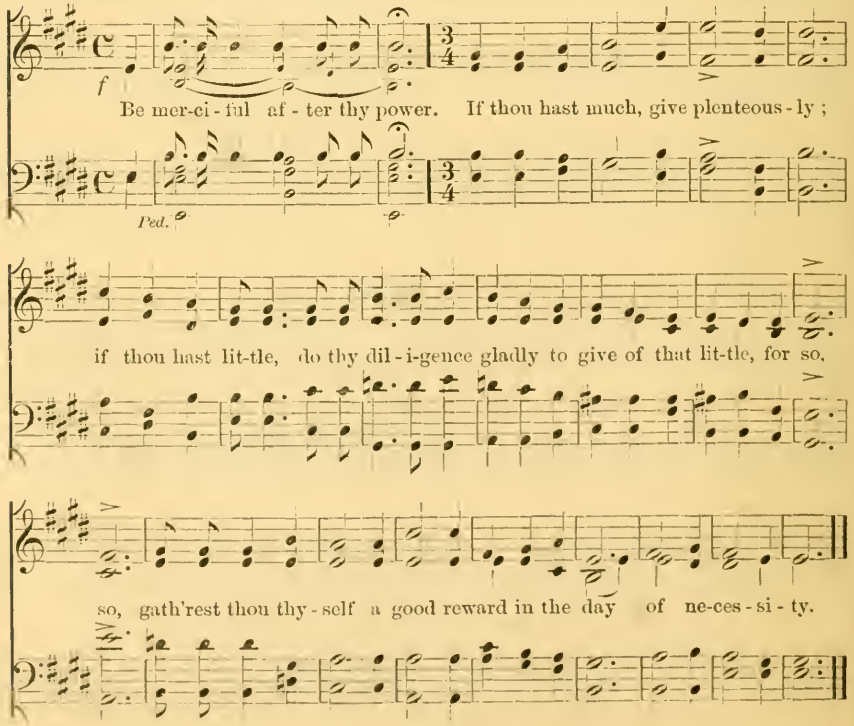
199. "Godliness is great riches."

J. BARNBY.



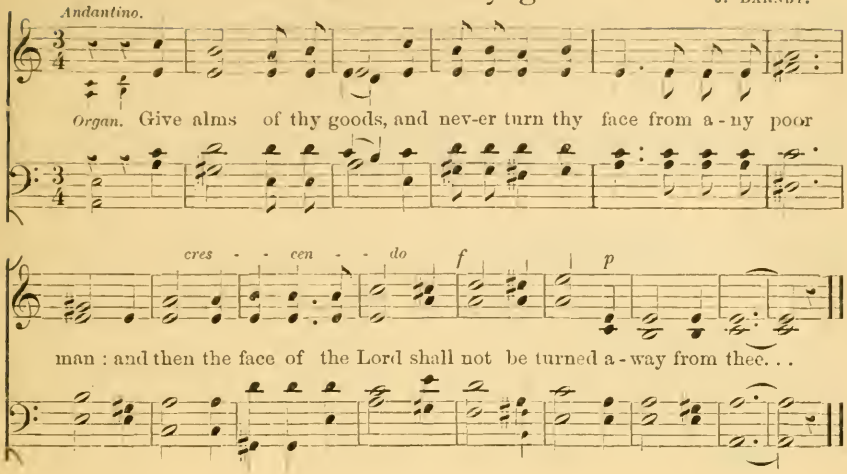
200. "Be merciful after thy power."

J. BARNBY.



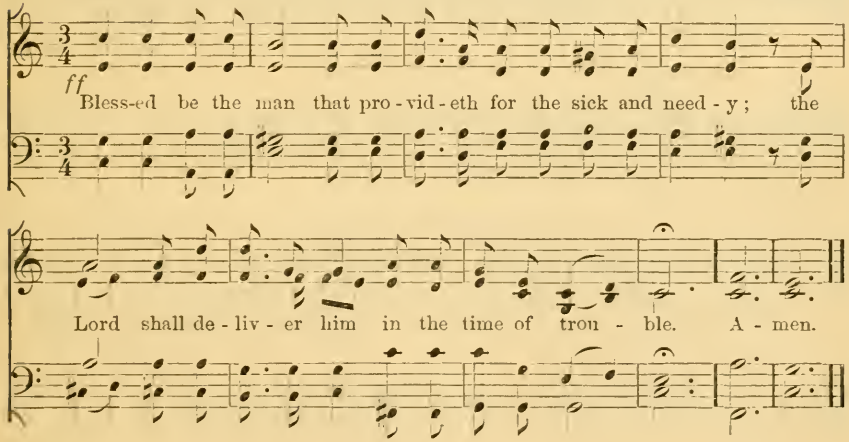
201. "Give alms of thy goods."

J. BARNBY.



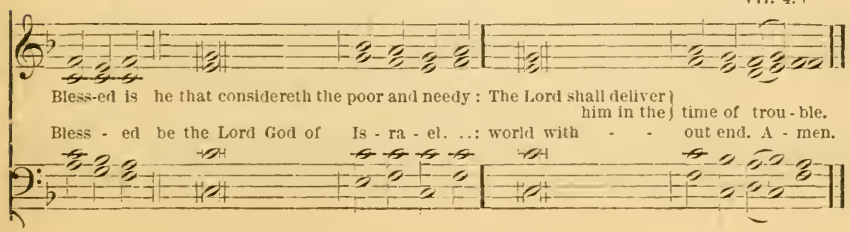
202. "Blessed be the man."

J. BARNBY.



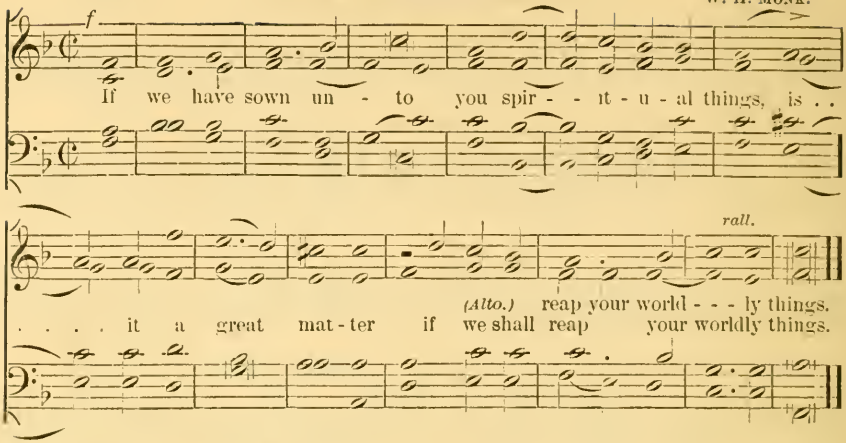
203. "Blessed is he."

VII. 4. †



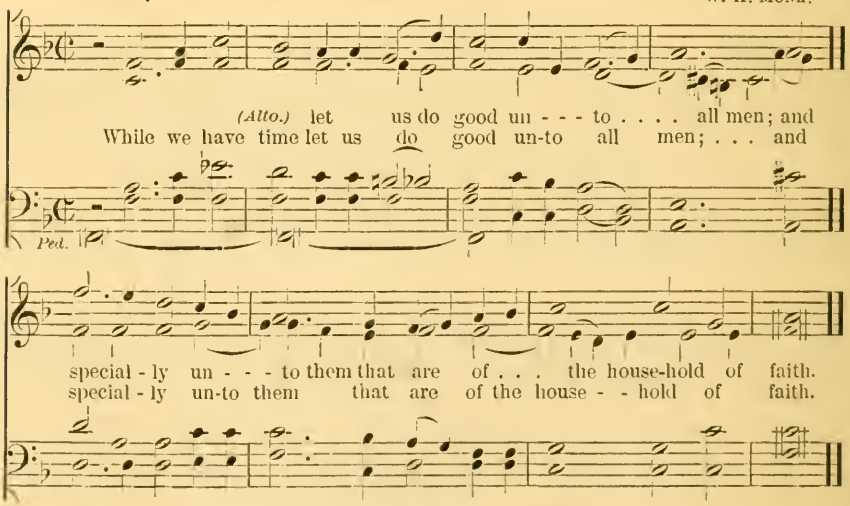
204. If we have sown.

W. H. Monk.



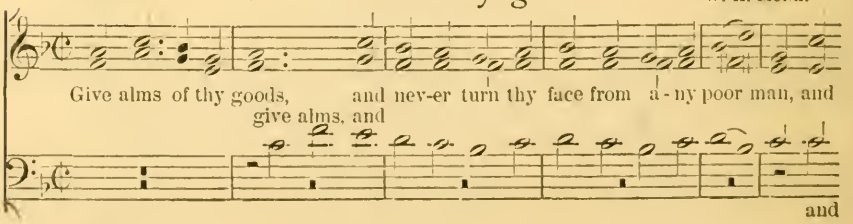
205. While we have time.

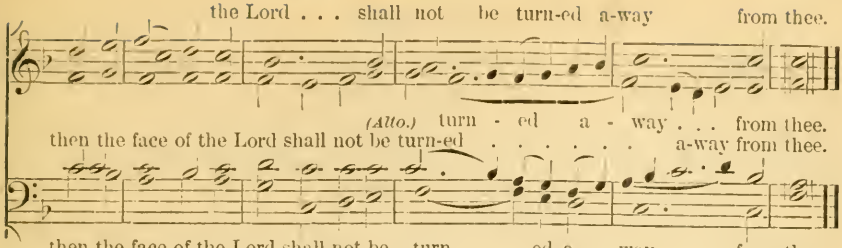
W. H. Monk.



206. Give alms of thy goods.

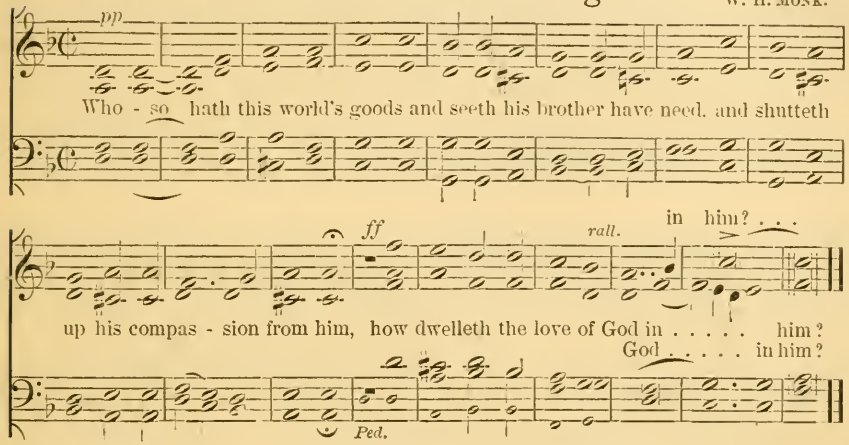
W. H. Monk.





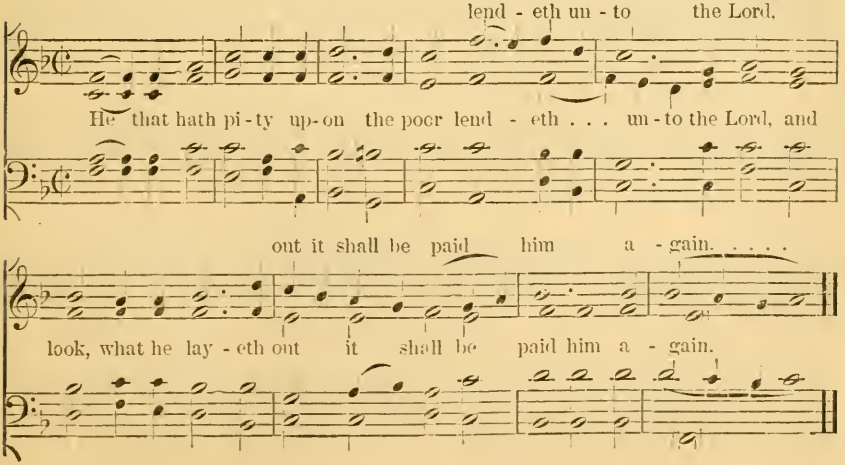
207. Whoso hath this world's goods.

W. H. Monk.



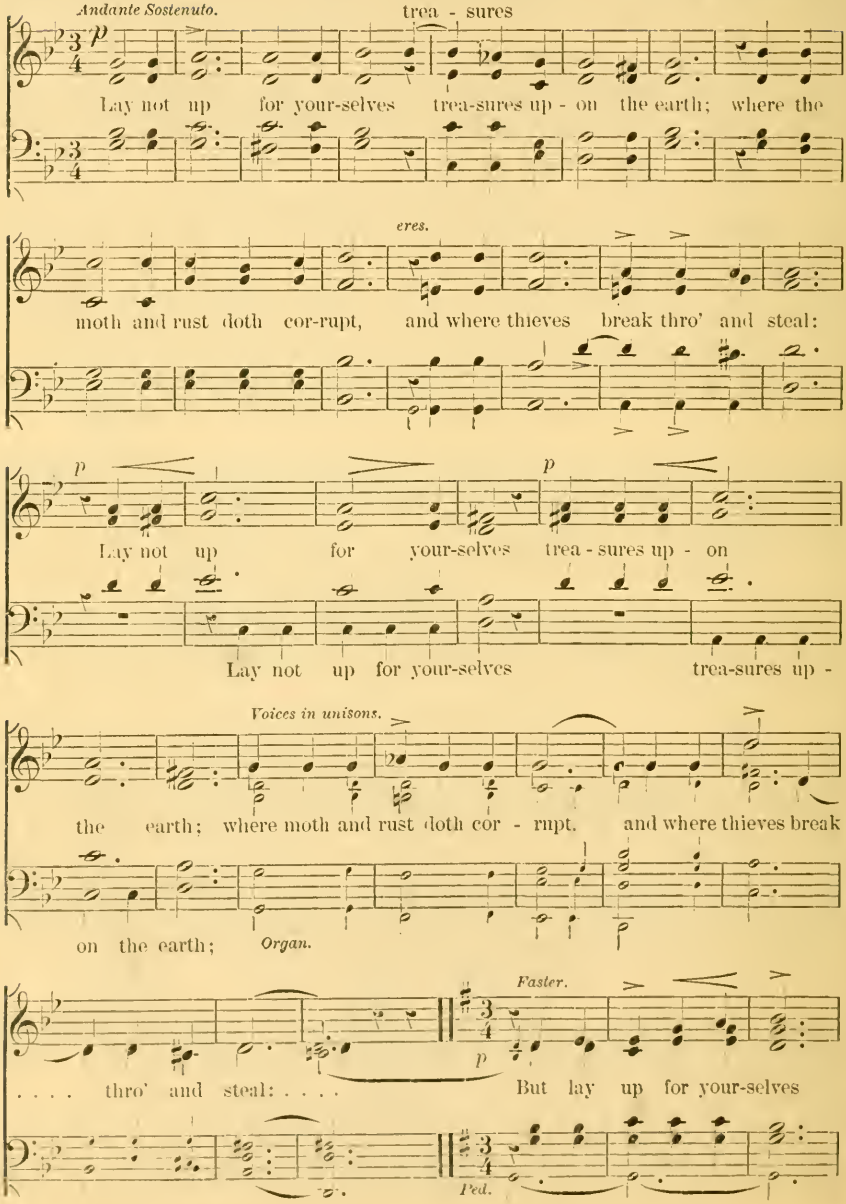
208. He that hath pity.

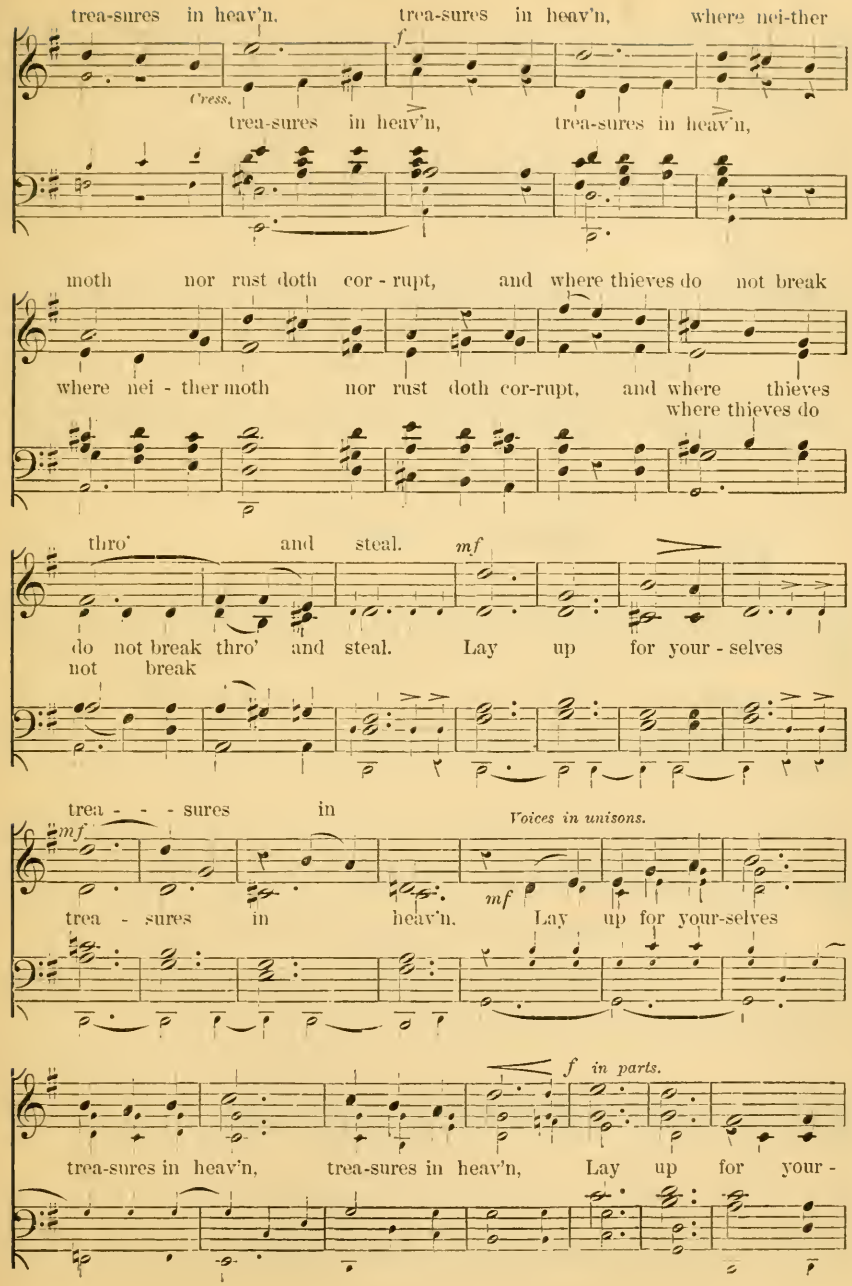
W. H. Monk.

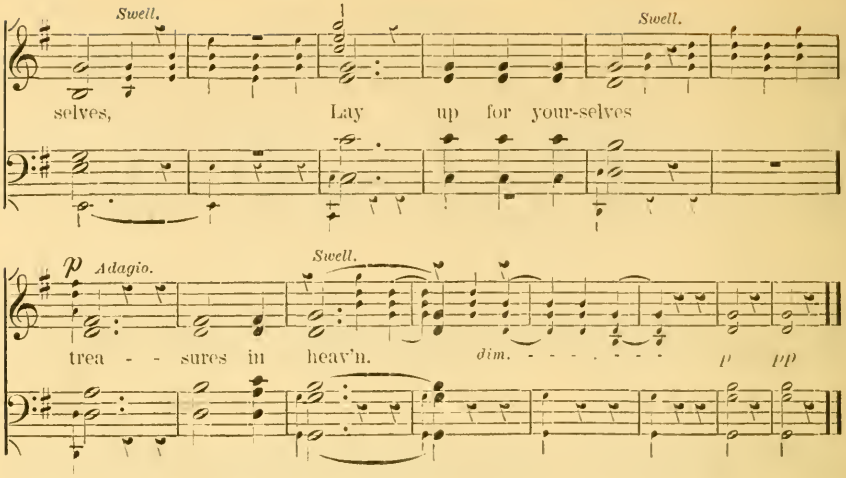


Offertory.

209. FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Dr. G. M. Garrett.



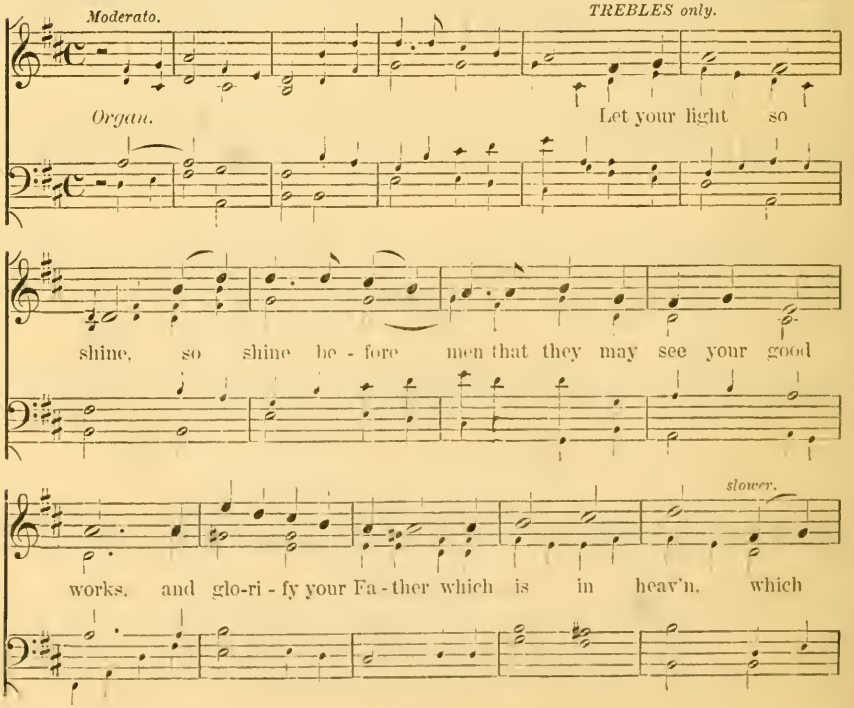

trea-sures in heav'n, trea-sures in heav'n, where nei-ther
f
Cress.
trea-sures in heav'n, trea-sures in heav'n,
moth nor rust doth cor - rupt, and where thieves do not break
where nei - ther moth nor rust doth cor-rupt, and where thieves
where thieves do
thro' and steal.
mf
do not break thro' and steal. Lay up for your - selves
not break
trea - - - sures in
mf
Voices in unisons.
trea - sures in heav'n. Lay up for your-selves
mf
f in parts.
trea-sures in heav'n, trea-sures in heav'n, Lay up for your -

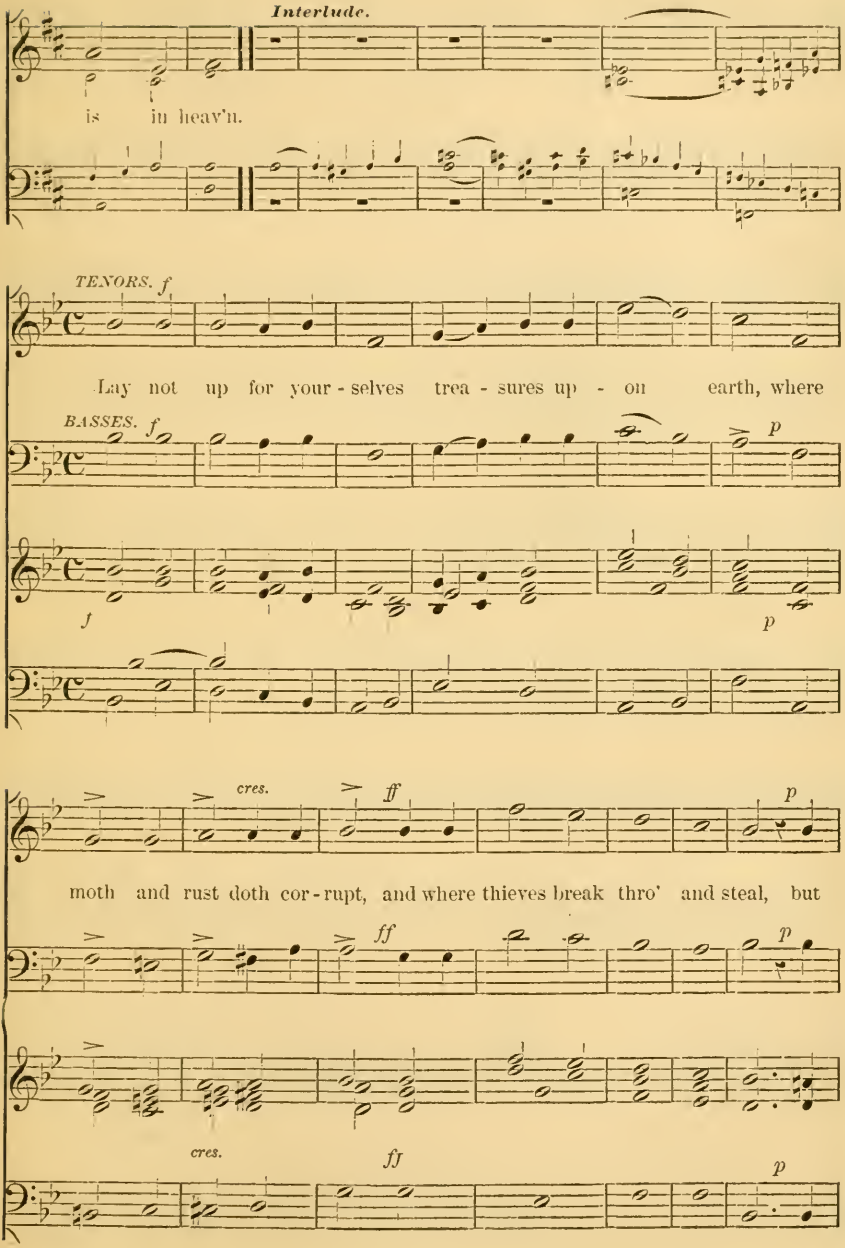


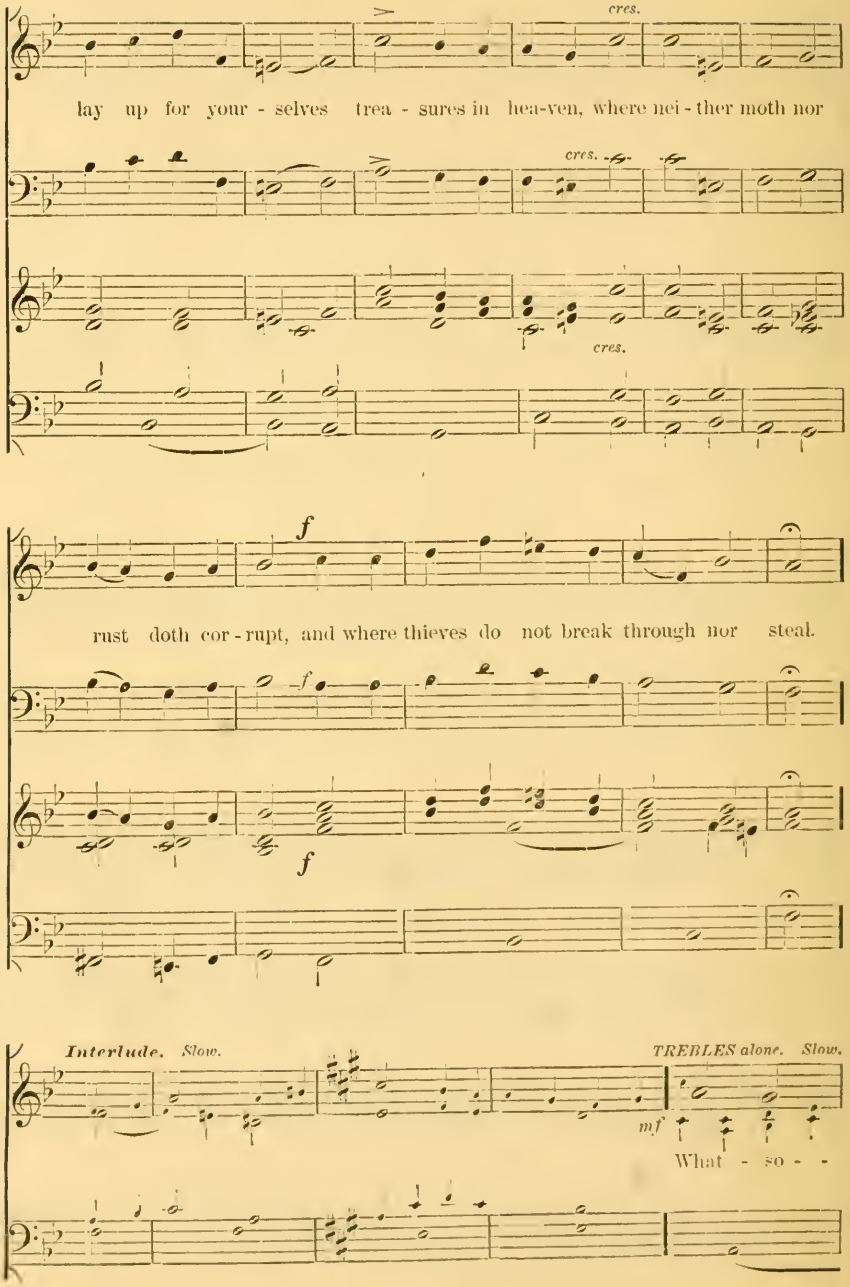
Offertory Sentences.

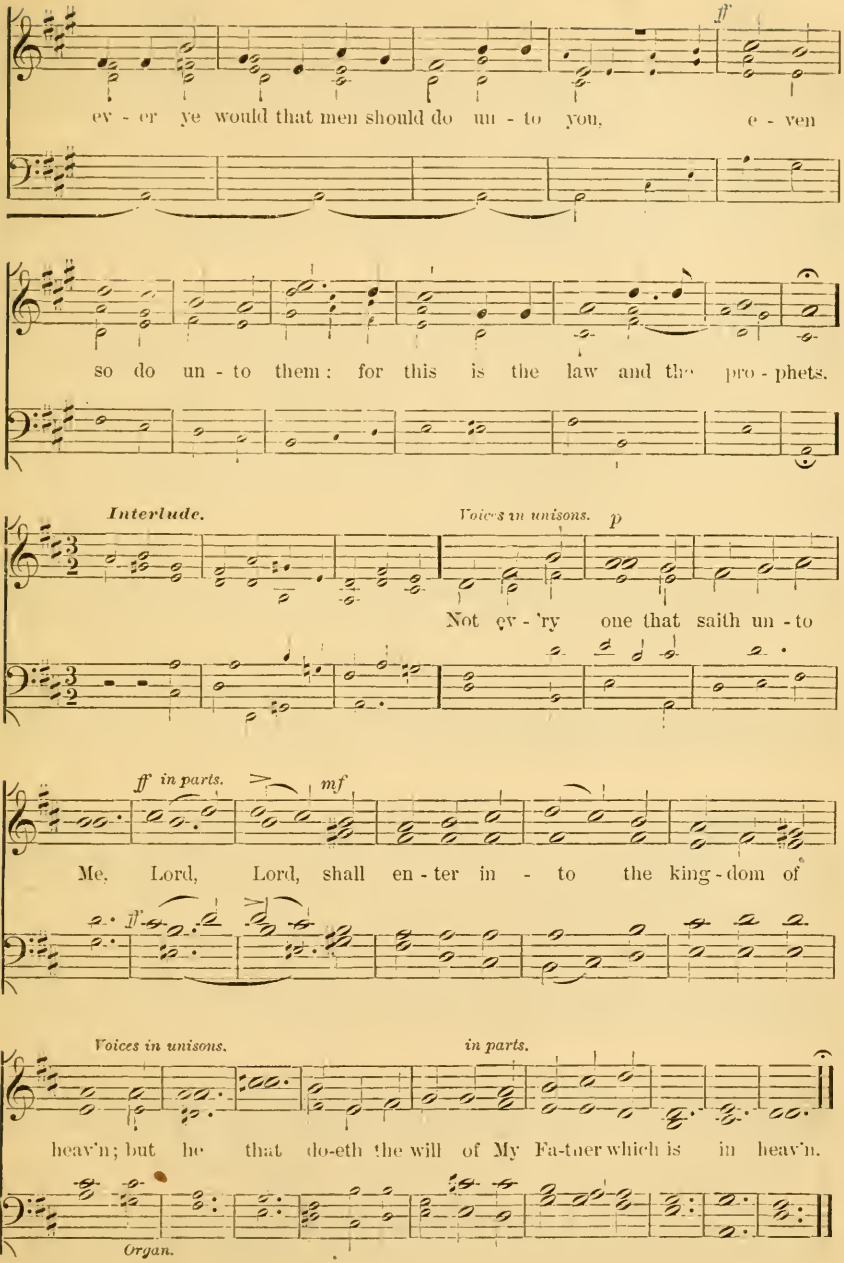
210.

J. STAINER.

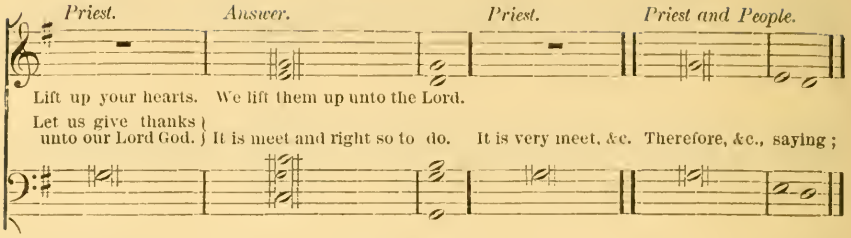



Interlude.
is in heav'n.
TENORS. f
Lay not up for your - selves trea - sures up - on earth, where
BASSES. f
p
f
p
cres.
ff
p
moth and rust doth cor - rupt, and where thieves break thro' and steal, but
ff
p
cres.
ff
p


cres.
lay up for your - selves trea - sures in hea-ven, where nei - ther moth nor
cres.
cres.
f
rust doth cor - rupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.
f
f
Interlude. Slow.
TREBLES alone. Slow.
mf
What - so - -

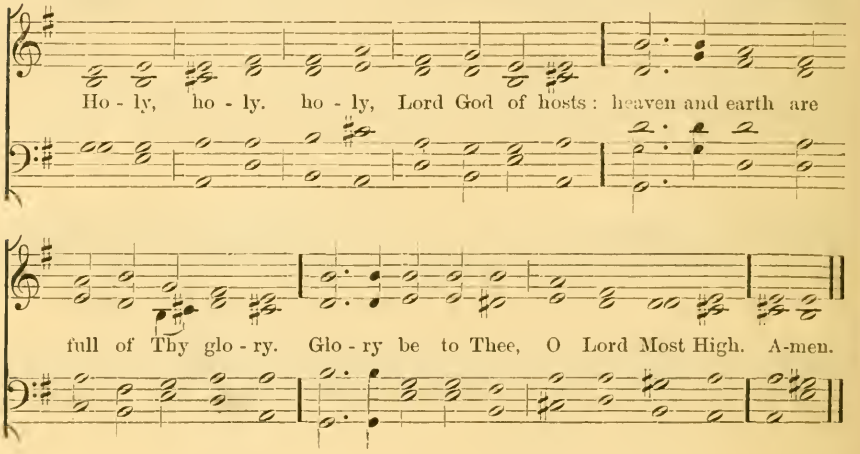

ff
ev - er ye would that men should do un - to you, e - ven
so do un - to them: for this is the law and the pro - phets.
Interlude.
Voices in unisons. p
Not ev - 'ry one that saith un - to
ff in parts. mf
Me, Lord, Lord, shall en - ter in - to the king - dom of
ff
Voices in unisons.
in parts.
heav'n; but he that do-eth the will of My Fa-ther which is in heav'n.
Organ.

211. Sursum corda. 212.



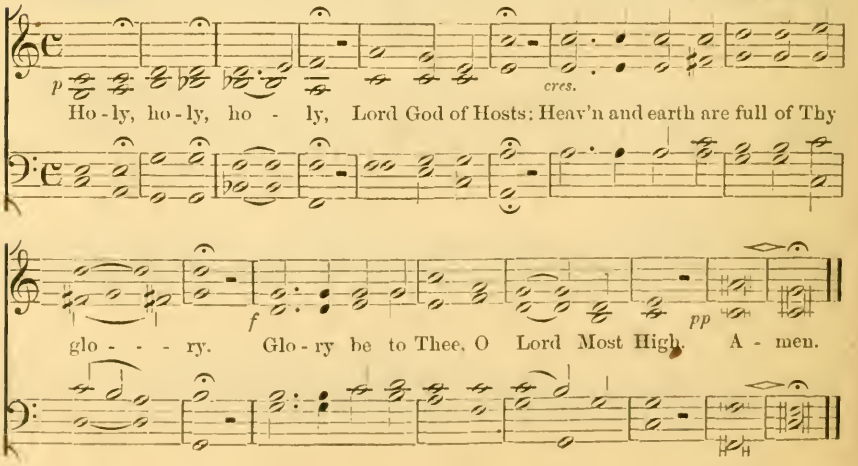
213. Sanctus.

PLAIN SONG.



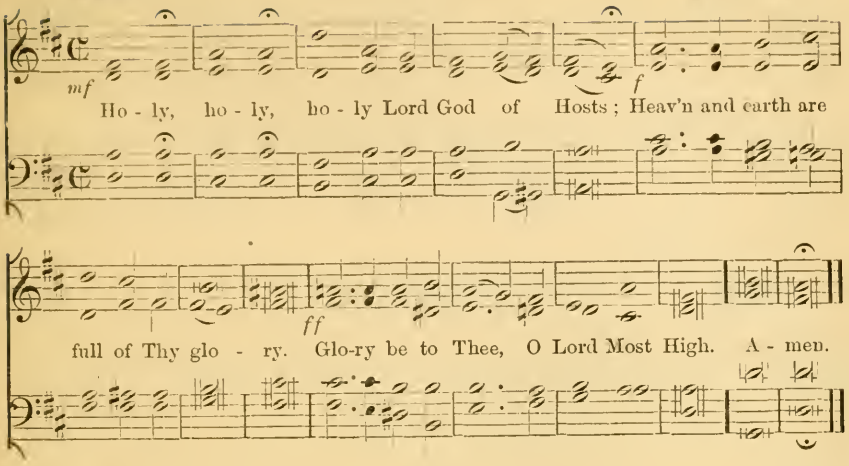
214. Sanctus.

REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



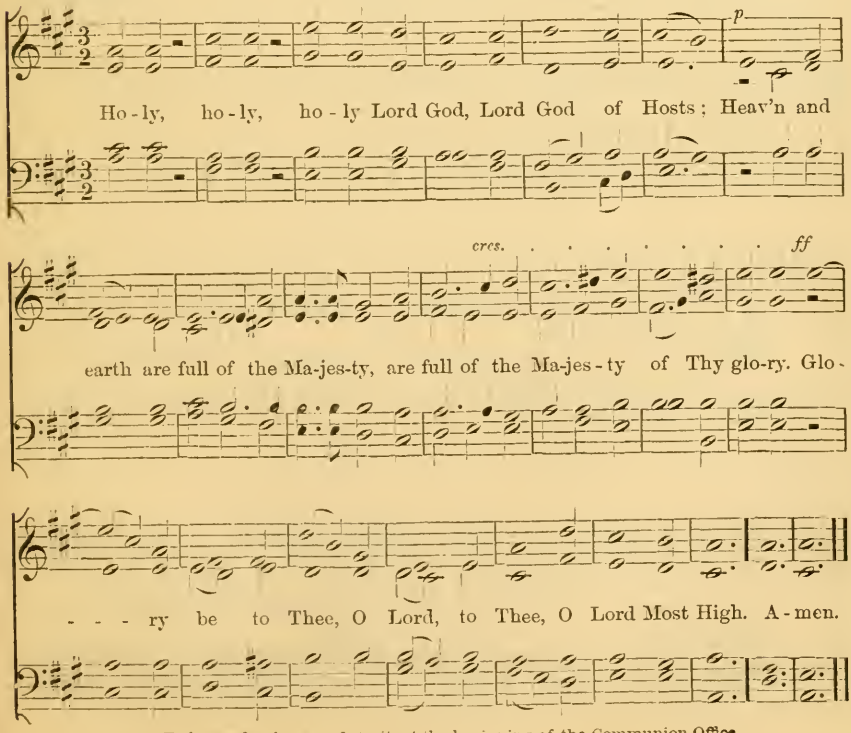
215. Sanctus.

A. S. COOPER.



216. Sanctus.*

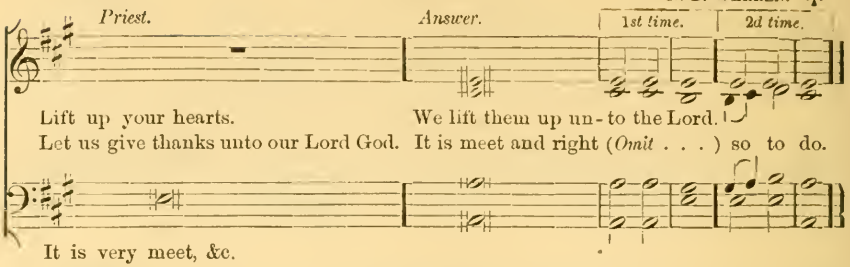
SIR G. J. ELVEY.



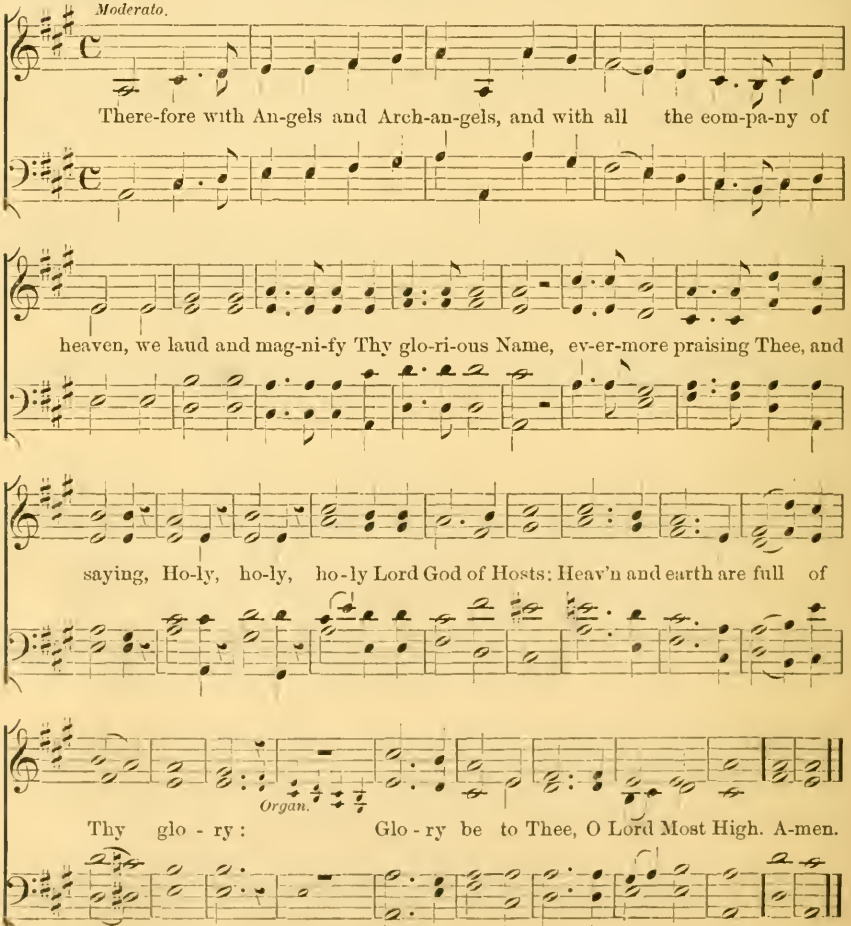
* To be used only as an Introit, at the beginning of the Communion Office.

217. Sursum corda.

N. B. WARREN. ✝

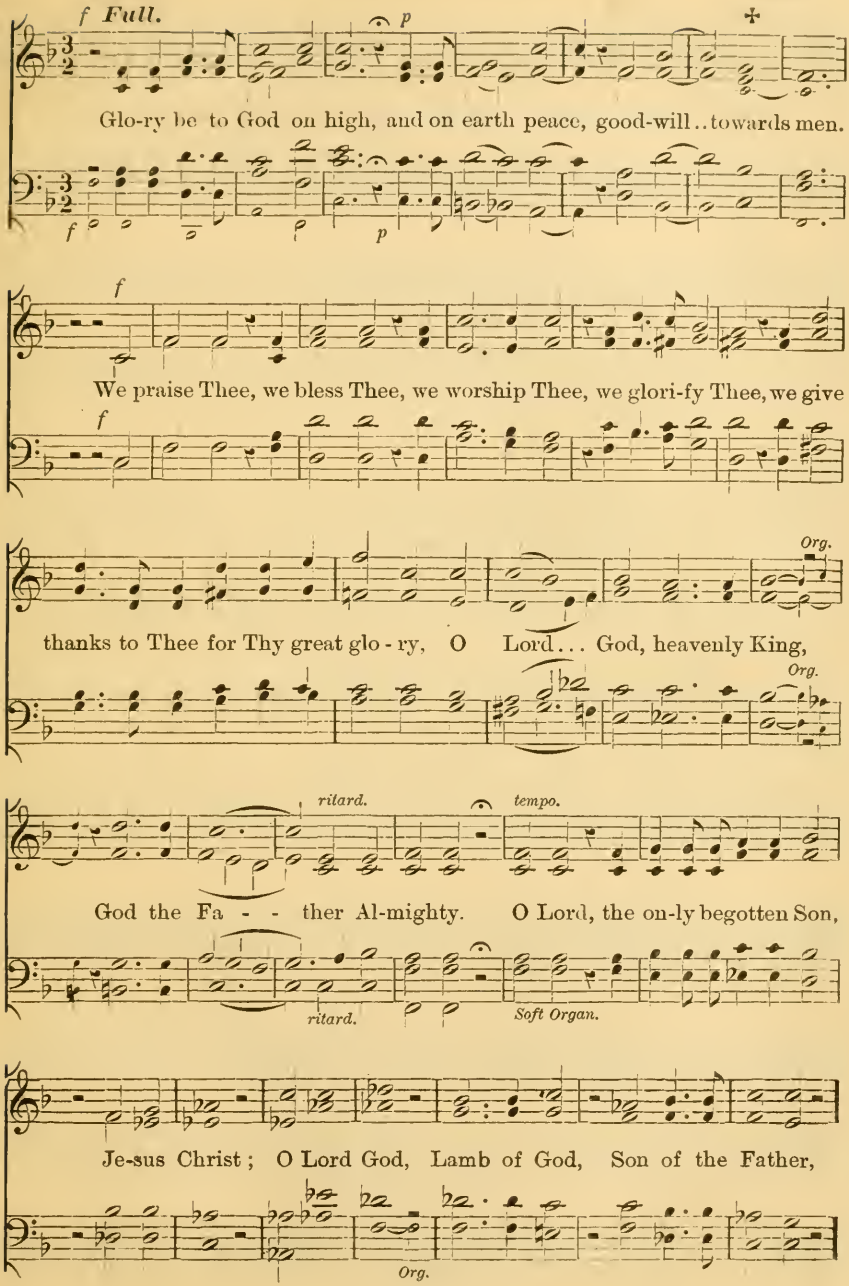


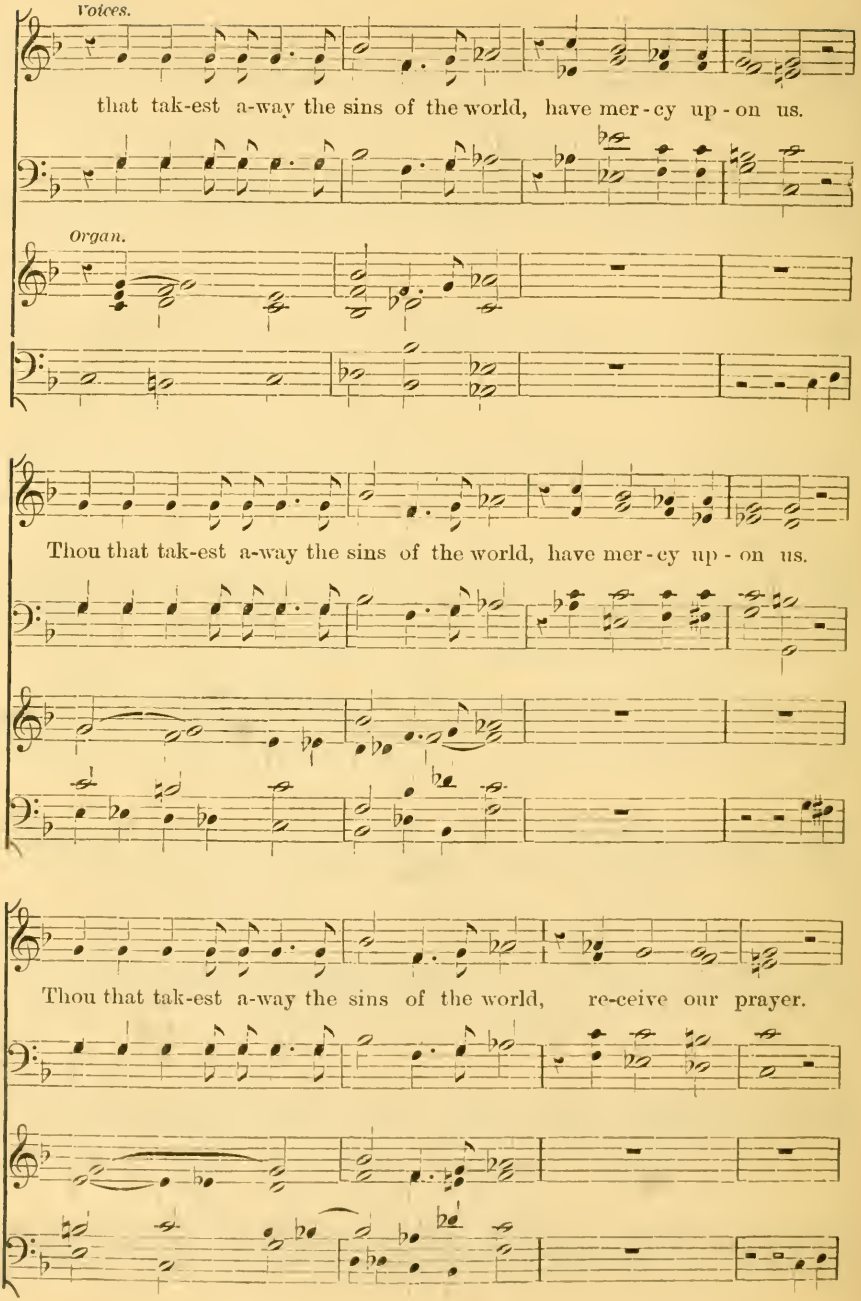
218. Trisagion.

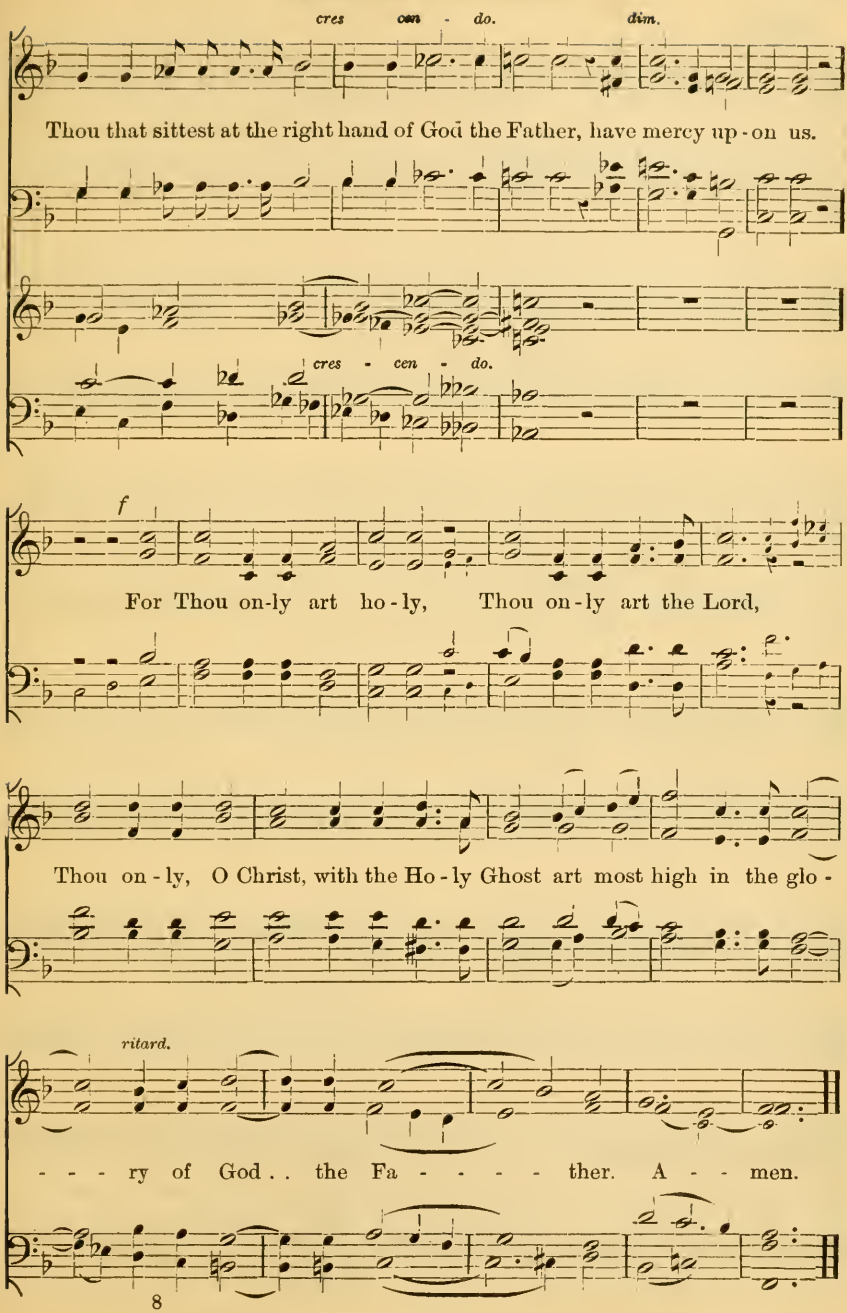


219.

J. H. CORNELL.



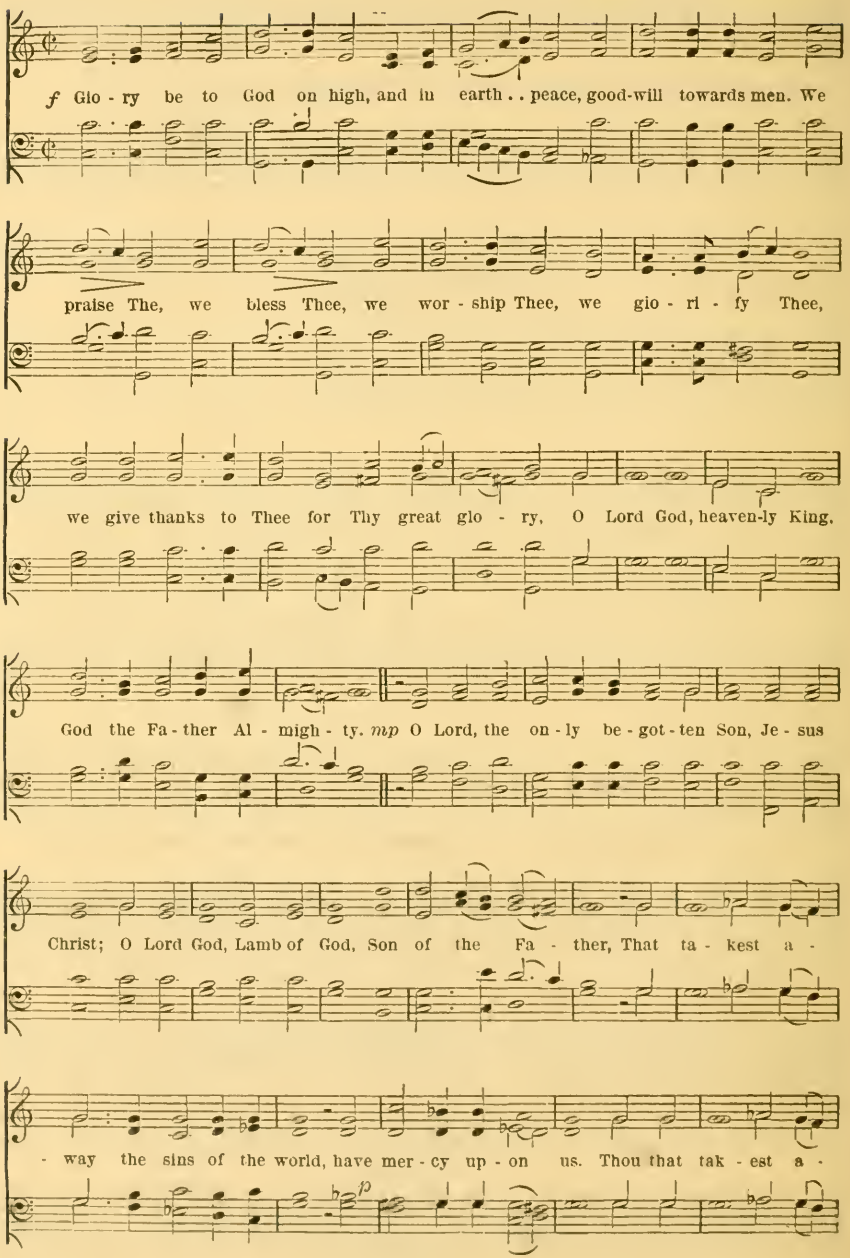

Voices.
that tak-est a-way the sins of the world, have mer-cy up-on us.
Organ.
Thou that tak-est a-way the sins of the world, have mer-cy up-on us.
Thou that tak-est a-way the sins of the world, re-ceive our prayer.

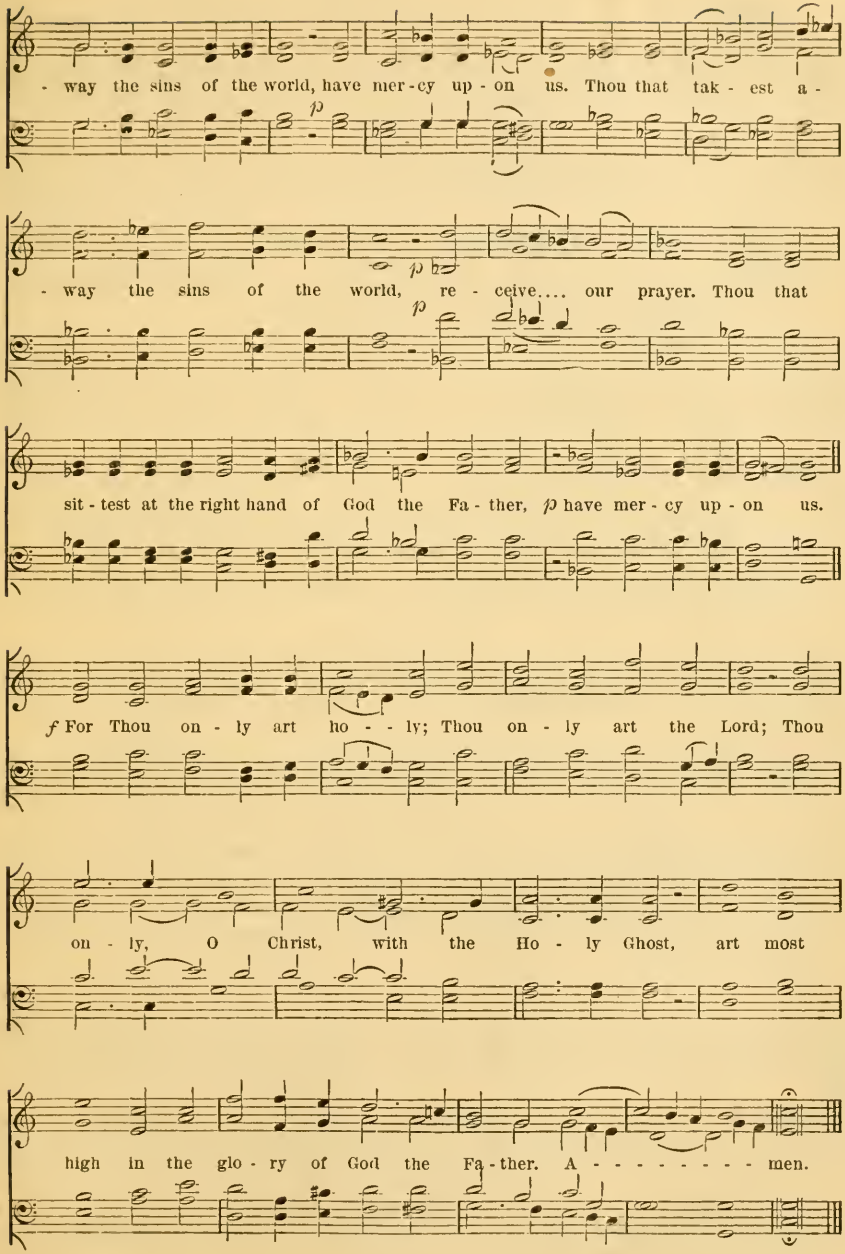

cres cen - do. dim.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy up - on us.
cres - cen - do.
f
For Thou on-ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the Lord,
Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost art most high in the glo -
ritard.
- - - ry of God . . the Fa - - - - - ther. A - - men.

Gloria in excelsis.

220.

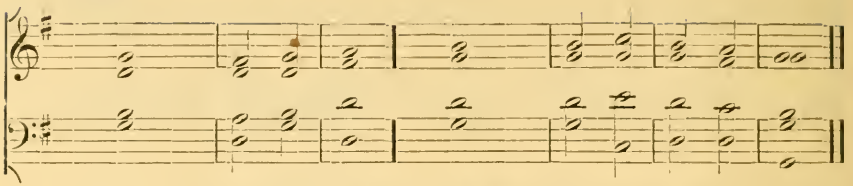
Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.




- way the sins of the world, have mer - cy up - on us. Thou that tak - est a -
- way the sins of the world, re - ceive.... our prayer. Thou that
sit - test at the right hand of God the Fa - ther, p have mer - cy up - on us.
f For Thou on - ly art ho - - ly; Thou on - ly art the Lord; Thou
on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, art most
high in the glo - ry of God the Fa - ther. A - - - - - - - - men.

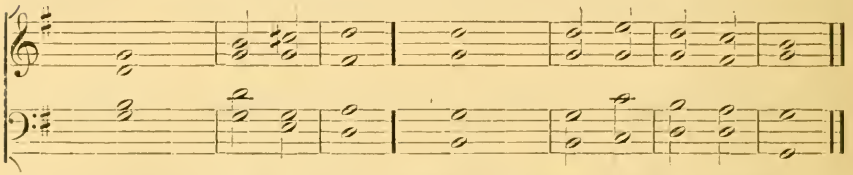
221. Gloria in excelsis.

OLD CHANT.



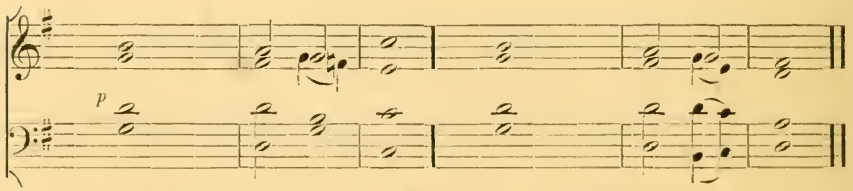
GLORY **be** to | God · on | high : ‖ and on **earth** | peace, · good- | will · towards | men.

We praise Thee, we bless **Thee**, we | wor-ship | Thee : ‖ we glorify Thee, we give **thanks** to | Thee · for | Thy · great | glory.



O Lord **God**, | heaven-ly | King : ‖ **God** the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten **Son** | JE-SUS | CHRIST : ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of **God**, | Son · = | of · the | Father.

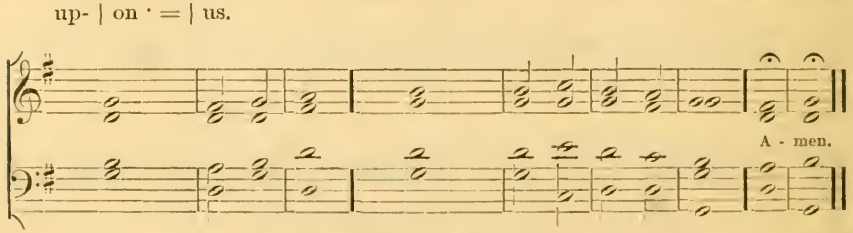


That takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : ‖ have **mêrcy** up- | on · = | us.

Thou that takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : ‖ have **mêrcy** up- | on · = | us.

Thou that takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : ‖ re- | ceive · our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right **hand** of | God · the | Father : ‖ have **mêrcy** up- | on · = | us.



For Thou **ônly** | art · = | holy : ‖ **Thou** | on - ly | art · the | Lord.

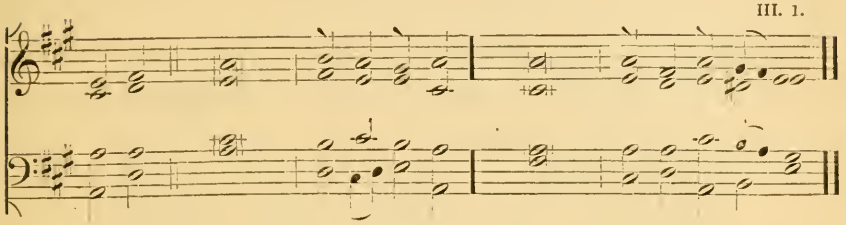
Thou only, O **Christ**, with the | Ho - ly | Ghost : ‖ art most **high** in the | glory · of | God · the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS,

TO BE USED INSTEAD OF THE PSALMS FOR THE DAY, AT THE DISCRETION OF THE MINISTER.

Selection First.

III. 1.



From Psalm XIX. *Cœli enarrant.*

THE= || heavens **declâre** the | glòry · of · *Gòd*: and the **firmament** | shòweth · His · hànd-y · work.

One **day** | tèll-eth · anò-ther: and one **night** certi- | fieth · an-*ò*-ther.

There is **nêither** | spèech · nor · làn-guage: but their **vôices** are | hèard · a-*mòng* · them.

Their sound is gone **out** into | *àll* · *lànds*: and their **words** into the | *èn*ds · òf · the · world.

In them hath He set a **tâbernacle** | fòr · the · *sùn*: which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and **rejóiceth** as a | gìant · to · rùn · his · course.

It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the **end** of | it · a-*gàin*: and there is nothing **hid** | fròm · the · hèat · there-of.

The law of the LORD is an undefiled **law**, con- | vèrt-ìng the⁀ *soul:* the testimony of the LORD is **pure**, and giveth **wisdom** | un-to · the⁀*sìm*-ple.

The statutes of the LORD are **right**, and re- | joice · the · *hèart:* the commandment of the LORD is **pure**, and giveth | *light* · ùnto · the · eyes.

The fear of the LORD is **clean**, and en- | dùr-eth⁀for-èv-er: the judgments of the LORD are true, and **righteous** | àl-to-*gèth*-er.

More to be desired are they than gold, **yea**, than | mùch · fine · *gòld:* sweeter also than **hôney**, | and · the · hò-ney-comb.

Moreover, by **them** is Thy | sèr-vant · *tàught:* and in keeping of **them** | there · is · grèat · re-ward.

Who can **tell** how | òft · he⁀of-fènd-eth: O cleanse Thou **me** | fròm · my · sè-cret · faults.

Keep Thy servant also **from** pre- | sùmp-tuous · *sìns:* lest they **get** the do- | mìn-ion · ò-ver · me.

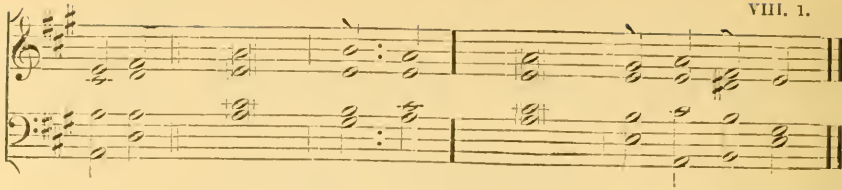
Let the words of my mouth, and the **meditâtion** | òf · my · *hèart:* be **âl-way** ac- | cèpta-ble · ìn · Thy · sight,

Ò | `— · — · *Lòrd:* my **strength**, and | mỳ · Re-*dèem*-er.

GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther** | and · to⁀the · *Sòn*: **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost;

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now** and | èv-er shall · be: **world** without | *èn*d. A-men.

VIII. 1.



Psalm xxiv. *Domini est terra*

THE = || earth is the LORD'S, and **all** that therein | ìs: the compass of the **world**, and | thèy · that · dwèll · therein.

For He hath founded ìt **upôn** the | sèas: and **prepâred** | ìt · up-ôn · the⁀floods.

Who shall ascend into the **hill** of the | LÒRD: or who shall **rise** up | ìn · His · hò-ly⁀place?

Even he that hath clean hands, and a **pure** | hèart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor **sworn** to de- | cèive · his · nèigh-bour.

He shall receive the **blêssing** from the | LÒRD: and righteousness from the **God** of | hìs · sal-vâ-tion.

This is the generation of **them** that | sèek · Him: even of them that **seek** thy | fâce, · O · Jà-cob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift **up**, ye ever- | làst-ìng⁀doors: and the **King** of | glò-ry · shàll · come⁀ìn.

Who is the **King** of | glò-ry: it is the LORD strong and mighty, even the **Lord** | mìghty · in bât-tle.

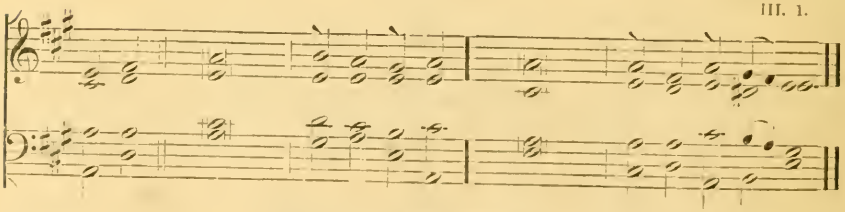
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift **up**, ye ever- | làst-ing⁀doors: and the **King** of | glò-ry · shàll · come⁀ìn.

Who is the **King** of | glò-ry: Even the LORD of hosts, **He** is the | Kìng · of · glò-ry.

GLO - RY || be to the **Fâther** and to the | Sòn: **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost;

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever | shàll · be: **world** without *ènd.* À-men.

III. 1.



Psalm ciii. *Benedic, anima mea.*

PRAISE= || the LORD, | Ó · my · *sòul:* and all that is **within** me | praise · His · hò-ly · Name.

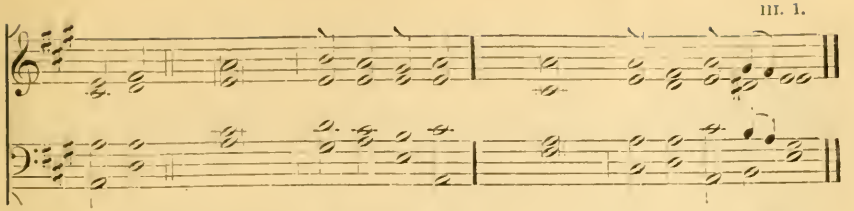
Praise the LORD, | Ó · my · *sòul:* and forget **not** | àll · His · ben-e-fits;

Who **forgiveth** | àll: thy · *sin* : and healeth **all** thìne · in-fìrm-i-ties;

Who saveth thy **life** | from · de-strùc-tion: and crowneth thee with **mêrcy** and lòv-ing-*kìnd*-ness;

Who satisfieth thy **mouth** with · good · *thìngs:* making thee young and **lusty** | às · an · *èa*-gle.

III. 1.



The LORD executeth **righteousness** | *and* · jùdg-ment: for all **them** that | àre · op-prèssed · with · wrong.

He showed His **ways** | ùn-to · Mò-ses: His **works** unto the | chìld-ren · of⁀Ìs-ra-el.

The LORD is **full** of com- | pàs-sion · and⁀mèr-cy · long-suffering, **and** of | *grèat* · *gòod*-ness.

He will **not** | àl-way · be⁀chìd-ing: neither keepeth **He** His | àn-ger · for⁀*èv*-er.

He hath not dealt with **us** | àfter · our· *sìns:* nor rewarded us **accôrding** | tò · our · wicked-ness-es.

For look how high the heaven is in **compârison** | òf · the · *èarth:* so great is His mercy also **toward** | thèm · that · *fèar* · Him!

Look how wide also the **east** is | fròm · the · *wèst:* so far hath **He** | sèt · our · sìns · from · us!

Yea, like as a father **pitieth** His | *òwn* · chìl-dren: even so is the LORD **mêrciful** unto | thèm · that · *fèar* · Him.

For He knoweth **whereôf** | wè · are · *màde:* He **remêmbereth** | thàt · we · àre · but · dust.

The days of **man** are | bùt · as · *gràss:* for he flourisheth **as** a | flòw-er · òf · the · fìeld.

For as soon as the wind goeth **óver** it, | it · is · *gòne:* and the place **thereôf** shall | knòw · it · *nò* · more.

But the merciful goodness of the LORD endureth for ever and **êver** upon | thèm · that · fèar · Him: and His righteousness **upón** | chìld-ren's · *chìld*-ren;

Even upon **such** as | kèep · His · cov-enant: and think upon **His** com- | mand-ments · to⁀*dò* · them.

The LORD hath **prepâred** His | sèat · in · hèav-en: and His **kingdom** | rùl-eth · ò-ver · all.

O praise the LORD, ye angels of His, **ye** that ex- | cèl · in · *strèngth:* ye that fulfil His commandment, and **hèarken** unto the | vòice · of · *His* · word.

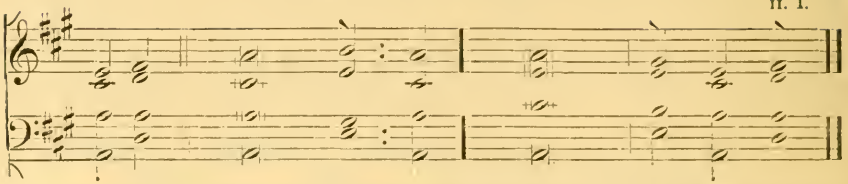
O praise the **Lord**, all | yè · His · *hòsts:* ye servants of **His** that | dò · His · *plèa*-sure.

O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of His, in all **plâces** of | His · dò-mìn ion: praise **thou** the | *Lord* · Ò · my · soul.

GLO - RY || be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⁀*Són*: **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost:
As · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shall · be: **world** without | *èn*d. A-men. ●

Selection Second.

From Psalm cxxxix. *Domine probasti.*



O = || Lord, Thou hast searched me **out**, and | knòwn · me : Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising; Thou nnder-standest my **thoughts** | lòng · be-fòre.

Thou art about my **path**, and about my | bèd : and spiest **out** | àll · my · ways.

For lo, there is not a **word** in my | tòngue : but Thou, O Lord, knowest it **âlto-** *gèth*-èr.

Thou hast **fâshioned** me behind and be- | fòre : and laid Thine **hand** up- | *òn* · mè.

Such knowledge is too wonderful and **êxcellent** | fòr · me : I cannot **attâin** | ùn-to · it.

Whither shall I go then **from** Thy | Spì-rit : or whither shall I go then **from** Thy | *près*-ènce !

If I climb up into heaven, **Thou** art | thère : if I go down to hell, Thou art **there** | *àl*-sò.

If I take the **wings** of the | mòrn-ing : and remain in the uttermost **parts** | òf · the · sèa;

Even there also shall Thy **hand** | lèad · me : and Thy right **hand** shall | *hòld* · me.

If I say, Peradventure the **dârkness** shall | cò-ver me : then shall my **night** be | tùrned · to · dày.

Yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the night is as **clear** as the | dày : the darkness and light to **Thee** are | bòth · a-lìke.

For my **reins** are | Thìne : Thou hast covered me **in** my | mò-ther's · wòmb.

I will give thanks unto Thee, for I am fearfully and **wônderfully** | màde : marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul **knôweth** *rìght* · wèll.

My bones are not **hid** from | Thèe : though I be made secretly, and fashioned **benêath** | ìn · the · èarth.

Thine eyes did see my substance yet **bêing** im- | pèr-fect : and in Thy book were all my **mêmbers** | *wrìt*-tèn :

Which day by **day** were | fàsh-ioned : when as yet there **was** | nòne · of · thèm.

How dear are Thy counsels unto **me**, O | Gòd : O how **great** is the | sùm · of · thèm !

If I tell them, they are more in **nûmber** than the | sànd : when I wake **up**, I am | prèsent · with · Thèe.

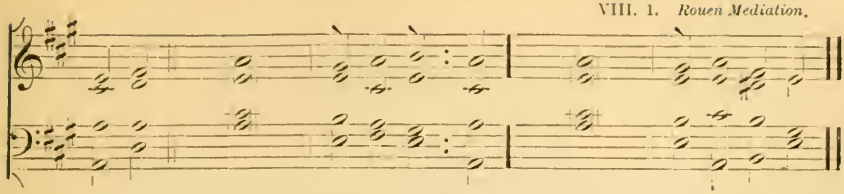
Try me, O God, and seek the **ground** of my | hèart : **prove** me, and ex- | àmine · my · thòughts.

Look well if there be any way of **wickedness** | ìn · me : and lead me in the **way** ever | *làst*-ìng.

Glo-ry || be to the **Father**, and to the | Sòn : **and** to the | Hò-ly · Ghòst :

As it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever | shàll · be : world without **end**. | A-mèn.

VIII. 1. *Rouen Mediation.*



Psalm cxlv. *Exaltabo Te, Deus.*

I · WILL || magnify **Thee**, O | Gòd · my · Kìng : and I will praise Thy **Name** for | èver · and · èv-er.

Every day will I give **thanks** | ùn-to · Thèe: and praise Thy **Name** for | èver · and · èv-er.

Great is the LORD, and marvellous. **wôrthy** | tò · be · prâis-ed : there is no **end** of | *His* · grèat-ness.

One generation shall praise Thy **works** un- | tò · an-òth-er : and **declâre** | *Thy* · pòw-er.

As for me, I will be **tâlking** | òf · Thy · wòr-ship: Thy **glôry**, Thy | praise · and · wòn-drous⁀works;

So that men shall speak of the **might** of Thy | màr-vellous · àcts : and I will also **tell** of | *Thy* · grèat-ness.

The memorial of Thine abundant **kindness** | shàll · be · shòw-ed : and men shall **sing** of | *Thy* · rìght-eousness.

The LORD is **grâcious** and | mèr-ci-fùl : long-suffering, **and** of | *grèat* · gòod-ness.

The LORD is **lôving** unto | èv-ery · màn : and His **mêrcy** is | ò-ver · àll · His⁀works.

All Thy works **praise** | Thèe · O · Lòrd : and Thy **saints** give | *thànks* · ùn-to⁀Thee.

They show the **glôry** | òf · Thy · kìng-dom : and **talk** of | *Thy* · pòw-er ;

That Thy power, Thy glory, and **mightiness** | òf · Thy · kìng-dom : **might** be | *knòwn* · ùn-to⁀men.

Thy kingdom is an **êver-** | làst-ing · kìng-dom: and Thy dominion endureth **throughôut** | *àll* · à-ges.

The LORD upholdeth **all** | sùch · as · fàll : and lifteth up **all** | thòse · that · àre · down.

The eyes of all **wait** upon | Thèe · O · Lòrd : ànd Thou givest them their **meat** in | *dùe* · sèa-son.

Thou **ôpenest** | *Thìne* · hànd: and fillest all things **living** | *with* · plèn teousness.

The LORD is **righteous** in | àll · His · wàys: and **hôly** in | àll · His · *wòrks.*

The LORD is nigh unto all **them** that | càll · up-òn · Him : yea, all such as **call** up- | òn · Him · fàith-fully.

He will fulfil the **desire** of | thèm · that · fèar · Him : He also will hear their **cry**, | ànd · will · hèlp · them.

The LORD **presêrveth** all | thèm · that · lòve · Him : but scattereth **a-brôad** | àll · the⁀un-gòd-ly.

My mouth shall **speak** the | pràise · of · the⁀Lòrd : and let all flesh give thanks unto His holy **Name** for | èver · and · èv-er.

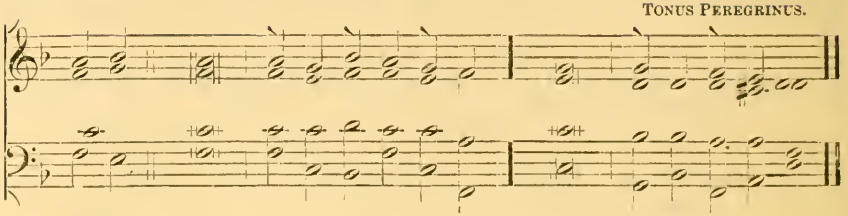
GLO - RY || be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⁀Sòn: **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost ;

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and · èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *èn̄d.* À-men.

Selection Third.

From Psalm li. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

TONUS PEREGRINUS.



HAVE = || mercy upon me, O **God**, | ân-ter · Thy · great · gòod-ness : according to the multitude of Thy mercies, do **awây** | mìne · of-*fèn*-ces.

Wash me | thròugh-ly · fròm · my · wìck-edness : **and** | clèanse · me · fròm · my · sin.

For | Ì · ac-knòwledge · my · *fàults :* and my **sin** is | èv-er · be*fòre* · me.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and **done** this | è-vil · ìn · Thy · *sìght :* that Thou mightest be justified in Thy saying, and **clear** when | Thòu · art . *judg*-ed.

Behôld | I · was · shàpen · in wìck-edness : and in **sin** hath my | mò-ther · concèiv-ed me.

But lo, Thou requirest **truth** | ìn · the · ìn-ward · *pàrts :* and shalt make me to **understând** | wìs-dom · sè-cret-ly.

Thou shalt purge me with **hŷssop**, | ând · I · shàll · be · *clèan :* Thou shalt wash me, and Ì **shall** be | whìt-er · *thàn* · snow.

Thou shalt **make** me ' hèar · of · jòy · and · glàd-ness : that the bones which **Thou** hast | brò-ken · mày · re-joice.

Turn Thy | *fâce* · fròm · my · *sìns:* and put **out** *âll* · mŷ · mis-deeds.

Make me a | *clèan* · heart, · Ò · *God :* and renew a **right** | spìr-it · with*ìn* · me.

Cast me **not** a- ' *wày* · fròm · Thy · près-ence ; and take not Thy **Hôly** | Spìr-it · *fròm* · me.

O give me the **cômfort** | ôf · Thy · hèlp · a-*gâin :* and stablish **me** with | Thŷ · free · *Spìr*-it.

Then shall I **teach** Thy | *wàys* · ùn-to · the⁀wìck-ed : and sinners shall **be** con- | vèrt-ed · ùn-to · Thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, **Thou** that | àrt · the Gôd · of⁀ my · *hèalth :* and my **tongue** shall | sìng · of⁀Thy · rìght-eous-ness.

Thou shalt | òpen · my · lìps, O · *Lòrd :* **and** my | mòuth · shall · shôw · Thy · praise.

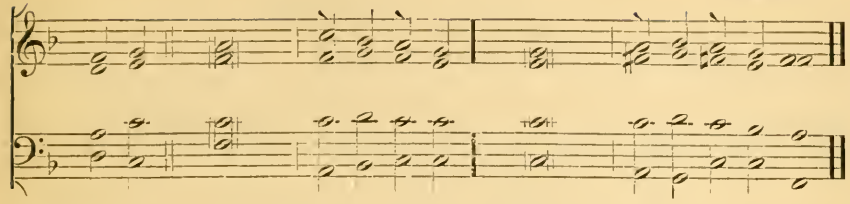
For Thou desirest no **sâcrifice**, | èlse · would⁀I · gìve · it · *Thèe :* but Thou delightest **not** | ìn · burnt-ôf-fer-ings.

The sacrifice of **God** | ìs · a · tròub-led · spìr-it: a broken and contrite heart, O **God**. | shàlt · Thou · nòt · de-spìse.

GLO - RY || **be** to the | Fà-ther · ând · to · the⁀*Sòn :* **and** | tô · the · Hô-ly Ghost :

AS · IT || was in the **beginning**, is | nôw · and · èv-er · shàll · be : **world** without | *ènd*. Â-men.

TONUS REGIUS.



From Psalm xlii. *Quemadmodum.*

LIKE · AS || the hart **desîreth** the | wà-ter · *bròoks:* so longeth my **soul** | àf-ter · Thèe, · O · Gòd.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even **for** the | lì-ving · *Gòd:* when shall I come to **appêar** be- | fòre · the · prèsence · of · God?

My tears have been my **meat** | dày · and · *nìght:* while they daily say unto **me**, | Whère · is · nòw · thy · Gòd?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my **heart** | bỳ · my-*sèlf:* for I went with the multitude, and brought them **forth** | ìnto · the·hòuse · of · Gòd:

In the voice of **praise** and | *thànks*-gìv-ing: among **such** as | *kèep* · hò-ly · dày.

Why art thou so full of **hêaviness**, | Ó · my · *sòul:* and why art thou so **disquîeted** | *wìth-ìn* · mè.

Put thy | trùst · in · *Gòd:* for I will yet give Him **thanks** for the | hèlp⌒of · His · còun-te-nànce.

The LORD hath granted His loving-**kîndness** | ìn · the · dày-time: and in the night-season did I sing of Him, and made my **prâyer** unto the | *Gòd* · òf · my · lìfe.

I will say unto the God of my strength, **Why** hast | Thòu · for-gòt-ten⌒me: why go I thus heavily, **while** the | enemy · op-prèss-eth · me?

Namely, while they **say** | daì-ly · ùn-to⌒me: **Where** is | *nòw · thỳ* · Gòd?

Why art thou so **vêxed**, | Ó · my · *sòul:* and why art thou so **disquîeted** | *wìth-ìn* · mè.

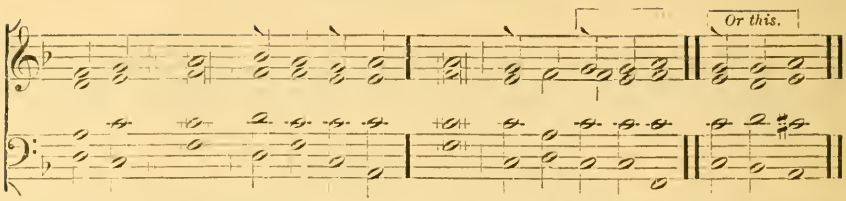
O **put** thy | trùst · in · *Gòd:* for I will yet thank Him, which is the help of my **coûntenance** | *ànd · mỳ* · Gòd.

GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther** | ànd · to · the⌒*Sòn:* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghòst;

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *ènd.* *À*-men.

Selection Fourth.

Psalm xxxvii. *Noli æmulari.* I. A.



FRET · NOT || thyself **becâuse** | òf · the⌒un-gòd-ly: neither be thou envious **against** the | è-vil · *dò*-ers.

For they shall soon be cut **down** | lìke · the · *gràss:* and be withered **êven** | às · the · *grèen* · herb.

Put thou thy trust in the **Lord**, and be | dò-ing · *góod:* dwell in the land, and **vêrily** | *thòu* · shàlt · be · fèd.

Delight **thou** | ìn · the · LÒRD: and He shall **give** | thèe · thy · heàrt's·de-sire.

Commit thy way unto the LORD, and **put** thy | trùst · in · *HÌm:* and **He** shall | *brìng* · it · to · pass.

He shall make thy righteousness as **clear** | às · the · *lìght:* and thy just **dêaling** | às · the · *nòon*-day.

Hold thee still in the LORD, and abide **pâtiently** up- | *òn* · *HÌm:* but grieve not thyself at him whose way doth prosper, against the man that doeth **âfter** | è-vil · *còun*-sels.

Leave off from **wràth** and let | gò · dis-plèa-sure: fret not thyself, else shalt thou be **môved** to | *dò* · *è*-vil.

Wicked doers **shall** be | ròot-ed · *òut:* and they that patiently abide the **Lord**, | thòse · shall⌒ìn-hèrit · the · land.

Yet a little while, and the **ungôdly** | shàll · be · cleàn · gone: thou shalt look after his **plâce**, and | hè · shall · bè · a-way.

But the meek-spirited **shall** pos- | sèss · the · *èarth:* and shall be refreshed **in** the | mùl-ti-tùde · of · peace.

The ungodly seeketh **cômsel** a- | gàinst · the · *jùst:* and **gnâsheth** up- | òn · him · with · his · teeth.

The **Lord** shall | làugh · him · to⌒*scòrn:* for He hath seen that **His** | dày · is · *còm*-ing.

The ungodly have drawn out the **sword**, and have | bènt · their · *bòw*: to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as are of a **right** | còn-ver-*sá*-tion.

Their sword shall **go** | thròugh · their · òwn · heart: and their **bow** | shàll · be · *brò*-ken.

A small **thing** that the | rìght-eous · *háth:* is better than great **riches** | òf · the⌒un-*gòd*-ly.

For the arms of the **ungódly** shall · be · brò-ken: and the **Lord** up- | hòld-eth⌒the · *rìght*-eous.

The LORD knoweth the **days** | òf · the · gòd-ly: and their inheritance **shall** en- | dùre · for · *èv*-er.

They shall not be **confôunded** in the | pèr-ilous · *tîme:* and in the days of **dearth** | thèy · shall · hâve · e-nough.

As for the ungodly, they shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall **consûme** as the | fat · of · *lâmbs:* yea, even as the **smoke** shall | thèy · con-sûme · a-way.

The ungodly borroweth, and **pâyeth** | nôt · a-*gâin:* but the righteous is **mêrci-** | fûl · and · lib-er-al.

Such as are blessed of **God** shall pos- | sèss · the · *lând:* and they that are cursed of **Him** | shâll · be · rôot-ed · out.

The Lord **ôrdereth** a | gôod · man's · gò-ing: and maketh his **way** ac- | cèpta-ble · tô · him-self.

Though he fall, he shall **not** be | cast · a-*wày:* for the **Lord** up- | hôldeth · him · with · His · hand.

I have been **yôung**, and | nôw · am · *öld:* and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his **seed** | bèg-ging · *thèir* · bread.

The righteous is ever **mêrci-** | fûl · and · lènd-eth: and **his** | sèed · is · *blèss*-ed.

Flee from evil and do the **thing** | thât · is · *gòod:* **and** | dwèll · for · èv-er-more.

For the Lord loveth the **thing** | thât · is · *rìght:* He forsaketh not His that be godly but they **are** pre- | sèrv-ed · for⌒*èv*-er.

The **unrighteous** | shâll · be · pùn-ished: as for the seed of the **ungôdly**, it | shâll · be · rôot-ed · out.

The righteous **shall** in- | hèr-it · the⌒*lând:* and **dwell** there- | în · for-*èv*-er.

The mouth of the righteous is **êxer-** | cìs-ed · în⌒wìs-dom: and his **tongue** will be | talk-ing · of⌒*jûdg*-ment.

The law of his **God** is | în · his · *hèart:* **and** his | gò-ings · shâll · not · slide.

The **ungôdly** | sèe-eth · the⌒rìght-eous: and **sêeketh** oc- | cà-sion · to⌒*slày* · him.

The Lord will not **leave** him | în · his · *hând:* nor condemn **him** when | hè · is · *jûdg*-ed.

Hope thou in the Lord, and keep His way, and he shall promote thee, that **thou** shalt pos- | sèss · the · *lând:* when the ungodly shall **pêrish**, | thòu · shalt · *sèe* · it.

I myself have seen the **ungôdly** in | *grèat* · pòw-er: and flourishing **like** a | *grèen* · *bày*-tree.

I went **by**, and | lò, · he · was⌒*gòne:* I sought him, but his **place** could | nô-where · *bè* · found.

Keep innocency, and take heed unto the **thing** | thât · is · *rìght:* for that shall bring a **man** | *pèace* · àt · the · last.

As for the transgressors, **they** shall | pèr-ish · togèth-er: and the end of the ungodly is that they shall be **rôoted** | *òut* · àt · the last.

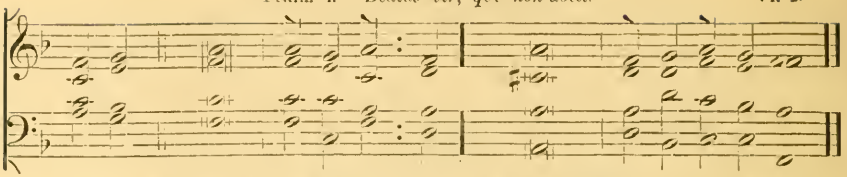
But the salvation of the righteous **cômeth** | ôf · the · *Lòrd:* Who is also their **strength** in the | tîme · of · *trôu*-ble.

But the Lord shall stand by **them**, and | *sâve* · *thèm:* He shall deliver them from the ungodly, and shall save them, **because** they | pût · their · trûst · in · Him.

Glo - ry | be to the **Fâther**, | and · to · the⌒*Són*: **and** | tô · the · Hô-ly · Ghôst:
As · it | was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shâll · be: **world** without | *ènd.* *A*-men.

Selection Fifth.

Psalm i. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.* VI. 2.



Bless - ed || is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor **stood** in the | way · of · sin-ners: and hath not sat in the **seat** | of · the · *scorn*-ful.

But his delight is **in** the | law · of · the⌒Lord: and in His law will he **exercise** him- | *self* · day · and · night.

And he shall be like a tree **planted** by the | wa-ter-side: that will bring forth his **fruit** in | *due* · *sea*-son.

His leaf **also** | shall · not · with-er: and look, whatsoever he **doeth**, | it shall · *pros*-per.

As for the ungodly, it is **not** | so · with · them: but they are like the chaff which the wind scattereth **away** | from · the · face · of · the⌒earth.

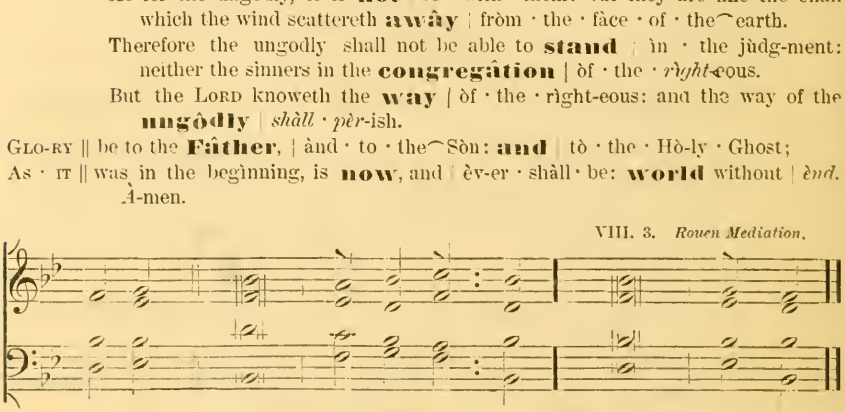
Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to **stand** | in · the judg-ment: neither the sinners in the **congregation** | of · the · *right*-eous.

But the Lord knoweth the **way** | of · the · right-eous: and the way of the **ungodly** | *shall* · *per*-ish.

Glo-ry || be to the **Father**, | and · to · the⌒Son: **and** | to · the · Ho-ly · Ghost;

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er · shall · be: **world** without | *end*. A-men.

VIII. 3. *Rouen Mediation.*



Psalm xv. *Domine, quis habitabit?*

Lord=||who shall dwell in **Thy** | ta-ber-na-cle: or who shall rest **upon** Thy | ho-ly⌒hill?

Even he that **leadeth** an | un-corrupt · life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the **truth** | from · his⌒heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done **evil** | to · his · neigh-bour: and hath not **slandered** his | neigh-bour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is **lowly** in | his · own · eyes: and maketh much of **them** that | fear · the⌒Lord.

He that swe areth unto his neighbour, and **disappointeth** | *him* · not: though it were to his **own** | hin-drance.

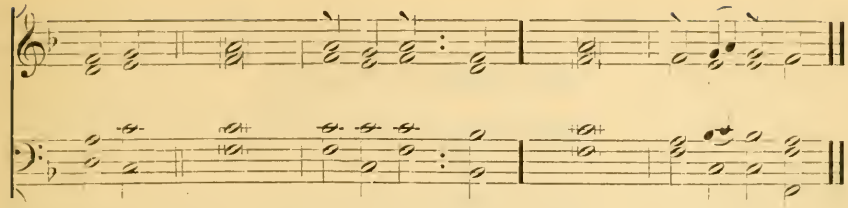
He that hath not given his **money** up- | *on* · u-sury: nor taken reward **against** the | in-nocent.

Whoso | do-eth · these · things: **shall** | ne-ver⌒fall.

Glo-ry || be to the **Father**, | and · to · the⌒*Son*: **and** to the | Ho-ly⌒Ghost;

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er · shall · be: world without **end**. | A-men.

VI. 1.



Psalm xci. *Qui habitat.*

WHO-SO || dwelleth under the **defence** of the | *Most* · High: shall abide under the **shadow** | of · the⁀Al-mighty.

I will say unto the LORD, Thou art my **hope,** and | my · strong · hold: my God, in **Him** | will · I · *trust.*

For He shall deliver thee from the **snare** | of · the · hunt-er: and **from** the | noi-some · pest-ilence.

He shall defend thee under His wings, and thou shalt be **safe** | under · His · feath-ers: His faithfulness and truth shall **be** thy | shield · and · buck-ler.

Thou shalt not be **afraid** for any | terror · by · night: nor for the **arrow** that | flieth · by · *day;*

For the **pestilence** that | walketh · in · dark-ness: nor for the sickness that **destroyeth** | in · the · noon-day.

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten **thousand** at | thy · right · hand: but it shall **not** | come · nigh · *thee.*

Yea, with thine **eyes** shalt | thou · be-hold: and see the **reward** | of · the⁀ un-god-ly.

For Thou, **Lord,** art · my · hope: Thou hast set Thine house of **defence** ver-y · *high.*

There shall no evil **happen** | un-to · thee: neither shall any **plague** come | nigh · thy · dwell-ing.

For He shall give His angels **charge** | over · thee: to keep **thee** in | all · thy · *ways.*

They shall bear **thee** | in · their · hands: that thou hurt **not** thy | foot · a-gainst · a⁀stone.

Thou shalt go **upon** the | lion · and · ad-der: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou **tread** | under · thy *feet.*

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will **I** de- | liv-er · him: I will set him up **because** he hath | known · My · *Name.*

He shall call upon **Me,** and **I** · will · hear · him: yea, I am with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and **bring** | him · to · hon-our.

With long life will **I** | satis-fy · him: and **show** him | My · sal-va-tion.

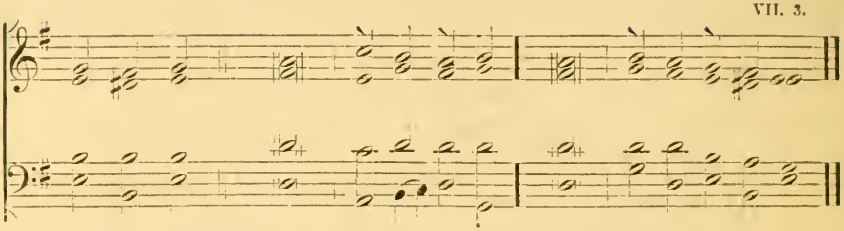
GLO-RY || be to the **Father,** and · to · the⁀Son: **and** | to · the · Ho-ly⁀Ghost;

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now,** and | ev-er · shall · be: **world** with- out · end. A-men.

Selection Sixth.

From Psalm xxxii. *Beati, quorum.*

VII. 3.



Bless-ed-is ‖ he whose **unrighteousness** | is · for-giv-en: and **whose** | sin · is · cov-er-ed.

Blessed is the man unto whom the **Lord** im- | pù-teth · nò · sin: and in **whose** | spìrit · there · is · no · guile.

I will acknowledge my sin ùn-to · *Thèe:* and mine **unrighteousness** | hàve · I · *nòt* · hid.

I said, I will confess my **sins** | ùn-to · the⌒*Lòrd:* and so Thou **forgavest** the | wicked-ness · of · my · sin.

For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto Thee in a time when **Thou** | màyest · be · *fòund:* but in the great water-floods **they** shall | nòt · come · *nìgh* · him.

Thou art a place to hide me in: Thou shalt **prèserve** | mè · from · trou-ble: Thou shalt compass me **abóut** with | sòngs · of · deliv-er-ance.

I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way **wherein** | thou · shalt · *gò:* and **I** will | guìde · thee · with · mine · eye.

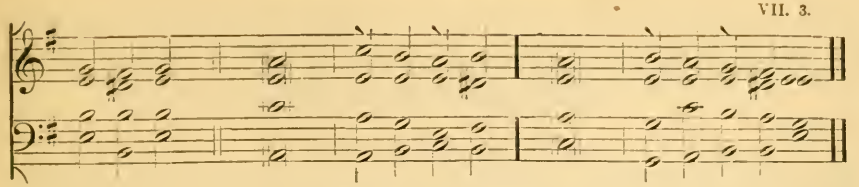
Great plagues **remâin** | for · the⌒un-gòd-ly: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy **embrâceth** | him · on · ev-ery · side.

Be glad, O ye righteous, and **rejôice** | in · the⌒*Lòrd:* and be **jòyful**, all | ye · that⌒are · true · of · heart.

Glo - ry ‖ be to the **Fâther**, | and · to · the⌒*Sòn:* **and** | to · the · Hó-ly · Ghost:

As · it ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er · shàll · be: **world** without *end.* *A*-men.

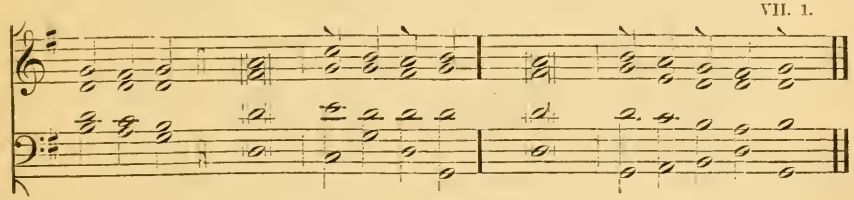
VII. 3.



Psalm cxxx. *De profundis.*

OUT · OF · THE || deep have I **câlled** unto | Thèe, · O · *Lòrd:* **Lord**, | *hèar* · *mỳ* · voice.
O let Thine **ears** con- | sìd-er · *wèll:* **the** | voìce · of · mỳ · com-plaint.
If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to **mark** what is | dòne · a-*mìss:* O **Lord**, | whò · may · a*bìde* · it?
For there **is** | mèr-cy · with⁀*Thèe:* **thêrefore** shalt | Thou · be · *fèar*-ed.
I look for the LORD, my **soul** doth | waìt · for · *Hìm:* in **His** | *wòrd* · ìs · my · trust.
My soul **flêeth** | ùn-to · the⁀*Lòrd:* before the morning watch, I **say**, be- | fòre · the mòrn-ing · watch.
O Israel, trust in the LORD, for with the **Lord**, | thère · is · mèr-cy: and with **Him** is | plèn-teous · re*dèmp* · tion.
And **He** shall re- | *dèem* · Ìs-rael: **from** | *àll* · `— · his · sins.
GLO - RY || be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn:* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;
AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *ènd.*
Â-mèn.

VII. 1.

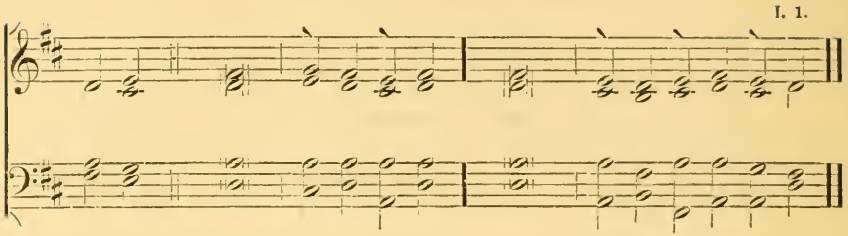


Psalm cxxi. *Levavi oculos meos.*

I · WILL || lift up mine **eyes** | ùn-to · the⁀*hills:* **from** | *whèncе* · còmeth · my · hèlp.
My help cometh **êven** | fròm · the · *Lòrd:* **Who** hath | *màde* · hèaven · and eàrth.
He will not suffer **thy** | fòot · to · be⁀mòv-ed: and **He** that | kèepeth · thee · wìll · not · slèep.
Behold, **He** that | kèep-eth · Ìs-rael: shall **nêither** | slùm-ber · *nòr* · slèep.
The LORD **Himsêlf** | ìs · thy · kèep-er: the LORD is thy **defênce** up- | òn · thy · *rìght* · hànd;
So that the **sun** shall not | bùrn · thee · by⁀*dày:* **nêither** the | *mòon* · *bỳ* · nìght.
The LORD shall **presêrve** thee | fròm · all · è-vil: yea, it is **êven** | Hè · that⁀shall · kèep · thy · sôul.
The LORD shall preserve thy going **out**, and thy | còm-ing · *ìn:* from this **time** | fòrth · for · èv-er-mòre.
GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn:* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghòst;
AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *ènd.*
Â-men.

Selection Seventh.

Psalm xxiii. *Dominus regit me.*



THE = || **Lord** | ìs · my · shèp-herd : **thêrefore** | càn · I · *lack* · nò-thing.

He shall **feed** me in a | *grèen* · pàs-ture: and lead me **forth** be- | sìde · the · wàters · of · còm-fort.

He shall con- | vèrt · my · *sòul:* and bring me forth in the paths of **righteousness** | fòr · His · *Nàme's* · *sàke.*

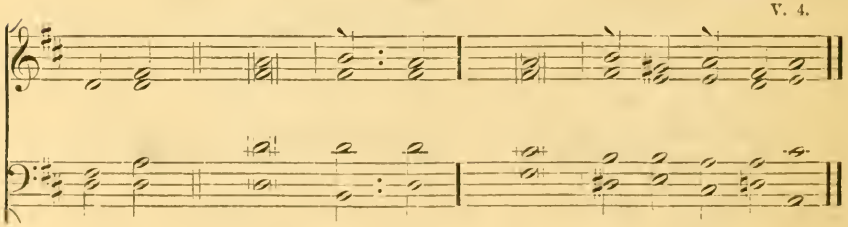
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of **death**, I will | fèar · no · è-vil : For Thou art with me; Thy **rod** and Thy | *stàff* · còm-fort · *mè.*

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against **them** that | tròu-ble · *mè :* Thou hast anointed my head with **oil**, and my | *cùp* · shàll · be · *full.*

But Thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me **all** the | dàys · of⁀my · *lìfe:* and I will dwell in the **house** of the | *Lòrd* · *fòr* · èv-er.

GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn:* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · *Ghòst;*

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *èn̄d.* *A-mèn.*



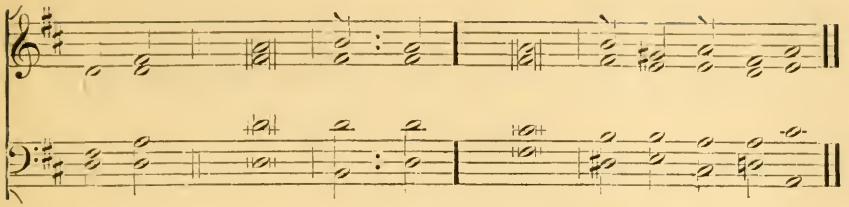
Psalm xxxiv. *Benedicam Domino.*

I · WILL || alway give **thanks** unto the | LÒRD : His **praise** shall | èver · be · in · my · mouth.

My soul shall make her **boast** in the | LORD : the **hûmble** shall | hèar · thereof · ànd · be · glad.

O praise the **Lord** with | mè : and let us **mâgnify** His | Nàme · to-*gè*-ther.

V. 4.



I sought the **Lord**, and He | hèard · me : yea, He delivered **me** | òut · of · àll · my · fear.

They had an eye unto **Him**, and were | lìght-ened : and their **fâces** were | nòt · a-*shàm*-ed.

Lo, the poor crieth, and the **Lord** | hèar-eth⁀him : yea, and saveth him **out** of | all · his · *tròu*-bles.

The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about **them** that | fèar · Him : **and** | *dè*-lìv-ereth · them.

O taste and see, how **grâcious** the | Lòrd · is : **blêssed** is the | màn · that · trùsteth · in · Him.

O fear the Lord, ye that **are** His | sàints : for they that **fear** Him | *làck* · *nò*-thing.

The lions do **lack**, and suffer | hùn-ger : but they who seek the Lord shall **want** no manner of | thìng · that · *ìs* good.

Come, ye chìldren, and **hêarken** unto | mè : I will **teach** you the | *fèar* · òf · the · Lord.

What man is he that **lûsteth** to | lìve : **and** would | *fàin* · sèe · good · days?

Keep thy **tongue** from | è-vil : and thy **lips** that they | *spèak* · *nò* · guile.

Eschew evil, and **do** | gòod : seek **peace**, | and · en-*sùe* · it.

The eyes of the **Lord** are over the | rìght-eous : and His **ears** are | ò-pen · ùnto · their · prayers.

The countenance of the Lord is against them that **do** | è-vil : to root out the **remêmbrance** of | *thèm* · fròm · the · earth.

The righteous cry, and the **Lord** | hèar-eth⁀them : and delivereth them **out** of | all · their · *tròu*-bles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a **côntrite** | hèart : and will save such as **be** of an | hùm-ble · *spìr*-it.

Great are the **trôubles** of the | rìght-eous : but the **Lord** delivereth | *hìm* · òut · of · all.

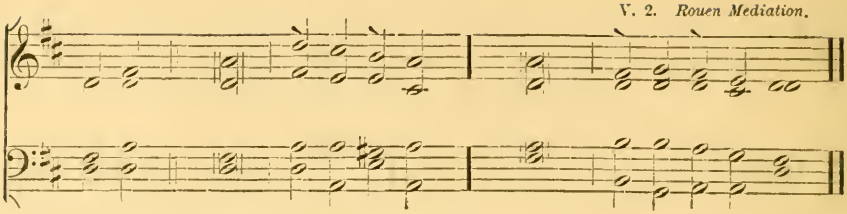
He keepeth **all** his | bònes : so that not **one** of | thèm · is · *brò*-ken.

But misfortune shall **slay** the un- | gòd-ly: and they that hate the **righteous** | shàll · be · dè-so-late.

The Lord delivereth the **souls** of His | sèr-vants : and all they that put their trust in **Him** shall | nòt · be · dè-sti-tute.

Glo-ry || be to the **Fâther**, and to the | Sòn : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost ;

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and èv-er | shàll · be : **world** without | *èn*d. *À*-men.



Psalm lxv. *Te decet hymnus.*

THOU, O || **God**, art | pràised · in · Sì-on: and unto Thee shall the vow be **perfôrmed** | ìn · Je-rù-sa-lem.

Thou that | hear-est · the⌒*pràyer:* unto **Thee** shall | *àll · flèsh* · come.

My **misdêeds** pre- | vàil · a-gainst · me : O be Thou **mêrciful** | ùn-to · *òur* · sins.

Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and **recêivest** | ùn-to · *Thèe:* he shall dwell in Thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of Thy house, even of **Thy** | hò-ly · *tèm*-ple.

Thou shalt show us wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O **God** of | òur · sal-và-tion : Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that **remâin** | ìn · the · *bròad* · sea.

Who in His **strêngth** setteth | fàst · the · mòun-tains : **and** is | gìrd-ed · abòut · with · power.

Who stilleth the **râging** | òf · the · *sèa:* and the noise of His waves, ànd the **mâdness** | òf · the · *pèo*-ple.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth shall be **afrâid** | àt · Thy · tò-kens : Thou that makest the outgoings of the **môrning** and | ève-ning · to⌒*pràise* · Thee.

Thou **vîsitest** the | èarth · and · blèss-est⌒it : Thou **mâkest** it | vè-ry · *plèn*-teous.

The river of **God** is | fùll · of · wà-ter : Thou preparest their corn, for **so** Thou pro- | vì-dest · fòr · the · earth.

Thou waterest her furrows, Thou sendest **rain** into the little | vàl-leys · there*òf:* Thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and **blêssest** the | *ìn*-crèase · of · it.

Thou crownest the **year** | with · Thy · gòod-ness : and Thy **clouds** | *drò*p · *fàt*-ness.

They shall drop upon the **dwêllings** | òf · the · wìl-derness : and the little **hills** shall re- | jòice · on · èv-ery · side.

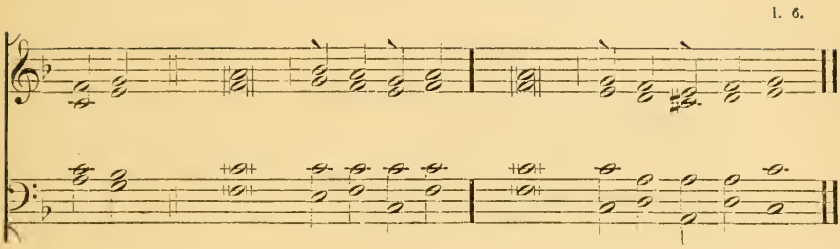
The **folds** shall be | fùll · of · *shèep:* the valleys also shall stand so thick with **corn** that | thèy shall · làugh · and · sing.

GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⌒*Sòn:* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost:

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be : **world** without | *èn*d. *À*-men.

Selection Eighth.

From Psalm lxxxiv. *Quam dilecta!*



O · how || **âmiable** | àre · Thy · dwèll-ings : **Thou** | *Lòrd* · *òf* · hosts!

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter **into** the | còurts · of · the⁀*Lòrd:* my heart and my flesh **rejôice** | ìn · the · lì-ving · God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest **where** she may | lày · her · *yòung :* even Thy altars, O Lord of **hosts**, my | King · and · *my* · God.

Blessed are they that **dwell** | ìn · Thy · *hòuse:* **they** will be | àl-way · pràis-ing · Thee.

Blessed is the man whose **strength** | ìs · in · *Thèe :* in **whose** | hèart · are · *Thy* · ways.

Who going through the vale of misery, **use** it | fòr · a · *wèll :* and the **pools** are | fìll-ed · with⁀*wà*-ter.

They will **go** from | strèngth · to · *strèngth :* and unto the God of gods appeareth every **one** of | thèm · in · *Sì*-on.

O Lord God of **hosts**, | hèar · my · *pràyer :* **hêarken**, O | God · of · *Jà*-cob.

For one **day** | ìn · Thy · *còurts :* is **bêtter** | thàn · a · *thòu*-sand.

I had rather be a door-keeper in the **house** | òf · my · *Gòd:* than to dwell in the **tents** | òf · un-gòd-li-ness.

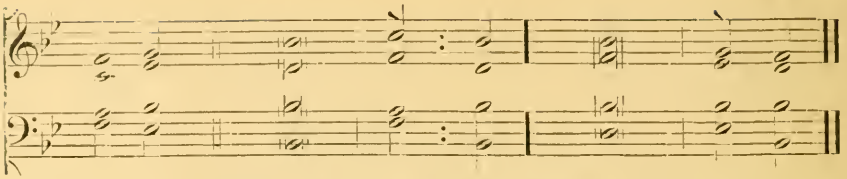
For the Lord **God** is a | lìght · and · de*fènce:* the Lord God will give grace and worship, and no good thing shall He withhold from **them** that | lìve · a · gòd-ly · life.

O **Lord** | Gòd · of · *hòsts :* blessed is the **man** that | pùtteth · his · trùst · in · Thee.

Glo-ry || be to the **Father**, | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn :* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll be : **world** without | *èn*d. *Â*-men.

VIII. 3.



From Psalm lxxxv. *Benedixisti Domine.*

LORD = || Thou art become **grâcious** unto Thy | lànd : Thou hast turned **awây** the captivity of | Jà-cob.

Thou hast forgiven the **offênce** of Thy | pèo-ple : and **côvered** | àll · their⁀ sins.

Thou hast taken away all **Thy** dis- | plèa-sure : and turned Thyself from Thy **wràthful** indig- | nà-tion.

Turn us then, O **God**, our | Sà-vìour : and let Thine anger **cease** | fròm · us.

Wilt Thou be displeased at **us** for | èv-er : and wilt Thou stretch out Thy wrath from one **generâtion** to an- | ò-ther?

Wilt Thou not turn **agâin**, and | qùick-en⁀us : that Thy people **may** re- | jòice · in⁀Thee?

Show us Thy **mêrcy**, O | Lòrd : and grant us **Thy** sal- | và-tion.

I will hearken what the Lord GOD will **say** con- | cèrn-ing⁀me : for He shall speak peace unto His people, and to His saints, that they **turn** | nòt · again.

For His salvation is nigh **them** that | fèar · Him : that glory may **dwell** in | òur · land.

Mercy and truth are **met** to- | gè-ther : righteousness and peace have **kissed** each | ò-ther.

Truth shall **flôurish** out of the | èarth: and righteousness hath looked **down** from | hèa-ven.

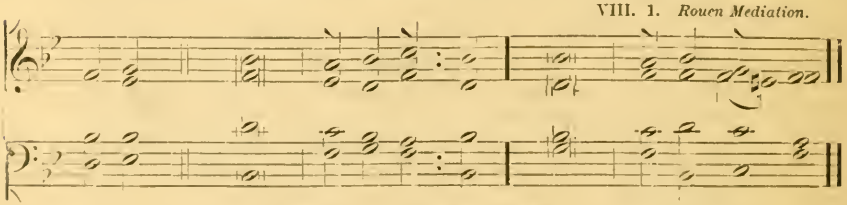
Yea, the LORD shall **show** loving- | kìnd-ness : and our land shall **give** her | ìn-crease.

Righteousness shall **go** be- | fòre · Him : and He shall direct His **gôing** | ìn · the⁀way.

GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther**, and to the | Sòn : **and** to the | Hò-ly⁀Ghost :

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and èv-er | shàll · be: world without **end**. | À-men.

VIII. 1. *Rouen Mediation.*



Psalm xciii. *Dominus regnavit.*

THE = || LORD is King, and hath put **on** | glò-rious · appàr-el : the LORD hath put on His **appârel**, and | gìrded · Hìm-sèlf · with⁀strength.

He hath **made** the round | wòrld · so · sure : that it **can-** | nòt · be · mòv-ed.

Even since the world began hath Thy **seat** | bèen · pre-pàr-ed : Thou **art** from | èv-er-làst-ing.

The floods are risen, O LORD, the **floods** have lift | ùp · their · vòice: the **floods** lift | ùp · their · *wàves.*

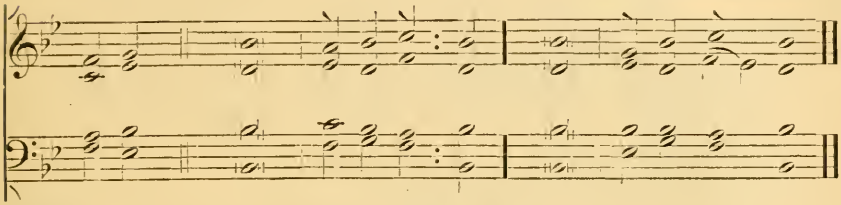
The waves of the sea are **mighty**, and | *ràge* · hòr-ribly : but yet the LORD, Who **dwêlleth** on | hìgh · is · mìgh-tier.

Thy testimonies, O **Lord**, are | vè-ry · sure : holiness **becômeth** Thine | hòuse · for · èv-er.

GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther**, | àn̄d · to · the⁀Sòn: **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost;

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *èn̄d.* À-men.

VIII. 2. *Rouen Mediation.*



Psalm xcvii. *Dominus regnavit.*

THE = || LORD is King, the **earth** may be | glàd · there-òf : yea, the multitude of the **isles** | mày · be · glàd · thereof.

Clouds and **dârkness** are | round · a-bòut · Him: righteousness and judgment are the **hâbi-** | tà-tion · òf·His⁀seat.

There shall **go** a | fìre · be-fòre · Him : and burn up His **ênemies** | *òn* · èv-ery⁀side.

His lightnings gave **shine** | ùnto · the · wòrld : the earth **saw** it | *àn̄d* · wàs · afraid.

The hills melted like wax at the **prêsence** | òf · the · LORD : at the presence of the **Lord** | òf · the · whòle · earth.

The heavens have **declâred** His | rìght-eous-nèss : and all the **pêople** have | sèen · His · glò-ry.

Confounded be all they that worship carved images, and that **delight** in | *vàin* · gòds : **wôrship** | *Hìm* · àll · ye⁀gods.

Sion **heard** of it, | and · re-jòic-ed : and the daughters of Judah were glad **bêcause** of Thy | jùdg-ments, · Ò · Lord.

For Thou, LORD, art higher than **all** that are | ìn · the · èarth : Thou art **exâlted** | far · above · àll · gods.

O ye that love the LORD, see that ye hate the **thing** | which · is · è-vil : the LORD preserveth the souls of His saints ; He shall deliver them from the **hand** | òf · the⁀un-gòd-ly.

There is sprung up a **light** | fòr · the · rìght-eous: and joyful gladness for **such** as are | *trùe* · hèart-ed.

Rejoice in the **Lord.** | *yè* · rìght-eous : and give thanks for a **remêmbrance** | of · His · hò-liness.

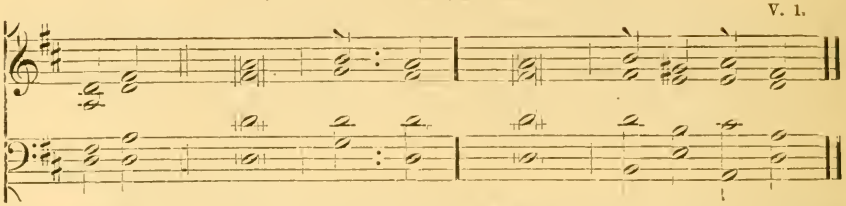
GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther**, | àn̄d · to · the⁀Sòn: **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly⁀Ghost;

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *èn̄d.* À-men.

Selection Ninth.

Psalm viii. *Domine, Dominus noster.*

V. 1.



O · = || Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy **Name** in all the | wòrld : Thou that hast set Thy **glòry** a- | bòve · the · hèav-ens!

Out of the months of very babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength, because of **Thine** | èn-emies : that Thou mightest still the **ênemy** | ànd · the⁀a-vèn-ger.

For I will consider Thy heavens, even the **works** of Thy | fìn-gers : the moon and the **stars** which Thou | hàst · or-dàin-ed.

What is man, that Thou art **mindful** of | hìm : and the son of man, that **Thou** | vì-sitest · *hìm?*

Thou madest him **lôwer** than the | àn-gels : to crown **him** with | glòry · and · wôr-ship.

Thou makest him to have dominion of the **works** of Thy | hànds : and Thou hast put all things in **subjêction** | ùnder · his · *fêet;*

All **sheep** and | òx-en : **yea**, and the | bèasts · of⁀the · *field;*

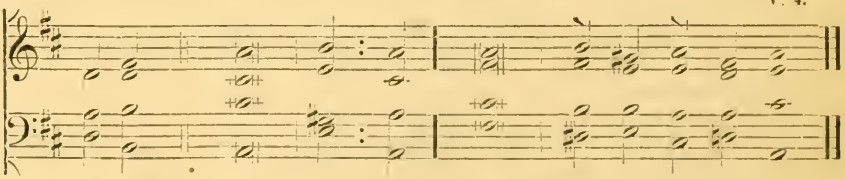
The fowls of the air, and the **fishes** of the | sèa: and whatsoever walketh **through** the | pàths · of⁀the · *sèas.*

O **Lord**, our | Gò-vernor : how excellent is Thy **Name** in | àll · the · *world*!

Glo-ry || be to the **Fâther**, and| to the | Sòn : **and** to the | Hò-ly · *Ghòst:*

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and èv-er | shàll · be : **world** without | *ènd.* Àmen.

V. 4.



From Psalm xxxiii. *Exultate, justi.*

Re- = || joice in the **Lord**, O ye | rìght-eous : for it becometh **well** the | jùst · to⁀be · *thànk*-ful.

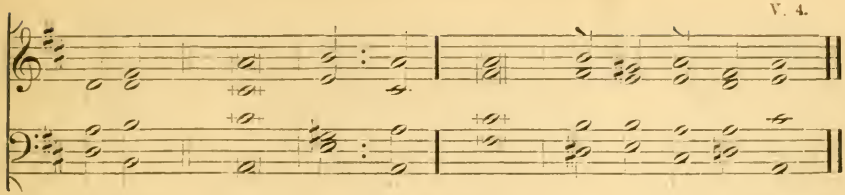
Praise the **Lord** with | hàrp : sing praises unto Him with the **lute**, and | instrument · òf · ten · strings.

Sing unto the **Lord** a new | sòng : sing praises unto **Him** with a | *gòod* · *còur*-age.

For the word of the **Lord** is | trùe : and **all** His | wòrks · are · *fàith*-ful.

He loveth **rîghteousness** and | jùdg-ment : the earth is **full** of the | gòod-ness · òf · the · Lord.

V. 4.



By the word of the LORD were the **hêavens** | màde : and all the host of **them** by the | brèath · of · *His* · mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together. as it **were** upon an | hèap: and layeth up the **deep** as | ìn · a · trèa-sure-house.

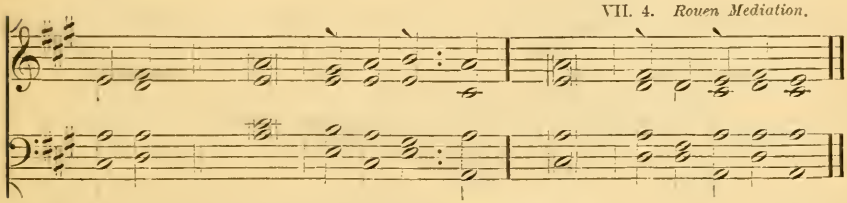
Let all the **earth** fear the | LÒRD : stand in awe of **Him**, all | yè · that · dwèll · in⁀the · world.

For He **spake**, and it was | dòne : He **commânded**. | ànd · it · *stòod* · fast.

GLO-RY || be to the **Fâther**, and to the | Sôn : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost ;

AS · IT || was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever | shàll · be : **world** without | *èn*d. *À*-men.

VII. 4. *Rouen Mediation.*



From Psalm cxlvii. *Laudate Dominum.*

O · = || praise the LORD, for it is a good thing to sing **prâises** | ùnto · our · Gòd : yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it **is** | tò · be · *thànk*-ful.

The LORD doth **build up** Je- | rù-sa-lèm : and gather **togêther** the out- | càsts · of · Is-ra-el.

He healeth **those** that are | bròken · in · hèart : and gìveth **mêdicine** to | hèal · their · *sìck*-ness.

He telleth the **nûmber** | òf · the · stàrs : and **câlleth** them | *àll* · by · their · names.

Great is our **Lord**, and | grèat · is⁀His · pòw-er : **yea**, and His | wìsdom · is ìn-fi-nite.

The **Lord** setteth | ùp · the · mèek : and bringeth the **ungôdly** | *dòwn* · tò · the · ground.

O sing unto the **Lord** with · | *thànks*-gìv-ing : sing praises upon the **harp** | ùn-to · *òur* · God.

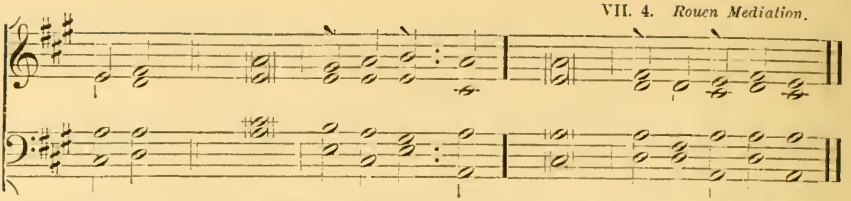
Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and **prepâreth** | ràin · for · the⁀èarth : and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and **herb** | fòr · the · ùse · of · men ;

Who gìveth **fôdder** | ùn-to · the⁀càt-tle: and feedeth the young **râvens** that | càll · up-*òn* · Hìm.

The LORD'S **delight** is in | thèm · that · fèar · Him ; and put their **trust** | ìn · His · *mér*-cy.

Praise the **Lord**. | Ó · Je - rù - salem : praise thy **God**, | *O* · *Sì* - on.

VII. 4. *Rouen Mediation.*



For He hath made **fast** the | bàrs · of⁀thy · gàtes; and hath **blêssed** thy child-ren · with*in* · thee.

He maketh **peace** | ìn · thy · bòr-ders; and filleth **thee** | wìth · the · flòur · of wheat.

He sendeth forth His **commândment** up- | *òn* · èarth : and His **word** runneth | vè-ry · *swìft*-ly.

He **giveth** | snòw · like · wòol : and scat-tereth the hoar-**frost** | *lìke* · *àsh*-es.

He casteth **forth** His | ìce · like · mòr-sels : who is **âble** | tò · a-bìde · His · frost?

He sendeth **out** Hìs | wòrd · and · mèlt-eth⁀them : He bloweth with His **wind**, | ánd · the · wà-ters · flow.

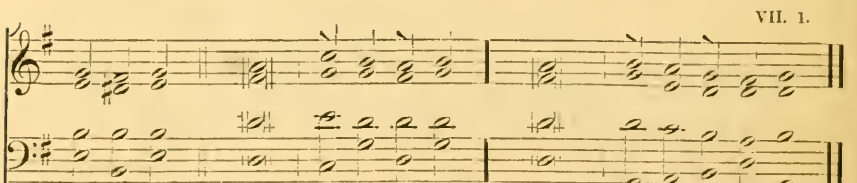
He showeth His **word** | ùn-to · Jà-cob : His statutes and **ôrdinances** | ùn-to · Ìs-ra-el.

He hath not dealt **so** with | àn-**y** · nà-tion : neither have the **hêathen** | knòw-ledge · òf · His · laws.

Glo-ry || be to the **Fâther**, | ànd to · the⁀Sòn : **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll be : **world** without | *ènd.* À-men.

VII. 1.



From Psalm lvii. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

Set · up · thy- || self, O **God**, a- | bòve · the · hèav-ens : and Thy **glôry** a- | *bòve* · àll · the · earth.

My heart is fixed, O **God**, my | hèart · is · fìx-ed : I **will** | sìng · and · *gìve* · praise.

Awake up, my glory, **awâke**, | lùte · and · *hàrp :* I **mysêlf** will a- | wàke · right · *èar*-ly.

I will give thanks unto Thee, O **Lord**, a- | mòng · the · pèo-ple : and I will sing unto **Thee** a- | mòng · the · *nà*-tions.

For the greatness of Thy mercy **rêacheth** | ùn-to · the⁀hèav-ens : **and** Thy | trùth · un-tò · the · clouds.

Set up Thyself, O **God**, a- | bòve · the · hèav-ens: and Thy **glôry** a- | *bòve* · àll · the · earth.

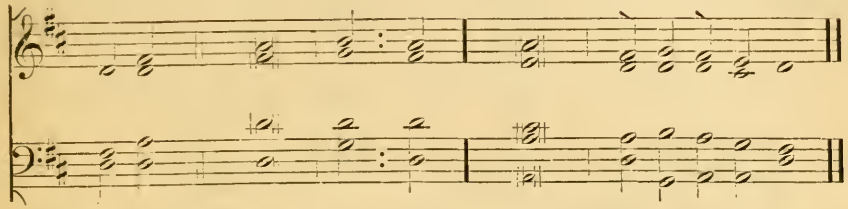
Glo - ry || be to the **Fâther**, | ànd · to · the⁀*Sòn:* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost:

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *ènd.* À-men.

Selection Tenth.

From Psalm xcvi. *Cantate Domino.*

V. 2.



O · = ‖ sing unto the **Lord** a new | sòng : sing unto the **Lord,** | àll · the · *whôle* · earth.

Sing unto the LORD, and **praise** His | Nàme : be telling of His **salvâtion** | *fróm* · dày · to · day.

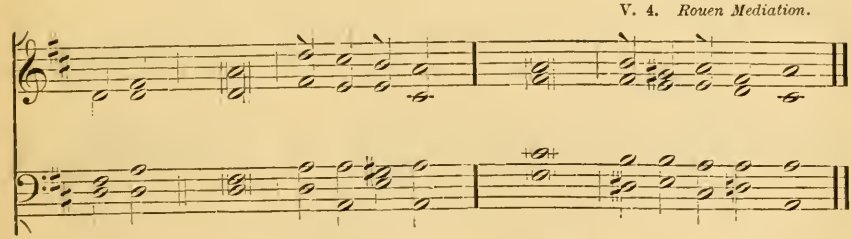
Declare His **hônour** unto the | hèa-then : and His **wônders** unto | *àll* · *peo*-ple.

For the LORD is great, and cannot **wôrthily** be | pràis-ed : He is more to be **fèared** | *thàn* · *àll* · gods.

GLO-RY ‖ be to the **Fâther,** and to the | Sòn: **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

AS · IT ‖ was in the beginning, is **now**, and ev-er | shàll · be: **world** without | *èn*d. *À*-men.

V. 4. *Rouen Mediation.*



Psalm cxlviii. *Laudate Dominum.*

O · = ‖ **praise** the | LORD · of · hèav-en: **praise** | *Hìm* · ìn · the · height.

Praise Him **all** ye | àn-gels · of⁀*Hìs:* **praise** | *Hìm* · àll · His · hosts.

Praise Him, | sùn · and · *mòon:* **praise** Him, | àll · ye · stàrs · and · light.

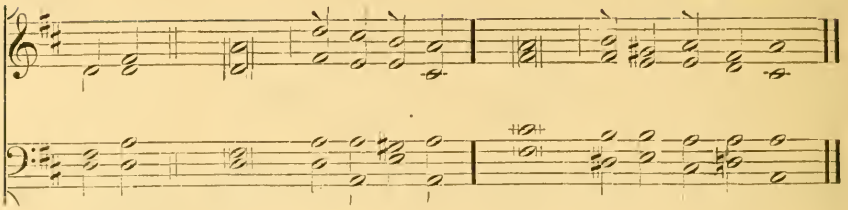
Praise Him | àll · ye · hèav-ens : and ye **wâters** that | àre · a-bove · the · heavens.

Let them **praise** the | Name · of · the⁀*Lòrd :* for He spake the word, and they were made; He **commânded**, and they | wère · cre-*à*-ted.

He hath made them **fast** for | èver · and · èv-er: He hath given them a **law** which shall | nòt · be · *brò*-ken.

Praise the **Lord** up- | *òn* · èarth : **ye** | drà-gons · ànd · all · deeps;

V. 4. *Rouen Mediation.*



Fire and **hail**, | snòw · and · và-pours : **wind** and | stòrm · ful-fìlling · His · word;

Mòuntains and | *àll · hìlls:* fruitful **trees** and | *àll · cè*-dars;

Beasts and | *àll* · càt-tle : **worms** | *and* · fèa-thered · fowls;

Kings of the **earth**, and | *àll* · pèo-ple : princes, and **all** | jùd-ges · òf · the · world;

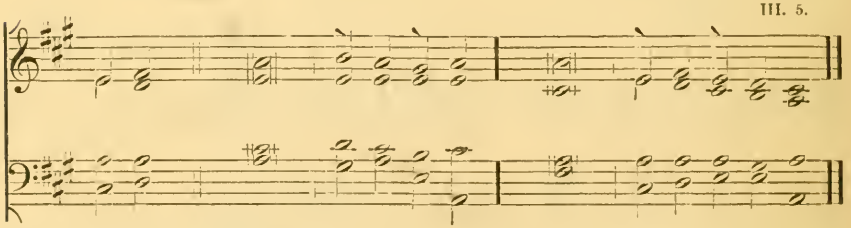
Young men and màidens, old men and children, **praise** the | Nàme · of · the⁀*Lòrd:* for His Name only is excellent, and His **praise** a- | *bòve* · hèaven · and · earth.

He shall exalt the horn of His people, **all** His | sàints · shall · pràise · Him: even the children of Israel, **èven** the | pèople · that · sèr-veth · Him.

Glo-ry || be to the **Fâther**. | and · to · the⁀*Sòn:* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost ;

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be : **world** without | *ènd.* A-men.

III. 5.



From Psalm cxlix. *Cantate Domino.*

O · = || sing unto the the **Lord** a | *nèw · sòng:* let the **congregâtion** of | *sàints · pràise* · Him.

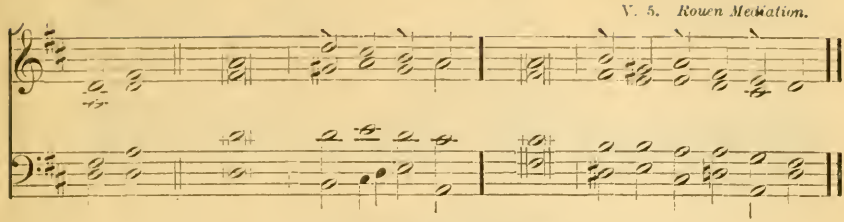
Let Israel **rejôice** in | Hìm · that · màde · him: and let the children of **Sion** be | jòy-ful · in · their · King.

Let them **praise** His | Nàme · in · the⁀*dànce:* let them sing **prâises** unto | Hìm · with · tàbret · and · harp.

For the Lord hath **plêasure** | ìn · His · pèo-ple : and **hêlpeth** the | *mèek-hèart*-ed.

Glo-ry || be to the **Fâther**. | and · to · the⁀*Sòn:* **and** | tò · the · Hò-ly · Ghost;

As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be: **world** without | *ènd* A-men.



Psalm cl. *Laudate Dominum.*

O · PRAISE || **God** ìn His | hò-li-*nèss:* praise **Him** in the | fìrma-ment · of · His · pòw-er.

Praise **Him** in His | nò-ble · *acts* : praise Him **accôrding** | tò · His · èxcel-lent · grèat-ness.

Praise **Him** in the | sòund·of⁀the · trùm-pet: praise **Him** up-| òn · the · lùte · and · *hàrp.*

Praise **Him** in the | cỳmbals · and · dàn-ces: praise **Him** up-| òn · the · strings and · *pìpe.*

Praise **Him** upon the | wèll-tuned · cỳm-bals : praise **Him** up- | òn · the · *lòud* · cỳm-bals.

Let every **thing** that | *hàth* · *brèath:* **praise** | `— · `— · the · *Lòrd.*

GLO - RY || be to the **Fâther,** | ànd to · the⁀*Sòn* : ànd | tò · the · Hò-ly · *Ghòst.*

AS · IT || was in the beginning. is **now**, and | èv-er · shàll · be : **world** without | *ènd. A-mèn.*

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